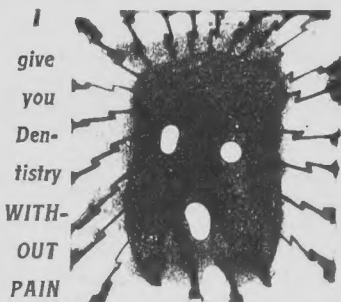


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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XV.

Published Monthly

By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

No. 7.

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

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Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with Our Readers

JULY, the month of Western Exhibitions, is again with us, and on the 10th inst. the great Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition of Winnipeg will swing open its doors after many months of preparation. It will be followed in quick succession by Brandon and other cities and towns. At the two cities named this magazine will have tent accommodation for the benefit of its subscribers, and every reader will be made cordially welcome. When in Winnipeg a visit from you would be very much appreciated by us. The Western Home Monthly building is situated right in the heart of Winnipeg's commercial centre, at the corner of McDermott Avenue and Arthur Street. It might interest you to see the huge and extensive plant that is necessary for the production of a modern magazine, such as we aim to give you each month.

In July Western people take a brief respite from their labor, and meet together at fairs, to wonder afresh at their own growth, and to contemplate on the possibilities that as a people appear before them. It is a time when the products of the field, the forest and the mine, are brought side by side with the products of the shop, the mill and the factory. When town and country meet in friendly admiration of each other's powers and progress, when there is a common holiday which brings delight to young and old. It is not to be wondered that the people of this land grow enthusiastic as they reflect on the progress made and consider that the country has to offer.

Here are the contents of the July number. We feel confident that they will be found pleasing, interesting and instructive:

JULY CONTENTS

Editorial Comment

A Cruise from Seattle to Prince
Rupert Bonnycastle Dale

Lone Jackson and the Moose
H. Mortimer Batten

How the Race was Won
W. R. Gilbert

Snared Fisher Ames, Jr.

The Passing of the Buffalo
Max McD.

The Abandoned Cabin
Ferdinand de Foras

The Nation's Wealthiest People
Max McD. Tait

Review of Current Events.....

The Philosopher

The Young Man and His Problem...

Dr. J. L. Gordon

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Mrs. P. R. Hamilton

Womans Quiet Hour.....

Miss E. Cora Hind

Other Regular Departments Include:

Household Suggestions, The Farm,
Poultry Chat, Embroidery, Sunday
Reading, Patterns and Fashions,
Correspondence, etc.

The publishers of this magazine have watched with keen interest the all round development that has taken place in all the Western provinces and have endeavored to keep the publication well advanced in the march of progress. That we have succeeded to a somewhat commendable extent is proved by the favor and appreciation of over 40,000 subscribers. Yearly they spend their good money freely with us, and the general opinion expressed is that they would not be happy without their favorite magazine. It is now in the sixteenth year of its career, started when the territory which it now covers so well, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast, was but very sparsely populated. Even in these days it quickly made its way, and found a place in the affections of all our people who read the English language. We are told by our canvassing agents that in some districts it is rare to find a home that does not receive the magazine, and indeed many of our readers are now paid up to 1916, 17 and 18. We appreciate that summer is a busy season for many of our people, but even while in the midst of work preparatory to the harvest many opportunities are accorded our friends for saying a good word for the Western Home Monthly. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in your district, and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they would really enjoy reading, and which is essentially a Western magazine, published in the West for Western people.

Would you mind looking at the premium offers in this issue? They are really extraordinary value, and so seasonable that they will at once appeal to you. There is a splendid hammock of the very best make, and a complete fishing outfit, which will give you all manner of pleasure.

Rural Mail Route, No. 1, Adanac, Sask., April 15.

Dear Sirs,—I must write and tell you that I am more than pleased with my first number of the Western Home Monthly. It is well worth the money, and would not do without it now for any price. It is my best friend when I am all alone on Sundays out on these prairies. The journal does live me up, for it contains good wholesome reading, to say nothing about hints and other articles worth reading.

Yours sincerely,
Fred E. Bowden.



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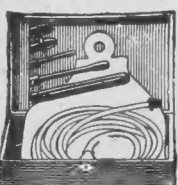
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As he reached the far bank he looked back at the home where kindness and plenty had always been his, as though reluctant to leave it. Then he raised his massive nostrils and like some great engine crashed into the woods towards the far-off sound he had at last heard—too faint, no doubt for human ears to detect.

"He's gone, dad," said the boy, with sorrow in his voice. "I guess we shan't see him again now."

"I guess not," agreed Carl Berry. "I've known many a tame moose at one time and another, but the call of the fall is always too strong for them. Yes laddie, you've lost your moose all right."

Succeeding the rush of early autumn came a lull. Most of the Indians had gone off to their far-back fishing or hunting grounds, though a few bands still remained scattered along the margins of the nearby lakes. News came through that Long Jackson was chopping cordwood for the river steamers when they came up in the spring, but he failed to put in an appearance at the trading post. Had Carl and his son known the man's disposition better they would not have dispersed him from their thoughts so readily.

It was about three o'clock when Carl gave final instructions to his son and left the trading post in the boy's charge. Reaching the creek he kicked off his snowshoes, threw them over his shoulder, and began to cross. He knew the way so well that there was scarcely need for him to look where he was leaping, though he decided to call to the boy for a lantern ere he made the return passage after the fall of darkness.

Carl Berry did not see the dark figure of the Indian slip into the bush across the river as he made the first leap. Long Jackson crouched in the underbrush, and as the trader passed within a yard of him he might have leapt out and won the situation straight away had not a safer plan occurred to him. He waited till Carl Berry had passed, then in a stooping attitude to evade detection he crossed the river, and cautiously made his way to the door of the trading post.

Thus Dan, stooping over his work, was suddenly roused by the quick pad-pad of moccasined feet on the threshold. He looked up to see the bloodshot eyes of Long Jackson peering into his from not a yard distant. With a cry of alarm he



Tyee Salmon caught at Campbell River, by Miss J. L. McCulloch

One dawn a licentious trader called his dog team to a halt at the foot of the clearing where Long Jackson's piles of cordwood stood at the water's edge. The Indian's squaw and children had already collected a goodly store of marten and masquash furs, which Long Jackson readily parted with for three bottles of hootch.

By midday Long Jackson had reached a condition of morose inebriation. He beat his wife senseless, thrashed his children till they took refuge by flight to the woods, then, finding himself alone, save for the inert figure on the floor, began to cast round for some further target on which to satisfy his mood. It was then that he recalled the treatment he had received at the Cross Creeks trading post, and still nursing a bitter enmity towards Carl Berry, Dan and the moose, he decided forthwith to take the post by storm. It was the work of a few moments to slip on his snowshoes and his hunting gear, and this done he set out by the little used pathway towards Cross Creeks.

It happened, that very afternoon, that Carl Berry had business to transact which took him along the same pathway as Long Jackson would negotiate in gaining the trading post. At one point, within fifty yards of Berry's home, it was necessary to cross the creek by leaping from boulder to boulder. At this point the creek was so narrow and rapid that it had not yet frozen over, so that the task of crossing it was not unaccompanied by a certain amount of danger. The rocks were smooth as ebony, and a single slip would have meant immersion in the icy water, from which even the best of swimmers stand small chance of escape.

leaped for the old gun, but the Indian's long fingers closed upon his shoulder with a vice-like grip. The boy screamed for help, whereupon a grimy hand was clapped over his mouth with cruel force, and as he struggled impotently the Indian snatched the cord from a pack near by and passed it dextrously over the child's arms.

In five minutes Dan was helplessly bound and gagged. The Indian lashed him to the doorpost, then without a word began to rummage about the stores in obvious haste. Presently he found what he sought—a large can of soft soap, used for various purposes in trapping. He held it up for the boy's inspection, and said with a leer:—"Your father cross creek by rocks. Me smear soft soap on one or two of the rocks, and when he return him slip—savvee? Him fall in water and drown—savvee? Then me fire trading post, you and all, pretty blame quick."

Dan saw by the fiendish light in the Indian's eyes that the man meant what he said. Leaving the boy still trussed to the doorpost, Long Jackson went out, and made his way to the crossing place. From rock to rock he leapt, till he reached a place where the water was deepest and the landing none too secure at any time. Crouching down like a wild beast he proceeded to daub handfuls of soft soap over the spot where Carl Berry's moccasined foot would inevitably land. This done to his satisfaction he cast the tin into the black, swirling water, washed his hands and returned towards the shanty.

In the meantime the boy's mental sufferings can well be imagined. He knew that it was of no use appealing to the

savage into whose hands he had fallen. Had Long Jackson been sober he would have mastered his primitive instincts sufficiently to realize that the white man's justice would sooner or later lay him by the heels, but in his present condition he possessed neither human mercy nor reason.

Thus Dan Berry knew that, though death by drowning in the icy creek awaited his father, a death even less merciful awaited himself. The Indian returned, struck him brutally across the face in passing, then entering the store pursued his life-long search for hootch.

He searched for some minutes, then returned to the boy and removed the gag. "Hootch?" he demanded savagely.

The boy saw here a possible means of escape. If only the Indian would drink himself senseless.

"In the locker," he answered. "Key's hanging on nail on second shelf."

Jackson replaced the gag, then returned for the whisky. He was too old a hand at the game to drink himself senseless however, and after a time his covetous eyes rested upon various articles lying about the store. He dragged a hand sled from the roof and proceeded to load it with clothes and choice stores. On account of his inebriated condition this took some time, and already the short winter's day was drawing to a close.

When everything was ready, the Indian produced a bundle of cotton tow, soaked it with lamp oil, and placing it in the centre of the floor piled around it a number of inflammable goods. The boy, watching this from the corner of his eyes, would have striven to point out to the Indian that justice must inevitably follow such a crime—the white man's justice the power of which every Indian knew—had he not been gagged. As it was the helplessness of his position appalled him. He began to sob, for life was very dear to him. He thought of the fate that awaited his father, and before him floated a mental vision of a cold, stark figure lying beneath the ice.

The cold was slowly creeping through the boy's limbs, filling him with a strange drowsiness and numbing his mind with merciful fingers. The short winter day was drawing to a close; darkness was near at hand, and once Dan fancied he heard

wolves away in the distance. As though in a dream he saw the Indian staggering back and forth, collecting all the inflammable goods in the store and piling them in a heap. At length Long Jackson staggered to his side and loosened the gag. "Matches," he demanded, but the boy's head hung limp as though he were already overcome by the cold. Above all things he must not tell Long Jackson where the matches were.

The Indian tried to rouse him, but only a low groan broke from Dan's lips. Again he heard the baying of wolves—quite near at hand this time. At length his tormentor staggered into the house, and pursued his search for matches.

Suddenly, not two hundred yards distant, sounded the fierce "yap-yap" of the hunting pack. Whether the Indian heard it or not he took no heed. Dan strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the wolves, and presently through the shadows he discerned a huge brown shape approaching down the center of the waterway. It was a moose—evidently the moose the wolves were hunting. Straight towards the trading post it came, its massive head drooping low with exhaustion, its great splayed hoofs sinking deep in the drifts.

Dan had often heard of moose and deer seeking man's protection when pursued by wolves. He watched the great brute closely, and to his surprise it suddenly swerved as it reached the foot of the



A good type of Blackfoot Indians

clearing, and began to ascend the steep bank straight towards the hut. It was then the boy saw that its face was mottled with patches of grey—evidently the last remaining scars of some former wound.

For some reason, he knew not why, Dan's heart gave a leap of joy. The moose approaching him was Unqua—the calf he had reared with his own hand. Followed by the wolves, it had sought the sanctuary of its old home. Formidable enough the brute looked as it drew nearer, its breath coming in short, hoarse gasps, its eyes aflame with exhaustion and anger. A few feet from the boy it stopped, regarding him with wide open eyes in which, perhaps, was a gleam of recognition.

"Unqua," muttered Dan. "Unqua!" But the moose only turned and searched the shadows for its pursuers. The wolves, however, had not ventured into the open.

At that moment Long Jackson returned to the door, cursing savagely for matches. The moose turned and saw him. In an instant a change came over the brute. The fire of battle came into its eyes; the coarse hair along its spine stood on end.

Whether the sight of the Indian awoke within the mind of Unqua some evil memory, or whether the harassed brute saw in the Indian only a possible foe, I must leave to the reader. As the man gained the threshold it came forward a step or two, hatred shining in its eyes. Had Long Jackson possessed full use of his faculties he would have seen that he was in danger. With an angry squeal the moose darted forward, and smote him to the ground with its knife-edged forehoofs. It had no antlers as yet, but the hoofs alone were a deadly enough weapon.

With a cry of alarm the Indian wriggled aside, but as he did so a second blow ripped open his chaps from hip to knee. He tried to wriggle under the wooden steps of the shanty to escape the fusillade

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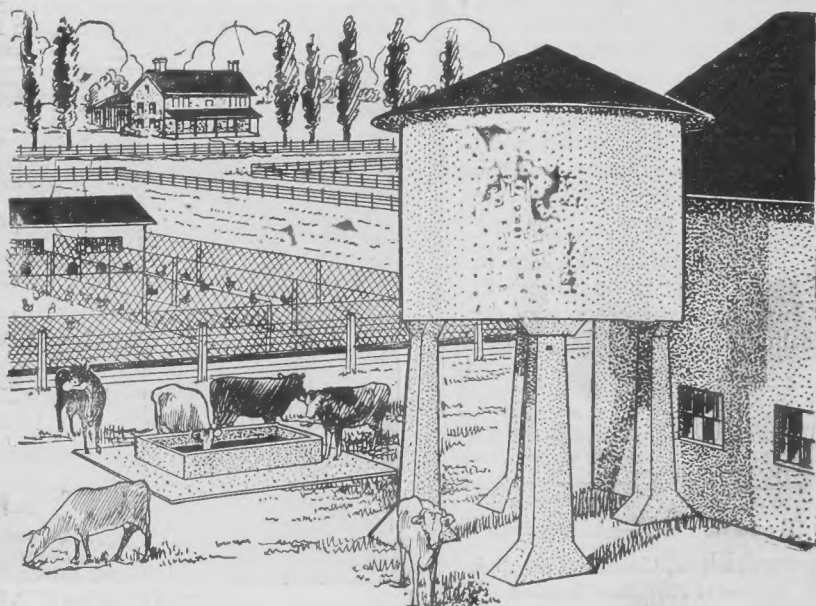
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Grandmother would have liked

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Woman and the Home

The Village Seamstress

By Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.

Her little cottage, berry-brown,
Looks on the street of Tinkletown;
Her little needle, sharp and bright,
Bobs up and down from morn till night;
Her banded wheel is just a blur,
So busily it turns for her.
Scarce louder than the humming-bird
That round her flowers this morning
whirled,
It works right well, this brisk machine,
Doing the bidding of the queen.

To see her, all a day of toil,
Pause not except to drip the oil
Round screw and bearing, or to bring
The iron, sleek and sputtering
To do its office—is to see
But little sign of sovereignty.
But wait! A patron hurries in
To stand in awe while hand and pin
Join fast the pieces of her gown.
No word the artist says—a frown
Must take the place of smiles to-day;
Her snapping scissors must not stay
Until this crisis shall be past—
Pray, is she not a queen at last?

She's sewed for many a village mite
Its christening-gown of lacy white;
She's sewed—and damped it with a tear—
Its last white frock, uncrumpled, sheer.
She orders what each bride shall wear
With most expert and final air.
Who dares consider foreign aid,
The heresy of "ready-made,"
Before her knowing, dauntless mien?
Old, faded, poor, she still is queen.

She's seen a street of plank and clay
Smooth to cement of neatest gray;
For farmers' wagons joggling down,
A motor blaring through the town.
"Times change," she says, and changes,
too,
Her well-worn patterns for the new,
Yet, trustful of her own good skill,
Swings out her sign and queens it still.

Long live and prosper, little queen
Should they depose you, it would mean
Some pang's for us when we should pass
Where strut your poppies in the grass,
Or your sweet peas—pink fairies—fill
That tumbler on your window-sill;
Or, when the north wind claps your pane,
Your coal-fire bustles up again.
Long may you fashion what we wear,
And clip and plan with proper care—
No stranger with contemptuous frown
Usurp your throne in Tinkletown!

The Lodger

"Rent a room! O mother, I didn't
suppose we'd ever have to take roomers!"
"I don't see what else we can do,
Gertrude. We have dispensed with a
maid and cut down expenses in every
direction, and yet I fear the sum your
father left with us will not last until he
comes back. Now that we know his stay
will be prolonged, I feel that we must not
only save but earn, and I can't think of
any more practical way than to rent the
hall bedroom," Mrs. Markham sighed.

"How much longer did the doctor say
in his letter that father would have to
stay out there in Arizona?"

"Probably three months. His improve-
ment is much slower than we hoped. I
wish to write to him not to worry about
our finances, that we are getting along all
right, and I can say so truthfully if we
rent that room for three dollars a week.
That amount will materially help out."

"I suppose it's the only way, but it
does seem hard that we have to turn our
home into a lodging-house."

"One swallow doesn't make a sum-
mer," quoted Mrs. Markham, "and I
don't believe one roomer makes a lodging-
house."

Gertrude smiled, but she still felt
aggrieved, and when in a few days a
young woman moved in, she ignored her
presence in the house as much as possible.
This was not difficult, for Miss Ray went
out early in the morning each working-
day, and did not return until evening.

One morning Gertrude was awakened
by broad rays of sunlight pouring into her
room, and she wondered why her mother
had not called her as usual to their some-
what early breakfast. Dressing hastily,
she ran down-stairs and met Miss Ray
coming up with a tray.

"Why, what—" she began, wonderingly.
"Your mother has been so awfully good
to me, bringing me toast and coffee these
cold days before I go to work, and when
she didn't come this morning, I knocked
at her door and found that she had a
severe headache."

"I've been sure you would, if you
would only allow yourself to know her. I
like her very much."

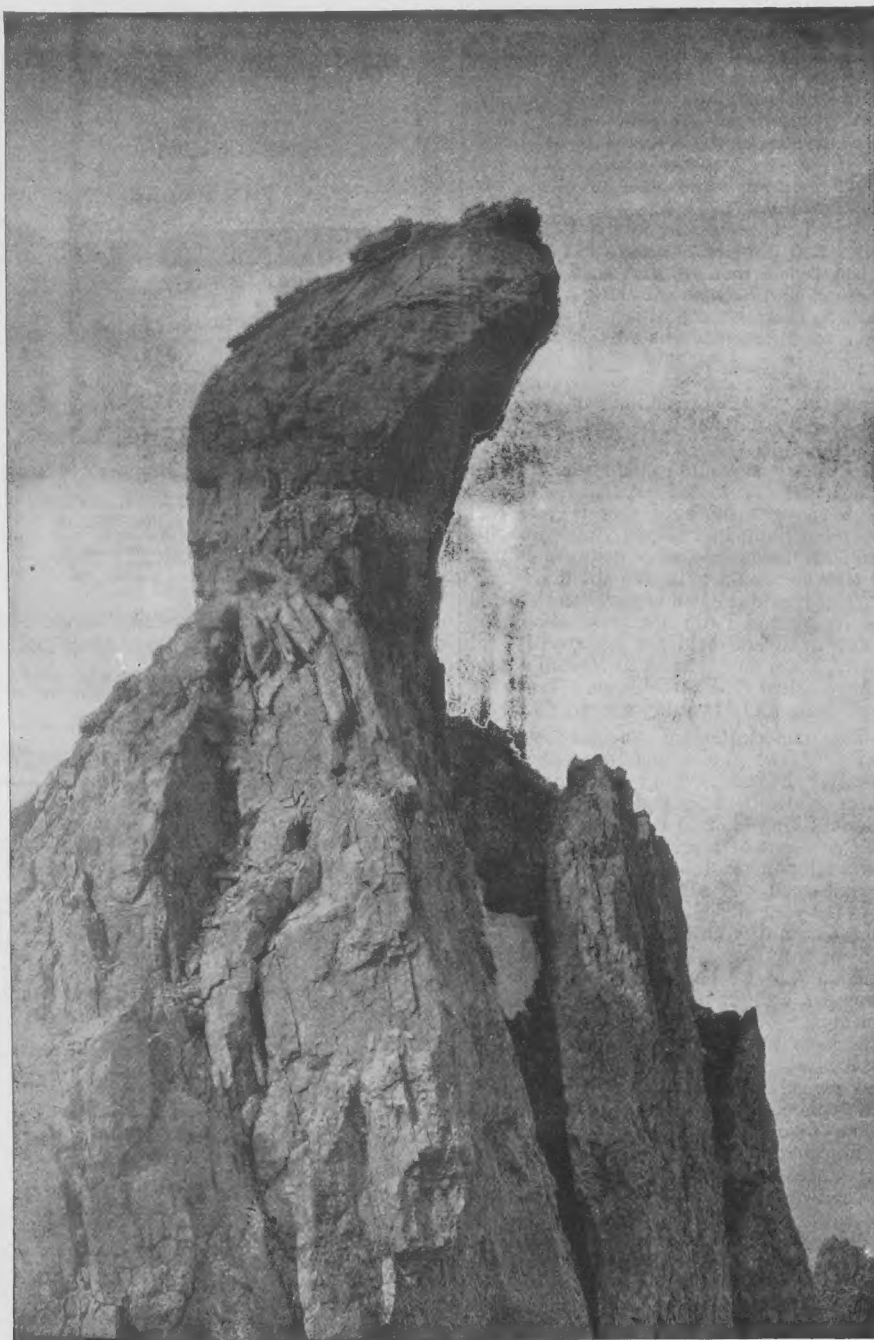
"Of course you do. You have enough
love in your heart for everybody. You
sly mother, you just couldn't help being
good to her, could you, whether I wanted
you to or not?"

"She is a lonely girl, making her own
way, and she didn't realize, dear, that it
was a heinous offense to be a roomer."

Gertrude joined rather shamefacedly in
her mother's laughter. "Well, I'm going
to forgive her for it, and try with you to
make her feel that she has a home instead
of a lodging."

A Womanly Woman

To be placed in the corner of a young
girl's mirror and read while she is making
her toilette:



Peculiar Rock Tower on Bident Pass, Canadian Rockies

"So you are carrying her her break-
fast," said Gertrude, flushing uncomfort-
ably. "Shall I take the tray?"

"No, please let me. I'm so glad of a
chance to do any little thing for your dear
mother. She has been so good to me. I
don't know what I should have done for
loneliness if it hadn't been for her
visits to my room evenings when you've
been out. She is so sweet and merry, I
love her, and I can't bear to think of her
in pain."

"I haven't any right to feel angry or
jealous," she said to herself, bitterly,
"because she is kinder to mother than I
am, for it's my own selfishness and laziness
that has given her the opportunity."

That evening she paused a moment as
she was preparing dinner and went into
the sitting-room, where Mrs. Markham
was lying down.

"I should like to ask Miss Ray to dine
with us," she said, "if you feel well enough,
mother?"

"Nothing would please me more."
"I think I should like Miss Ray."

She cultivates reserve.
She speaks ill of no one.
She is loyal to her friends.
She lives her mother's faith.
She cares for her body as God's temple.
She writes nothing that she may regret.
She knows that nothing is more undig-
nified than anger.

She knows that to love and be loved is
her birthright—if she be but worthy of
love.

Needlework for Schoolgirls

The ability of a girl to do without
teaching anything she is called on to do
is pretty generally taken for granted.
She imitates the country man who, being
asked if he could play the violin, replied,
"I guess so; I never tried!" Thousands
of girls marry and set up housekeeping
whose experience in cooking consists in
making "fudge" and concocting a Welsh
rabbit on a chafing-dish—pleasant eating
in their place, but inadequate for the
daily food of a hard-working husband.

The first week's mending-basket was a
revelation to her of her own helplessness.

"I was tempted to stop the holes with
court-plaster," she confessed afterward,
"and I dare say it would have been as
effective as what I managed to do."

Two generations ago in a famous school
for girls in an Eastern city sewing was an
important part of the curriculum. The
first task of a new student was the making
of a shirt for father or brother. Every
stitch in that shirt was set by a thread.
If a seam had to be ripped a dozen times,
it must be fit for the closest inspection.
This zeal on the part of the school was
sometimes excelled in the home.

A tradition lingers in one family of a
daughter who went to that school when
she was six years old. So well did she
sew at that age that she was excused
from making the shirt, and set at once to
a bit of fine needlework—a wide muslin
collar, covered with embroidery as ex-
quisite as lace.

The promise of the six-year-old child
was richly fulfilled, and her needle was
for a long lifetime a high satisfaction to
herself and a joy to her fortunate family
and friends. Sewing was never a slavery
to her, but always a fascinating creative
occupation. The patch on a jacket, the
darn of a stocking or the embroidery of a
gown or a napkin were alike welcome calls
upon her capable fingers. When people
spoke of her ability to turn off sewing,
she used to say:

"That's because I know how to sew.
I know how because I was taught. Skil-
ful hands, even better than many hands,
make light work!"

A Place to Play

Plenty of room for dives and dens (glitter
and glare and sin),
Plenty of room for prison pens (gather
the criminals in),
Plenty of room for jails and courts (willing
to pay)
But never a place for the lads to race; no,
never a place to play!

Plenty of room for shops and stores
(mammon must have the best),
Plenty of room for the running sores that
rot in the city's breast
Plenty of room for the lures that lead the
hearts of our youth astray,
But never a cent on a playground spent;
no, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for schools and halls,
plenty of room for art,
Plenty of room for teas and balls, platform,
stage and mart.
Proud is the city—she finds a place for
many a fad to-day,
But she's more than blind if she fails to
find a place for the boys to play!

Give them a chance for innocent sport,
give them a chance for fun—
Better a playground-plot than a court
and a jail when the harm is done.
Give them a chance—if you stint them
now, to-morrow you'll have to pay
A larger bill for a darker ill, so give them
a chance to play!

—Denis A. McCarthy.

"Children should be seen and not
heard."

"Not nowadays. Think of the fright-
ful English we parents would be using if
we didn't have our children to correct
us."

"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not
proper for you to turn around and look
after a gentleman?"

"But, mamma, I was only looking to
see if he was looking to see if I was look-
ing."

Miller's Worm Powders act mildly and with-
out injury to the child, and there can be no
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They have been in successful use for a long
time and are recognized as a leading prepara-
tion for the purpose. They have proved their
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"The House of McLean" is in a peculiar position at the present time. During the past six weeks we have sold an enormous number of pianos for which we have taken in exchange used pianos, thus doing a splendid business, yet not materially reducing our stock.

We have decided to offer these instruments during Exhibition week at specially low prices—prices that will dispose of the entire stock.

Every instrument offered has been thoroughly overhauled in our workrooms, and put in perfect playing condition, and in many cases these pianos are practically as good as new, and carry the guarantee of The House of McLean.

Following are a few of the many special values offered.



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Bell Piano, in good condition.....	\$125.00
New Scale Williams, mahogany case.....	175.00
Heintzman & Co., ebony case.....	200.00
Nordheimer, walnut case.....	195.00
Steinway & Sons, mahogany case.....	295.00
Heintzman & Co, mahogany case.....	375.00
SECOND-HAND ORGANS FROM.....	\$20 to \$85



VICTROLA, STYLE VIII.
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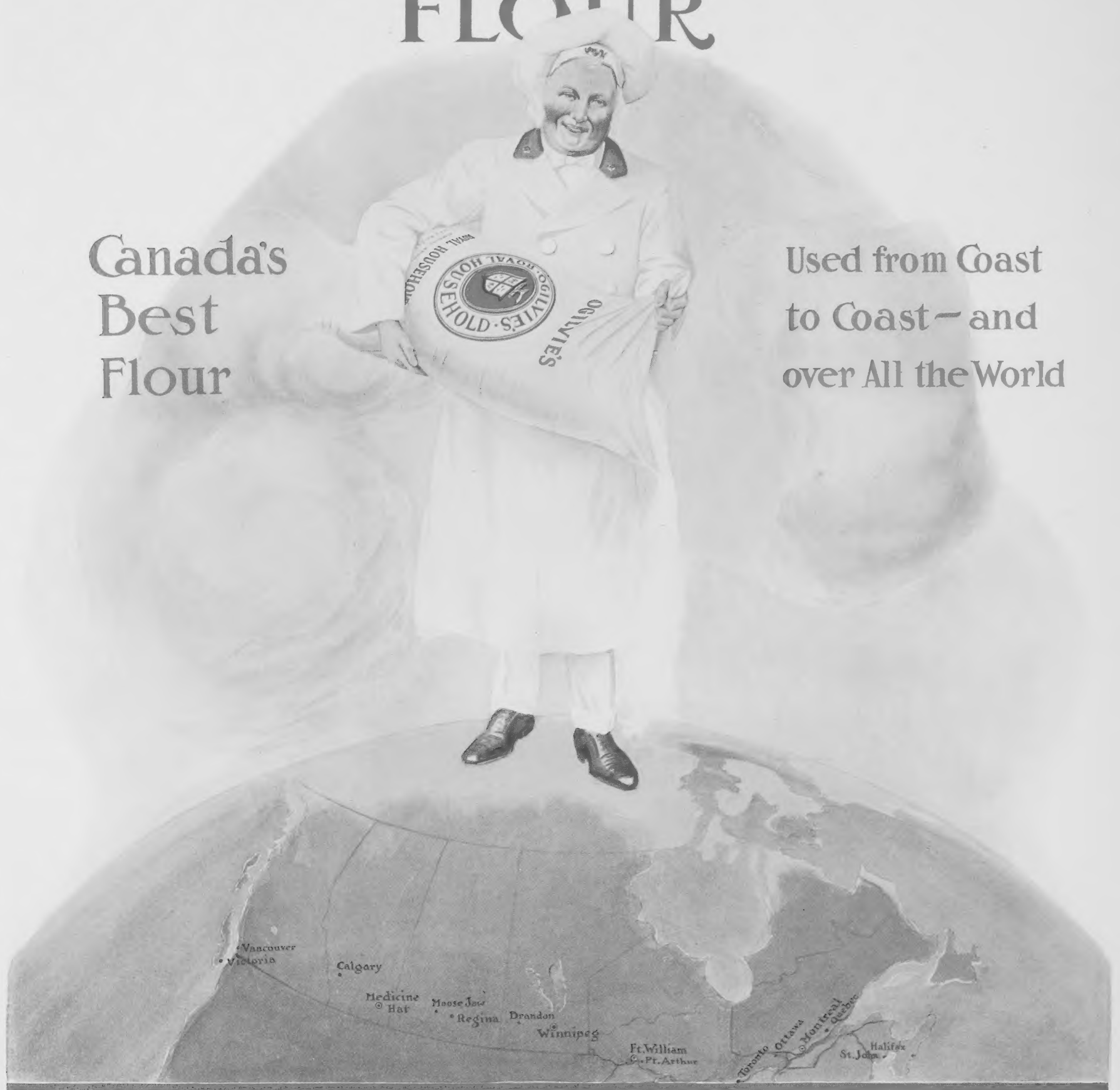


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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



JULY 1914
WINNIPEG CANADA

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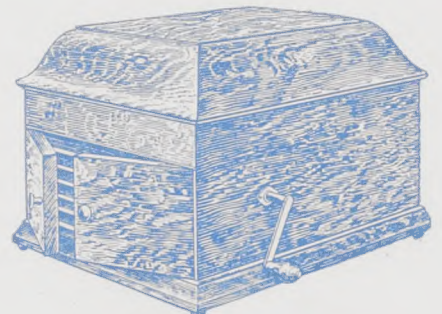


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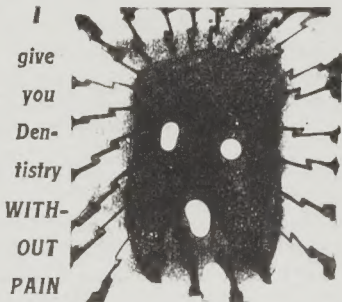
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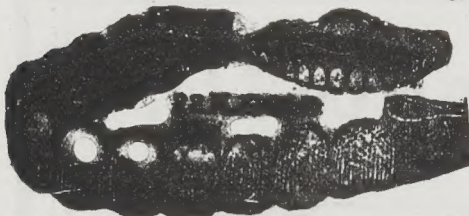
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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XV.

Published Monthly

By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

No. 7.

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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A Chat with Our Readers

JULY, the month of Western Exhibitions, is again with us, and on the 10th inst. the great Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition of Winnipeg will swing open its doors after many months of preparation. It will be followed in quick succession by Brandon and other cities and towns. At the two cities named this magazine will have tent accommodation for the benefit of its subscribers, and every reader will be made cordially welcome. When in Winnipeg a visit from you would be very much appreciated by us. The Western Home Monthly building is situated right in the heart of Winnipeg's commercial centre, at the corner of McDermott Avenue and Arthur Street. It might interest you to see the huge and extensive plant that is necessary for the production of a modern magazine, such as we aim to give you each month.

In July Western people take a brief respite from their labor, and meet together at fairs, to wonder afresh at their own growth, and to contemplate on the possibilities that as a people appear before them. It is a time when the products of the field, the forest and the mine, are brought side by side with the products of the shop, the mill and the factory. When town and country meet in friendly admiration of each other's powers and progress, when there is a common holiday which brings delight to young and old. It is not to be wondered that the people of this land grow enthusiastic as they reflect on the progress made and consider that the country has to offer.

Here are the contents of the July number. We feel confident that they will be found pleasing, interesting and instructive:

JULY CONTENTS

Editorial Comment

A Cruise from Seattle to Prince Rupert Bonnycastle Dale

Lone Jackson and the Moose H. Mortimer Batten

How the Race was Won W. R. Gilbert

Snared Fisher Ames, Jr.

The Passing of the Buffalo Max McD.

The Abandoned Cabin Ferdinand de Foras

The Nation's Wealthiest People Max McD. Tait

Review of Current Events.....

The Philosopher

The Young Man and His Problem...

Dr. J. L. Gordon

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Mrs. P. R. Hamilton

Womans Quiet Hour.....

Miss E. Cora Hind

Other Regular Departments Include:

Household Suggestions, The Farm, Poultry Chat, Embroidery, Sunday Reading, Patterns and Fashions, Correspondence, etc.

The publishers of this magazine have watched with keen interest the all round development that has taken place in all the Western provinces and have endeavored to keep the publication well advanced in the march of progress. That we have succeeded to a somewhat commendable extent is proved by the favor and appreciation of over 40,000 subscribers. Yearly they spend their good money freely with us, and the general opinion expressed is that they would not be happy without their favorite magazine. It is now in the sixteenth year of its career, started when the territory which it now covers so well, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast, was but very sparsely populated. Even in these days it quickly made its way, and found a place in the affections of all our people who read the English language. We are told by our canvassing agents that in some districts it is rare to find a home that does not receive the magazine, and indeed many of our readers are now paid up to 1916, 17 and 18. We appreciate that summer is a busy season for many of our people, but even while in the midst of work preparatory to the harvest many opportunities are accorded our friends for saying a good word for the Western Home Monthly. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in your district, and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they would really enjoy reading, and which is essentially a Western magazine, published in the West for Western people.

Would you mind looking at the premium offers in this issue? They are really extraordinary value, and so seasonable that they will at once appeal to you. There is a splendid hammock of the very best make, and a complete fishing outfit, which will give you all manner of pleasure.

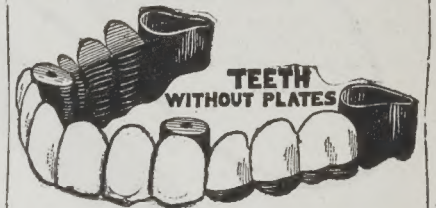
Rural Mail Route, No. 1, Adanac, Sask., April 15.

Dear Sirs,—I must write and tell you that I am more than pleased with my first number of the Western Home Monthly. It is well worth the money, and would not do without it now for any price. It is my best friend when I am all alone on Sundays out on these prairies. The journal does live me up, for it contains good wholesome reading, to say nothing about hints and other articles worth reading.

Yours sincerely,
Fred E. Bowden.



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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Latest School

Western society is so complex that it is exceedingly difficult to know how to make all the adjustments necessary to the highest betterment. To organize all the friendly forces in a community, to give these direction and motive is no simple work. Trained social workers were never more necessary than to-day. It is therefore a pleasure to know that a school for giving the necessary training is to be opened in Winnipeg this month. The course outlined is both simple and practical. There is visitation of all the institutions for social reform and improvement—jails, homes, orphanages, reformatories, schools of various types; there is instruction in play-ground activities, in the organization and management of all kinds of social clubs. Information is given as to the best method of dealing with all forms of poverty, vice, crime, and social wrong. A study is made of methods in other countries. The best ways of conducting home and school, of unifying the religious and moral forces of the community will be considered. As it is to-day nearly all the educative forces of the community help the individual for his own sake. The aim of the teaching of the new organization will be to impress teachers, preachers and parents that their highest mission is to help individuals for the sake of society. If, as a result of the training given in the school just about to be opened, there are a dozen intelligent men and women sent into our towns and cities, who know how to unify and harmonize the forces making for righteousness and who know how to promote friendly feeling and offset bitter rivalry and jealousy, any trouble and expenses involved in the undertaking will be well justified.

A Good Practice

A good old practice might well be revived. It was the practice of inter-visitation between city and country homes. In winter one or two children from the farms spent a week in the city, and in the summer some of the city children paid a return visit to the farms. The effect, as we now remember it, was decidedly wholesome all around. First of all the children of the farm had an insight into the more varied life. Their experience was broadened and enriched. True, they may have picked up a few notions and practices which were not quite in line with country ideas, but these worked no permanent injury. So, too, the city children came into a new and totally strange environment. They grew bodily and intellectually. And in the interchange of opinions, the trials of strength and wit there was born a friendship that time will never eradicate. It would be a great gain for parents to recognize that the education of their children cannot be completed in the public school. The school is but one of many agencies. The best education is given when boys and girls mingle in a friendly way under right supervision. There are few ways equal to the old-time practice of inter-visitation.

Dr. J. L. Gordon

There is nobody who is better known or more loved by the readers of The Western Home Monthly than Dr. J. L. Gordon, of the Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg. For many years his words of wisdom and inspiration have been read by thousands

of young men. No portion of the magazine has been more popular or more helpful than the page devoted to "The Young Man and His Problem." There will therefore be great interest taken in the announcement that Dr. Gordon has given up his pastorate to enter a larger work. He is to become in a fuller sense what he has been in reality all along—an evangelist of the higher socialism. In the olden days an evangelist was one who endeavored to reach individuals, to awaken them to a consciousness of sin, to bring them into right relation to God. Dr. Gordon wishes to emphasize another side of the gospel. He wishes to make every man feel that he is his brother's keeper. He wishes to make each person feel that he is responsible not only for his own conduct, but the conduct of the community.



Rev. J. L. Gordon, D.D.

He wants men and women with more than merely religious ideals and aspirations; he wants ideal community conditions. He wants men to love their neighbors as themselves. If man's first duty is to love God, his second duty must of necessity go along with it. He must love his fellow-men. Therefore Dr. Gordon will preach the necessity of every man losing his soul in order to save it. No one should be happy while his neighbor is suffering. Vice, crime, intemperance, iniquity, tyranny, and all forms of wrong-doing are impossible to the Christian. Dr. Gordon will make every man feel that his first duty is to preserve right social conditions, to protect the poor, the weak, the unfortunate, to make virtue easy and crime difficult. In short he proposes to arouse the social conscience. No one could be better fitted for the task, and no task is more necessary. The Western Home Monthly wishes the Doctor all success in his mission.

That Great Calamity

There is no one who does not sympathize with those who lost friends in that awful catastrophe in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Real sympathy will not rest satisfied with

kind words and loving thoughts. It will see in the calamity a type of that which is always possible and will seek to prevent a repetition of such a disaster. Humanly speaking it would seem to be possible to avoid accidents of this nature. With a channel twenty-five miles wide there should be well-defined courses for incoming and outgoing vessels. This is all the more necessary because of the frequent fogs in the Gulf. It is hardly fair to blame Providence for the mistakes of mankind. It is to be hoped that the Commission of Enquiry will be able to suggest such changes in nautical practice as will render travel on the seas less risky than at present. This is even more important than finding who was to blame for the collision which ended in the death of so many precious souls. It is a great satisfaction to know that our own countrymen in their last trying minutes were true to their traditions of bravery and Christian duty. If we are made heroic by seeing how heroes die, then those of us who have read the accounts of the Titanic and the Empress of Ireland, and who knew some of those who behaved so nobly, should by this time have lost our last ounce of cowardice. May it be so.

Naval Policy

It remained for such an authority as Sir Percy Scott to make a definite pronouncement of what was in the minds of many people, to arouse the whole British press and the Navy League to an expression of opinion. Sir Percy concludes that the day of the dreadnought is gone; that new conditions make necessary a new method of warfare. It may be the announcement credited to Sir Percy is premature, but it is clear that coming years will see a revolution in naval and military tactics. How that revolution will affect Britain's financial standing, her international policy, her relation to the colonies, remains to be seen. The following from an old country journal is a sound commentary on present conditions: "The incident gives rise to a discussion of the occasion for a complete revision of the naval policy of the Empire. The opinion is growing here that, in view of the difference of opinion between the admiralty and the self-governing dominions, the time is rapidly coming when there should be another Imperial conference to discuss how best the outlying sections of the Empire can do their duty to the Motherland. If, as Sir Percy Scott says, dreadnoughts have gone out of date, there may be occasion for discussion as to how else the dominions can give their aid."

On the other hand there is a very conservative element to be reckoned with. The feeling of this element is clearly set forth in the following: "Arguments against Scott's views are ably stated to-day by an anonymous naval officer in The Times. While admitting the great possibilities of the submarine boat, he points out that the French admiralty some time ago, seriously believing that they had an ideal submarine boat, considered adopting such a policy as Scott now suggests. The result was complete confusion and displacement of France as a high naval power and reversion to a policy of building large ships with great haste in order to recover the position lost."



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A Cruise from Seattle to Prince Rupert

By Bonnycastle Dale.

WE were staying at the "Bon Ton"—European style—that is you pay extra for everything except the air, the head clerk wears all that, his manners were most condescending. Our room was on the first floor—counting downwards, and I swear most solemnly

canned, all done up nice and smooth none of "a life on the rolling deep" for us, we have had just a wee bit too good measure of the same "rolling deep." I was lost in thought of the beauty of it all,

When we docked at Prince Rupert the sea was as glass in that wonderful harbour and wharves and buildings were going up apace, not as the picture shows, because we print a late one showing the G.T.P. train down at the wharf as this continent wide system is almost complete. In these days it was to the "boom of the blast and the 'bang' of the pile driver" that you approached this most northerly harbour of the Pacific in Canada. This line will solve the fish question for the prairies, all those big cities growing there will have fresh cod and halibut daily, as well as salmon, never mind if one firm has failed, others are succeeding and in the future not all of our fish will be caught by U.S. fishermen in Canadian waters and shipped to U.S. markets.

We bid a fair and fond adieu to the old lady. Fritz told me that once in the night, he thinks he had been dreaming, and may have moaned, he angrily rejected my interposition that he might have been seasick, he opened his eyes and there she stood beside his berth, with a most fearsome white nightcap and a very voluminous—well, let us say surplice, something white anyhow, and a half lemon in her hand, she was anxiously enquiring about his stomach when he ushered her out, "and me Lud slept through it all," he finished.

Now I write this about Forrester Island to show you just how the Japanese act out here. When my friend had visited the island, it lies away out in the Pacific north of the Queen Charlottes, there was not a living soul on it. The wild fowl were arriving for their nestbuilding in thousands, mainly sea fowl, guillimots, puffins, terns, shearwaters, auks, etc. He prophesied a very good trip for us with lots of pictures of the wild things. We provisioned, hired a Fraser River model gasoline and sail craft—the owner was



G.T.P. Docks at Seattle, Washington—airship above

they put a different elevator man on every trip for the sole and only purpose of having him tipped. Fritz had long since parted from his last bit of silver—with a most dismal sigh, and I dreaded another week there as leading to incipient bankruptcy when lo! appears a telegraph boy, not hastily, these lads walk nowadays—rule in their Union against running. The yellow paper asked me to "come to Prince Rupert and go out to Forrester Island for wild fowl," so next morning after I had carefully pressed upon the



View at Prince Rupert showing G.T.P. "Prince Rupert" and special train

haughty head clerk the majority of our funds behold us drawing away from the dock on the Prince Rupert of the G.T.P. R.R. said dock all flags and bunting for the opening of the service. "They must have known we were leaving," I jestingly remarked to Fritz, "see all the nice decorations."

"Yes me Lud," the lad laughed back—but a Seattle bank clerk caught the aside and passed it around and we were much observed and—as Fritz says—duly admired. Far up in the blue an airman floated along. The day was perfect hardly a ripple on the Sound, really between you and I we prefer the sea

more erratic than the engine if possible—and off we set. Winds were contrary and we hugged the shore or lay in calm bights for seas to subside so it took us over a week to make the trip. As we neared the island, it lay about twenty miles out in the ocean, out from the furthest western tip of all the tips along that coast, Fritz said, "Say, those birds build big nests—take a look," as he passed me the glasses. I saw a row of tents and some beachcombed huts along the shore, tiny boats were dragged up on the rocks, others lay at anchor. Soon we "put-put-putted" in and found about an hundred Japs in possession. It seems that it

had just been discovered that the salmon 'touched in' there first in their trip southward along the coast and, as usual, the Japanese got word first and got there first and were reaping the harvest. As it lies north of the south end of Dall Island it is in U.S. waters according to the obviously unfair Alaska award. No, I do not blame the U.S. Lord Alverstone gave this for another reason entirely and some day the public will know what quite a few of us Canadians know now—the



The "Dakota" of the Great Northern R.R.

reason, so the Japs will have the big Republic to reckon with in this salmon foray and not the Province of B.C. So here we were five hundred miles north with our study grounds overrun with the animals we least care to study—and they were killing and eating the much more interesting ones. We were told that we were intruding. I just casually mentioned that the owner would be along some day in his pleasure boat and ask them a few questions. They became inquisitive at this and asked me where he lived. I can



The "Burnside" just returned from repairing the Alaska cable

see Fritz's eyes sparkle now as I bade him hunt me out the pictures of the owner's boats we took at Bremerton. He spread them out—cruisers and battle-ships and destroyers, revenue craft, gun-boats, a regular fleet. Then we told them that the news of their taking possession of this island would appear in a Seattle daily paper, because a certain master Fritz was on his way with a telegram as soon as a certain boat that shall be named reached Prince Rupert—we were under way when we said this and the tide was out and all their craft were "ke-li-pie" as the Coast Indian says in his vile Chinook, he means upset and that fills the bill excellently. One chap hastily unbuttoned a rifle case and Fritz swung the cylinder of the big brass telescope over the stern and off we "put-put-putted" for Prince Rupert and the telegraph office. Oh, if we could have carried our cable around with us as the old lady said. Will the day ever come when the ship can cable by wireless telephone, more surely than she does today by the somewhat liable-to-be-received-by-anyone wireless.

"Now, take that medicine three times a day after meals." "But, doctor, it is only a very rare thing when I get a meal." "Well, in that case you had better take it three times a day before meals."

The Open Window

The last notes of "Lead, Kindly Light," faded softly away, and only gentle summer sounds—the light stir of the old elm beside the window, the fine hum of tiny wayside voices—broke the stillness. All the windows were wide open, and a golden shaft of sunlight fell across the foot of the coffin. The minister was looking at it as he began to speak:

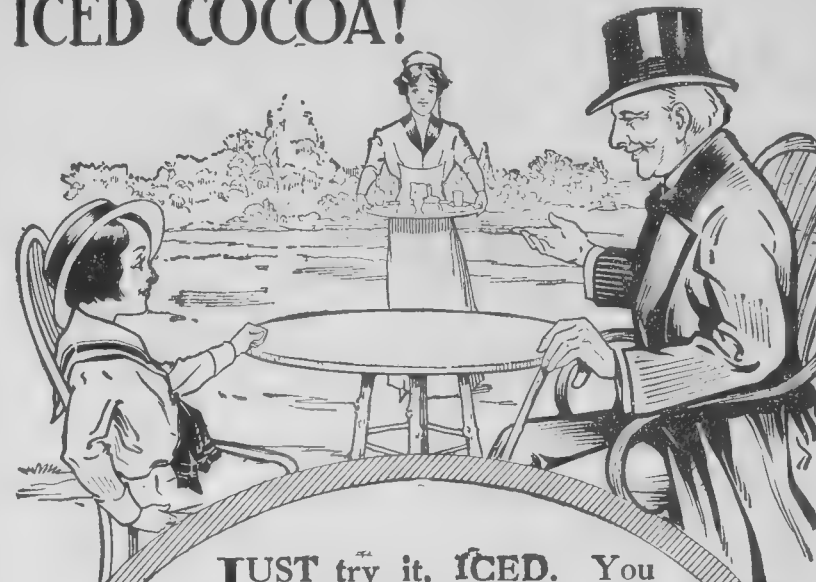
"Dear friends, I know we are all thinking how beautifully fitting it is that our songs should be full of light when we pay our last tribute to the beautiful soul who has left us. In the three days past, I have been thinking over her life here, and it seemed to me that the lesson of it was one for all of us to take to heart. It can be put in a sentence: Her windows were always open to the light."

"Think of her life, as the oldest of you have known it through sixty years. She was always poor, she had no education, she had missed the great joys of womanhood, she had no peculiar gift of person or talent, no influence, we might lightly have said. But the presence of all of you here to-day, and the sorrow and joy that look out of your eyes,—sorrow for our loss, joy for her gain,—prove how hastily and untruly such judgment would have been pronounced."

"As I have looked back over the twenty years I have known her, I have been astonished to find how much of what we have won in these years has been due to her quiet, steadfast loyalty to the light."

"You will all recall scores of instances. I can mention only one or two. I came among you a young man, new to my work and to you. It isn't easy to begin a task of any sort with the skill of an experienced

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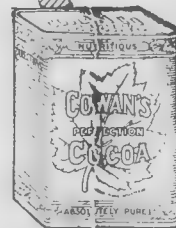
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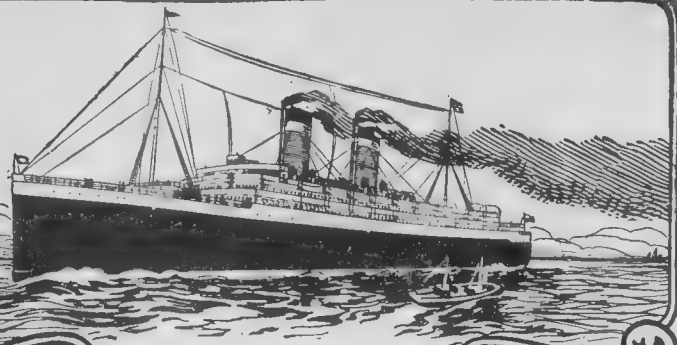
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Long Jackson and the Moose

By H. Mortimer Batten.

WHEN Carl Berry and his son Dan took over the trading post at Cross Creeks they had little difficulty in winning the favor of the Indians, and all went uneventfully enough till Long Jackson put in his appearance. Long Jackson was an Indian of the most objectionable type, and one had only to look into his dark brown eyes to see written there all the cruelty and craftiness of his character. He had once driven a dog team to and from Winnipeg, and at Winnipeg he had benefitted in no way by the influence of civilization. He had learnt to lie, to cheat, and to drink excessively, and these evil habits he took back into the woods—back to the lonely uplands of Cross Creeks.

It was autumn when Long Jackson first put in his appearance at the trading post, and the spring previously an Indian, with whom the Berrys were well acquainted, brought with him from the woods a bull

It happened that on the evening when Long Jackson put in his first appearance at Cross Creeks, Carl Berry was out, and Dan was alone in the store. Without a sound Long Jackson beached his canoe at the foot of the clearing, and silent in his cowhide moccasins made his way up to the store. Dan was sorting some goods at the moment when the figure of the gaunt, lean Indian appeared at the threshold.

"How do," said Dan, raising his hand in the customary salute, but the tall, ragged figure took no notice. He lurched towards the bench, and taking a second glance at him Dan saw that the man was drunk. A drunken Indian is likely to be a dangerous customer at any time, while the expression in Long Jackson's eyes warned Dan that to quarrel with this man would be the height of folly.

Long Jackson produced an empty quart bottle from his pocket and rolled it across the counter. "Hootch," he said;



Abandoned Copper Mine, Vancouver Island, B.C.

moose calf some three weeks old, and sold it to the trader for five dollars. Dan, the trader's son, then a boy of fourteen, was delighted with the new pet. A rough snake fence was soon fitted up round the clearing, and the long-nosed, straddle-legged young moose given free run of the establishment. The little creature added a new touch of interest to the place, and very soon the few travellers that passed that way learnt to look out for Unqua—as the Indians called him—while prospectors, journeying through the woods, rubbed their eyes and looked puzzled when they saw the long-legged creature grazing within a few yards of the trading post door.

Unqua possessed one great fault—he was too affectionate. Whenever Dan went into the house Unqua would try to follow, while he never seemed to benefit in any way by the constant buffetings he received for doing so. Hither and thither he would follow Dan about the clearing, uttering a strange little chirruping squeal every few yards, while his long legs seemed not only to get in his own way but in the way of everyone else.

While Unqua was small, and still obviously a baby, his clinging affection was overlooked and pardoned by the trader and Dan, but as the animal became older he grew at such an alarming rate that his lap-dog disposition became a great nuisance. Imagine an animal standing as high as a horse following you with its nose against your head as you walked about the garden, refusing to be driven away, and finally following you into the house as though it had as much right there as you yourself.

When autumn came Unqua was as strong as an ox, though having hitherto received nothing but kindness from his human companions, he no doubt never knew that such a thing as harsh treatment existed. It was Long Jackson, the Indian who enlightened him on the subject,

meaning, of course, whisky. "Fill her right up 'brim full." And with a tipsy gesture he slammed a wad of five dollar bills on the table.

"Sorry, John, but you've come to the wrong shop," Dan explained affably. "We don't sell hootch here. This is a trading store."

There was really no need to tell Long Jackson this. Every Indian in the country knew that the trader who sold alcohol in any form to an Indian was subject to a long term of imprisonment. To ask for drink at a trading post in so open a manner was an insult to the owners of the place, so it was clear that Long Jackson was looking for trouble.

It took some moments for Dan's reply to sink into the Indian's sodden mind, but when at length it had done so he stepped back, scowling heavily at the boy.

"You no tell me lies that sort," he threatened darkly. "You got heap hootch behind that counter. You better fork it out—quick, 'fore I break your blame young neck."

Though Dan was usually discreet enough in handling the Indians, he possessed his father's quick temper, and moreover he was by no means used to being dictated to in this manner by a red man. There was something in Long Jackson's quiet insolence that nettled him to the quick, so leaning across the counter his reply came readily enough.

"You come here asking for hootch we'll learn you pretty blame quick what you're up against," he answered hotly. "You get the other side of that door before I give you a charge of sparrow shot to take out with you."

The boy stretched out his hand for the old muzzle loader always kept in a convenient position, but ere his fingers could close upon it the Indian bounded forward, quick as a panther, and caught him by the hair. Dan was next aware

of the grimy face of Long Jackson snarling down into his, with an expression of murderous wrath.

"Now, then," hissed the Indian, "you no hand that hootch over I scalp you in two ticks." And from the decorated sheath at his hip he drew an ugly looking knife.

"We haven't any hootch," answered Dan, twinging with pain. "Le'go and look for yourself if you don't believe me. This ain't no blind pig joint I tell you."

No doubt the Indian would have proved only too ready to look for himself, but it happened that, at that moment, Unqua heard the noise coming from within, and evidently made up his mind to ascertain the cause. With his usual air of nonchalance the animal strolled in at the open door behind Long Jackson, and seeing the Indian's back towards him he exercised a playful little trick he had recently acquired. He seized one of Long Jackson's black locks in his firm, square teeth, and gave it a snag that almost dislodged the lock by its roots.

The Indian turned, and seeing himself face to face with the great wide-eyed moose, started back in amazement. Quickly he recovered from his surprise, realising what the animal was. It happened that, on the great iron stove beside him, a pot of glue was simmering. Long Jackson seized the pot by its handle and in an instant had flung its scalding contents at the moose. The animal staggered back, blindly, frantically, the clinging liquid dripping from its face and neck. It dashed down the clearing and plunged into the river, seeking to cool its wounds in the still, refreshing water.

This act of cruelty was more than Dan could stand, though he knew well the folly of rousing the drunken brave to further anger. He snatched up the empty glue pot and flung it in Long Jackson's face. The bowl went home in fine style, and with a guttural oath the Indian sprang forward. Dan tried to leap aside and gain the door, but he tripped over a steel bear trap, and Long Jackson fell upon him. The boy struggled frantically, knowing that murder was in his opponent's heart, but his arms were too short to grasp the Indian's uplifted hand in which the knife was held.

That moment would doubtless have been Dan's last had not his father appeared at that moment in the doorway. At a glance Carl Berry took in the situation. He was still carrying his canoe paddle, and with a swinging blow he dashed the knife from the Indian's hand, incidentally disabling one or two of the cowardly wretch's fingers.

Carl Berry was a powerful man, and when roused was known to be a formidable fighter. The next ten minutes were doubtless the most eventful Long Jackson had ever experienced. Carl licked him into sobriety, then licked him again in order that he would fully understand the folly of his misdoings. Finally he frog-marched him down the clearing, and tumbled him head first into the canoe. The canoe, of course, capsized, whereupon Long Jackson swam the width of the creek in order to get as far as possible from his tormentor.

"That's what we do with such quitters as you who come to the store," Berry shouted after him. "When you want some more come back and let me know."

The trader knew, however, that Long Jackson was not likely to return for a day or two. He had taught the murderous brute a lesson it would take him long to forget.

Next the two turned their attention to Unqua. The poor young moose was badly burnt, and as he emerged from the river his owners saw a light in his eyes they had never seen there before. It was the light of rage, and hitherto nothing had occurred within the smooth routine of the animal's life to anger him.

They rubbed the burnt patches with flour and goose grease, after which the boy made a hood for the animal to wear to keep off the flies.

That evening, when one or two Indians strolled in to the storeroom for their customary smoke and chat, the trader and his son drew them into conversation regarding the unwelcome visitor of that afternoon, and soon learnt a good deal about Long Jackson's character. The sole redeeming point the Indian seemed to possess was that he was a good dog driver, which probably meant he had no scruples as to the treatment of his dogs. Finally an old brave ended up by saying:—

"He no blame good, that man. Such

men as him best out of the country. Ten years ago he set out for the woods with a partner, Long Jackson came back alone with heap good pelts—no partner. I tell you—him no blame good."

Which clearly hinted that Long Jackson was suspected of having murdered his partner in order to acquire sole possession of the harvest of pelts.

Then another brave, warming up on the subject, added with slow vehemence:—"Him go to Winnipeg City; learn heaps of bad things there; him run mails and earn good pay. Him drink heap hootch—firewater, then come back to the woods—starve his squaw, beat his children, and take all the fur they collected and trade it at Winnipeg City for more hootch. Him no blame good—that Indian."

Thus the assemble went on talking, every man of them having some story to tell of Long Jackson's disreputable character and his cruelty. The trader and the boy looked from one to the other of the little picturesque group, as they lolled against the packs and smoked unlimited

quantities of Bluejacket, and Carl Berry shook his head gravely, knowing that, though Long Jackson's people were his friends, he had made a bad enemy of Long Jackson himself.

II

Next morning Carl Berry said to Dan:—"Just you keep that gun handy, sonny, and if the Indian who called yesterday comes when I'm away let him see you mean business before he has time to lay hands on you."

Autumn was the busy time of the year at the trading post, however, and soon in the general bustle Long Jackson was forgotten. The Indian trappers were heading out for their far off hunting grounds, and daily they called to get outfit and supplies. Since many of them were grubstaked—that is, provided by Berry with the necessary outfit to be paid for when the season was over in fur—there was a good deal of book-keeping to be done which for the most part kept the

boy busy. Carl was no scholar, and since he had become a widower Dan had managed the clerical part of the business while his father did the real hard work.

In the general bustle Unqua too was forgotten. Had his owners watched him they might have noticed that a change was taking place in the young bull moose. He was no longer so demonstrative as in his younger days—indeed, he often ignored Carl and the boy for days on end. It seemed that some new interest possessed his soul. He would stand for hours together, ears acock, head up wind, as though striving to detect some far off sound in the vast silence of the woods. The Indians, perhaps, saw and understood. They knew that Unqua was listening for the call of his own kind, and that, ere winter came, he would partake himself to the woods and the trading post would know him no more.

So it happened in due course. Late one evening Unqua plunged into the river and began to swim across. The boy called to him, but he took no heed.

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Open Tanglefoot slowly. In cool weather warm slightly. For best results place Tanglefoot on chair near window at night. Lower all shades, leaving one at the Tanglefoot window raised about a foot. The early morning light attracts the flies to the Tanglefoot, where they are caught. (31)



As he reached the far bank he looked back at the home where kindness and plenty had always been his, as though reluctant to leave it. Then he raised his massive nostrils and like some great engine crashed into the woods towards the far-off sound he had at last heard—too faint, no doubt for human ears to detect.

"He's gone, dad," said the boy, with sorrow in his voice. "I guess we shan't see him again now."

"I guess not," agreed Carl Berry. "I've known many a tame moose at one time and another, but the call of the fall is always too strong for them. Yes laddie, you've lost your moose all right."

Succeeding the rush of early autumn came a lull. Most of the Indians had gone off to their far-back fishing or hunting grounds, though a few bands still remained scattered along the margins of the nearby lakes. News came through that Long Jackson was chopping cordwood for the river steamers when they came up in the spring, but he failed to put in an appearance at the trading post. Had Carl and his son known the man's disposition better they would not have dispersed him from their thoughts so readily.

It was about three o'clock when Carl gave final instructions to his son and left the trading post in the boy's charge. Reaching the creek he kicked off his snowshoes, threw them over his shoulder, and began to cross. He knew the way so well that there was scarcely need for him to look where he was leaping, though he decided to call to the boy for a lantern ere he made the return passage after the fall of darkness.

Carl Berry did not see the dark figure of the Indian slip into the bush across the river as he made the first leap. Long Jackson crouched in the underbrush, and as the trader passed within a yard of him he might have leapt out and won the situation straight away had not a safer plan occurred to him. He waited till Carl Berry had passed, then in a stooping attitude to evade detection he crossed the river, and cautiously made his way to the door of the trading post.

Thus Dan, stooping over his work, was suddenly roused by the quick pad-pad of moccasined feet on the threshold. He looked up to see the bloodshot eyes of Long Jackson peering into his from not a yard distant. With a cry of alarm he



Tyee Salmon caught at Campbell River, by Miss J. L. McCulloch

One dawn a licentious trader called his dog team to a halt at the foot of the clearing where Long Jackson's piles of cordwood stood at the water's edge. The Indian's squaw and children had already collected a goodly store of marten and masquash furs, which Long Jackson readily parted with for three bottles of hootch.

By midday Long Jackson had reached a condition of morose inebriation. He beat his wife senseless, thrashed his children till they took refuge by flight to the woods, then, finding himself alone, save for the inert figure on the floor, began to cast round for some further target on which to satisfy his mood. It was then that he recalled the treatment he had received at the Cross Creeks trading post, and still nursing a bitter enmity towards Carl Berry, Dan and the moose, he decided forthwith to take the post by storm. It was the work of a few moments to slip on his snowshoes and his hunting gear, and this done he set out by the little used pathway towards Cross Creeks.

It happened, that very afternoon, that Carl Berry had business to transact which took him along the same pathway as Long Jackson would negotiate in gaining the trading post. At one point, within fifty yards of Berry's home, it was necessary to cross the creek by leaping from boulder to boulder. At this point the creek was so narrow and rapid that it had not yet frozen over, so that the task of crossing it was not unaccompanied by a certain amount of danger. The rocks were smooth as ebony, and a single slip would have meant immersion in the icy water, from which even the best of swimmers stand small chance of escape.

leaped for the old gun, but the Indian's long fingers closed upon his shoulder with a vice-like grip. The boy screamed for help, whereupon a grimy hand was clapped over his mouth with cruel force, and as he struggled impotently the Indian snatched the cord from a pack near by and passed it dextrously over the child's arms.

In five minutes Dan was helplessly bound and gagged. The Indian lashed him to the doorpost, then without a word began to rummage about the stores in obvious haste. Presently he found what he sought—a large can of soft soap, used for various purposes in trapping. He held it up for the boy's inspection, and said with a leer:—"Your father cross creek by rocks. Me smear soft soap on one or two of the rocks, and when he return him slip—savvee? Him fall in water and drown—savvee? Then me fire trading post, you and all, pretty blame quick."

Dan saw by the fiendish light in the Indian's eyes that the man meant what he said. Leaving the boy still trussed to the doorpost, Long Jackson went out, and made his way to the crossing place. From rock to rock he leapt, till he reached a place where the water was deepest and the landing none too secure at any time. Crouching down like a wild beast he proceeded to daub handfuls of soft soap over the spot where Carl Berry's moccasined foot would inevitably land. This done to his satisfaction he cast the tin into the black, swirling water, washed his hands and returned towards the shanty.

In the meantime the boy's mental sufferings can well be imagined. He knew that it was of no use appealing to the

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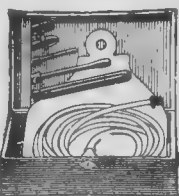
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savage into whose hands he had fallen. Had Long Jackson been sober he would have mastered his primitive instincts sufficiently to realize that the white man's justice would sooner or later lay him by the heels, but in his present condition he possessed neither human mercy nor reason.

Thus Dan Berry knew that, though death by drowning in the icy creek awaited his father, a death even less merciful awaited himself. The Indian returned, struck him brutally across the face in passing, then entering the store pursued his life-long search for hootch.

He searched for some minutes, then returned to the boy and removed the gag. "Hootch?" he demanded savagely.

The boy saw here a possible means of escape. If only the Indian would drink himself senseless.

"In the locker," he answered. "Key's hanging on nail on second shelf."

Jackson replaced the gag, then returned for the whisky. He was too old a hand at the game to drink himself senseless however, and after a time his covetous eyes rested upon various articles lying about the store. He dragged a hand sled from the roof and proceeded to load it with clothes and choice stores. On account of his inebriated condition this took some time, and already the short winter's day was drawing to a close.

When everything was ready, the Indian produced a bundle of cotton tow, soaked it with lamp oil, and placing it in the centre of the floor piled around it a number of inflammable goods. The boy, watching this from the corner of his eyes, would have striven to point out to the Indian that justice must inevitable follow such a crime—the white man's justice the power of which every Indian knew—had he not been gagged. As it was the helplessness of his position appalled him. He began to sob, for life was very dear to him. He thought of the fate that awaited his father, and before him floated a mental vision of a cold, stark figure lying beneath the ice.

The cold was slowly creeping through the boy's limbs, filling him with a strange drowsiness and numbing his mind with merciful fingers. The short winter day was drawing to a close; darkness was near at hand, and once Dan fancied he heard

wolves away in the distance. As though in a dream he saw the Indian staggering back and forth, collecting all the inflammable goods in the store and piling them in a heap. At length Long Jackson staggered to his side and loosened the gag. "Matches," he demanded, but the boy's head hung limp as though he were already overcome by the cold. Above all things he must not tell Long Jackson where the matches were.

The Indian tried to rouse him, but only a low groan broke from Dan's lips. Again he heard the baying of wolves—quite near at hand this time. At length his tormentor staggered into the house, and pursued his search for matches.

Suddenly, not two hundred yards distant, sounded the fierce "yap-yap" of the hunting pack. Whether the Indian heard it or not he took no heed. Dan strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the wolves, and presently through the shadows he discerned a huge brown shape approaching down the center of the waterway. It was a moose—evidently the moose the wolves were hunting. Straight towards the trading post it came, its massive head drooping low with exhaustion, its great splayed hoofs sinking deep in the drifts.

Dan had often heard of moose and deer seeking man's protection when pursued by wolves. He watched the great brute closely, and to his surprise it suddenly swerved as it reached the foot of the



A good type of Blackfoot Indians

clearing, and began to ascend the steep bank straight towards the hut. It was then the boy saw that its face was mottled with patches of grey—evidently the last remaining scars of some former wound.

For some reason, he knew not why, Dan's heart gave a leap of joy. The moose approaching him was Unqua—the calf he had reared with his own hand. Followed by the wolves, it had sought the sanctuary of its old home. Formidable enough the brute looked as it drew nearer, its breath coming in short, hoarse gasps, its eyes aflame with exhaustion and anger. A few feet from the boy it stopped, regarding him with wide open eyes in which, perhaps, was a gleam of recognition.

"Unqua," muttered Dan. "Unqua!" But the moose only turned and searched the shadows for its pursuers. The wolves, however, had not ventured into the open.

At that moment Long Jackson returned to the door, cursing savagely for matches. The moose turned and saw him. In an instant a change came over the brute. The fire of battle came into its eyes; the coarse hair along its spine stood on end.

Whether the sight of the Indian awoke within the mind of Unqua some evil memory, or whether the harassed brute saw in the Indian only a possible foe, I must leave to the reader. As the man gained the threshold it came forward a step or two, hatred shining in its eyes. Had Long Jackson possessed full use of his faculties he would have seen that he was in danger. With an angry squeal the moose darted forward, and smote him to the ground with its knife-edged forehoofs. It had no antlers as yet, but the hoofs alone were a deadly enough weapon.

With a cry of alarm the Indian wriggled aside, but as he did so a second blow ripped open his chaps from hip to knee. He tried to wriggle under the wooden steps of the shanty to escape the fusillade

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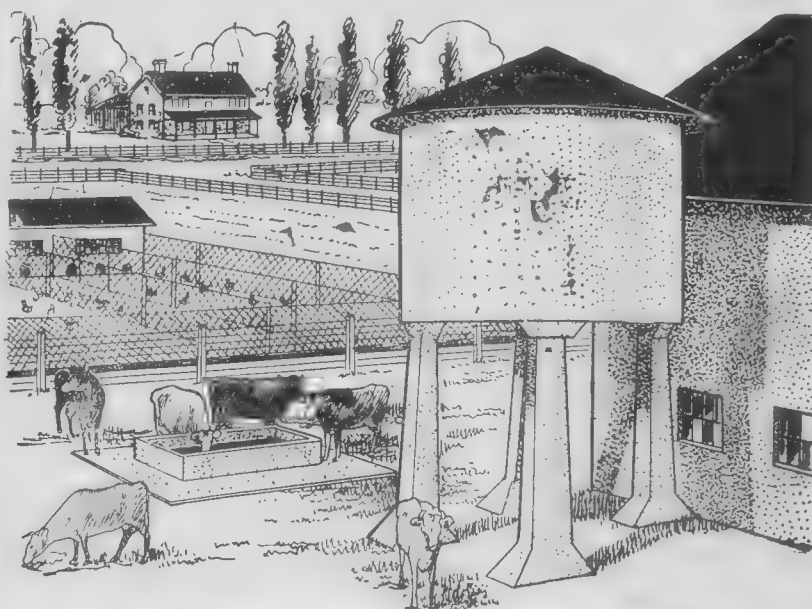
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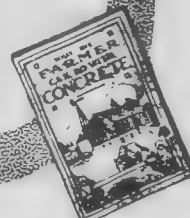
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of blows that were showering towards his head. But the steps were too narrow to afford him proper shelter, and as the moose used its hoofs with lightning rapidity it seemed that the life would be trampled out of him in a few seconds.

The Indian screamed for mercy, and the man's awful position was more than Dan could stand.

"Let me loose," the boy cried. "The brute will kill you unless you let me loose."

Some time elapsed ere the terrified Indian grasped the meaning of the boy's words. From his place of hiding he could just reach Dan's fetters with the point of his long bladed hunting knife. For a moment the moose ceased its attack, and stretching forth one hand Long Jackson cut the ropes that bound Dan's body. Next moment the boy, tussling frantically, was free.

It was clear that the moose knew him, for as he stepped forward the great brute drew back, the fire partly gone from its eyes. Stretching his cramped body Dan seized the mangled Indian by the arm, and dragged him from his doubtful sanctuary. The moose stood back, watching the proceedings with sullen anger.

Dan dragged the Indian into the house then going out closed the door again. He ran to the stepping stones down the creek. Taking off his beaver cap he washed the soap from the central stone, then over it scattered a layer of sand he

had dug from beneath the snow. Thus, having made sure that his father could cross in safety, he returned to the trading post, to minister to the needs of the disabled Indian.

When Carl Berry returned to the trading post that evening, he beheld the giant moose lying outside the door, sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion in its old sanctuary. Going into the house he saw Dan sitting with the Indian's head pillowed on his knees.

"What you nursing that swipe for?" demanded Carl Berry.

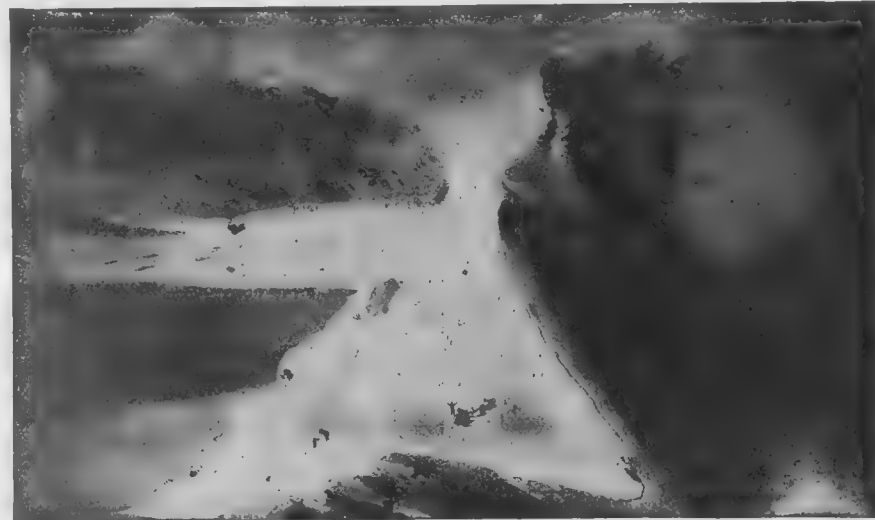
The boy grinned. "'Cause he's sick," he answered. "Look at him! Guess it's up to us to pull him through."

When Carl Berry had heard all, he sent for Long Jackson's squaw.

"Guess we'll keep him here till he gets right," the trader explained. "We can't send him back to the woods in that condition."

When next morning Dan went out with a bowl of beans for the moose, he found to his disappointment that the great brute was gone, nor was it ever seen again at Cross Creeks trading post.

To-day if you call at the store in passing by, you will see any evening a tall, crippled Indian, smoking his pipe peacefully amidst the select few who regularly gather there. It is Long Jackson, who never tires of singing the praises of those who rescued him and nursed him back to health.



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How the Race was Won

W. R. Gilbert, Calgary

Jumnapore for such a small Indian station, was of an unusually sporting turn of mind. Probably the very paucity of inhabitants was the real cause of its energy. In a place where so few people could be found to play any game, everyone was forced prepared to lend a hand. And at Jumnapore everyone certainly did put his or her best foot foremost.

So energetic indeed, had the half dozen officers of the small regimental detachment mess become, that what with polo, racing and bridge, the pace was running unusually fast. Under such circumstances someone is almost certain to get hit. The Grasshire officers proved no exception to the rule. The victim in their case threatened to be Captain Geoffrey Branscombe.

Now, although the fates had decidedly marked down Geoffrey as a loser in most things where money was concerned, they had so far not been bad enough to force him to an open declaration of insolvency. How difficult he found it to meet his numerous calls for money, nobody so far, but himself, his native banker, and his faithful old bearer Abdul Khan, was aware. In fact, the cleverness with which he contrived to keep his head uppermost in the face of the world was becoming nothing short of miraculous.

The time of the local winter race meeting was at hand. To that day Geoffrey had been anxiously looking forward for some weeks. In fact, so important had the advent of this day become to him, that all his future career hinged upon it. He had determined that so far

as he was concerned, it was to be his making or breaking.

The race for the Station Cup was nothing in itself. The ponies were slow, and the course little more than a scratch track in the polo ground. Despite these drawbacks however, the betting could be anything one might wish. By dint of much cajolery and subtlety Geoffrey had induced Bidi Chand, the shroff, to extend his long outstanding loan by another sum of 3000 rupees. With this amount at his command, he had, with well assumed indifference, managed to make the wager upon which he had set his heart.

There were only six ponies entered for the Cup. So well known was the form of every pony in the station that of these only two were considered to have a chance. The race therefore had gradually come to assume the appearance of a match between Moselle and Lightning. Moselle, an Arab owned by a certain civilian named Moslyn, was quite the fastest pony in the station. That point was generally admitted. That Moselle however was as tricky as he was fast was equally well known. Also, he it whispered that for some time his owner had been more than suspected of sharing in his pony's trickery. Nevertheless, Geoffrey had invested his very all upon Moselle. He had wondered at the ease with which he had managed to place his money. At the time of making the bets, it need hardly be mentioned that he was totally unaware of the fact that Moslyn himself through a third person, was the principal

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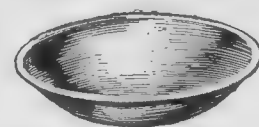
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in the transaction. The third person was known to be a bosom friend of Moslyn, but that was hardly a sufficient reason for thinking that the latter could be betting against his own pony.

Abdul Khan, who according to his own ideas was a truly pious Mahomedan, had served Geoffrey faithfully for many years. So intimately indeed had he made himself acquainted with his master's affairs, that there was extremely little in the latter's daily life of which his servant was ignorant. Seated at noonday in apparent sleep, close to the purdah of his master's door, Abdul had heard every word that passed when Geoffrey had borrowed the extra 3000 rupees from that pig-dog Bidi Chand. With instinctive cunning he had divined that this meant financial ruin if Moselle lost.

In his daily intercourse with other servants behind the bungalows of the station, Abdul learned many things that would have astonished his master. He could have told him more of the condition of Moselle and his owner, than Geoffrey would ever have believed. That any tales which he should bring would be taken sufficiently seriously to be acted upon, he disbelieved. Straightforwardness also was a principle strictly contrary to Abdul's ideas of success in life. He proposed therefore to keep his own counsel.

"Well, I hope it doesn't come true, that's all" said Geoffrey. "I have a goodish bit on Moselle. Glad I don't believe in dreams."

"I don't either, of course" grunted Brown, lighting a cigarette. "But they're funny things all the same. If I allow myself to think of it long enough, I am quite capable of being led in the end to putting something on Lightning out of pure funk."

Geoffrey finished his breakfast in silence, mounted his pony and rode back to barracks. He had no faith in dreams whatever. His dream, nevertheless, despite him, was destined to play a part in his fortunes that he little imagined.

That evening at the Club, Brown detailed with gusto the facts of Geoffrey's restless night to a select audience in the bar. Over devilled biscuits and milk punch, after polo, the subjects of dreams was discussed in extenso. Moslyn, leaning negligently against the bar smoked and listened. He was no favorite with Brown and his friends, and he knew it. He made no attempt to join them. Nevertheless he heard every word that was spoken; and as he listened, his cunning brain suddenly saw daylight.

That the world is by no means so void of superstition as many would have us believe, is certain. Moslyn was no fool. He knew full well that the story of Captain



Clayoquot—Village on the west coast of Vancouver Island

The faithful one gave many hours of thought to his subject as he sucked his evening hookah beneath the banyan tree in the compound. Then he began to assiduously cultivate the society of Moselle's syce.

As the day of the race drew nigh, Geoffrey could think of nothing else than the victory of Moselle, day and night. His brother officers had no idea what this victory would mean to him. Geoffrey's home had been the regiment for more than twelve years. To leave it would be almost more than he would be able to bear.

That a man's face may smile does not however, enable him of necessity to keep his thoughts in order. So nervous had he become, in fact, that his sleep seemed one long troubled dream. Old Abdul close at hand, on the back verandah had grown to be able to read his master's muttered wanderings, like a book. The latter little knew what strength he possessed in the little old man who smoked and schemed by the hour.

Forty-eight hours before the eventful day, Geoffrey as usual, appeared at breakfast in the mess. He had slept exceedingly badly, as Abdul could have certified. Hanging his sword and helmet on the rack in the verandah, he called for his breakfast.

"Beastly hot last night," grunted he. "Couldn't sleep decently. Did nothing but dream a lot of rot."

"Pity you couldn't dream who's going to win the Cup, old chap," cried Brown, the senior sub. Lots of Johnnies have dreamed winners before now."

"Oh" laughed Geoffrey lightly, "that's just what I did dream. I saw the wretched race run as plainly as I see you now. Moselle was winning hands down until he reached that white post at the corner of the paddock, and then he ran clean off the course."

"Hah," cried Brown, "Just the sort of thing that tricky beast would do too, by Jove."

Branscombe's dream spreading from mouth to mouth was bound to capture more than a few believers. He also fully understood the value of a daring shake. That celebrated occasion upon which he had, when riding an easy winner, suddenly pulled up his horse short, and declared before the whole world that he had mistaken the winning post, was proof enough of his valuation of "gall."

To make Branscombe's dream come true, therefore, appealed to Moslyn as a course of action which would suit his book to a nicety. If Moselle were to run off the course within a few yards of the winning post, superstition would undoubtedly supply the explanation. Such a scheme would be much less risky than "pulling." And that Moselle could not possibly be allowed to win he had decided long ago.

Now what was known to all the Sahibs, must necessarily be known to all the servants. Old Abdul, listening to the tale of the dream and its possible interpretation, laughed scornfully into his grey beard. That evening he once again sought out Moselle's syce.

The latter, who was under promise to Abdul to impart any news of value he could collect, was quite prepared to tell all he knew. Moselle's jockey, a native boy, was no friend of his. For a rupee the syce was quite ready to spy upon the latter and watch his every movement. Whether any trickery was in the air or not, Abdul could not yet decide, but he was well acquainted with the reputation of Mr. Moslyn, and was taking no risks.

The great day of the race came at last. Shortly after daylight Moselle left his stable and repaired to the course. An early gallop was evidently to be the order of the day. A few minutes latter Abdul, having received a message from the syce, through the medium of the grass cutter, made off across country to the polo ground.

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Lever action, loads automatically, gun metal finished steel, walnut stock, weight 34 ozs., 30 length 31 in. FREE for selling 30 fine Mexican Drawnwork Handkerchiefs at 10c. No money required.

CHIEF MFG. CO., 83 CHIEF BLDG., BEEBE, QUE.

It must be BOVRIL

Even if it were double the price, Bovril would still be an economical and indispensable article in every home, for Bovril has been proved to possess a Body-build-power of from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

Of all Stores, etc., at
1 oz. 25c; 2 oz. 40c; 4 oz. 70c; 8 oz. \$1.30;
16 oz. \$2.25.
Bovril Cordial, Large, \$1.25; 5 oz. 40c.
16 oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos) \$1.20.

S.H.B.



Benger's Food, prepared with fresh new milk forms a dainty and delicious cream, rich in all the necessary food elements.

If half Benger's Food so prepared, is mixed with half freshly made tea or coffee, cocoa or chocolate, its highly nourishing and digestive advantages are added with great success to the refreshing qualities of the beverage.



also mixes agreeably with stimulants when these may be medically recommended.

"Benger's Food and how to use it, for Infants, Invalids and the Aged" — a handsome 48 page booklet, post free from

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD.,
Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere. B88C

Keep a Bottle in Your Pantry of this Delicious Flavoring—Mapleine

Use it as a change from the everyday Lemon and Vanilla in flavoring your Desserts, Puddings, Frostings, Ices, etc.; and especially for flavoring white Sugar Syrup. Ask your grocer.

Crescent Manufacturing Company, Seattle, Wash.



all eyes. For some time there was nothing to see. Moselle, in excellent form, cantered the length of the course without a hitch. His temper for the time being at all events, seemed perfect. Abdul's brow was contracted in thought. He could see nothing to cavil at. The second round however, of the gallop presented more interesting features. No other pony had as yet appeared on the ground. Abdul could see Mr. Moslyn standing by the white post at the opening to the paddock. At that spot there was a gap in the rough fence of the ground some fifty feet in length.

Moselle at full gallop, came down the straight like an arrow from a bow. Suddenly Moslyn was seen to raise an arm, the jockey deftly touched the animal's ribs with his near spur, and the Arab swerved at an angle of forty-five degrees straight into the paddock.

Abdul grunted significantly, readjusted his turban and meditatively started for home. He had seen enough and within a few minutes his master would be requiring his services.

Later in the day Abdul found the syce and his wife, the grass cutter, seated over their meal of curry and rice.

The promised rupee having passed hands, the syce in guttural whisperings divulged his news. It was simplicity itself. Moslyn sahib had given orders to the jockey to keep his eyes on the white post at the paddock. If the pony was leading, he was to drive in his near spur at that point, without question.

Moselle enter the straight. He was going beautifully, and was only a head behind Lightning. If he only ran straight, Geoffrey could see that even the jockey would be unable to hold him.

Suddenly, on the left of the ground, where a motley crowd of natives struggled for a better view, Geoffrey's attention was attracted by the sounds of uproar. A fight seemed in progress. The next moment, a native boy, who had climbed the post at the paddock entrance, was seen to be precipitated to the ground, and the post with him. Then the mass of natives forming a solid phalanx of bodies again fenced the track.

The Arab, as had been expected, was now half a length ahead. His jockey, a wild glare in his eyes, seemed dazed. Geoffrey could distinctly see him looking about on his left, as if he had seen a ghost. All that was palpable however, was that a fence of natives, shouting themselves hoarse and waving their arms, glared in his face. He swayed in his saddle: then spurred his mount. Moselle swerved violently to the left, but few noticed it, for the race was already won.

That evening, as Captain Branscombe dressed for dinner, he chuckled aloud. Abdul, the faithful one, buttoning his master's braces, smiled likewise.

"Sahib winning much money on Moselle?" ventured the old man.

"Yes, Abdul, it has been a good day!" cried Geoffrey heartily. "And you shall have five rupees backsheesh on the strength of it."



Old Lake Thelma Post Office and Ranch, Alta.

Had not the grass cutter heard the instructions delivered as she lay in the corner of a disused stall?

The race for the Cup was timed for 3 o'clock. Long before then the precincts of the polo ground were thronged by a mass of natives that completely surrounded the course. Jumnapore may have been deficient of Europeans, but of natives there seemed no end. Dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, of all races and clans, they had given themselves up to excitement with an abandon that could be heard a mile away.

Abdul having seen his master depart for the course, followed in his wake. Instead of settling down to a place amidst the native throng, the old man seemed to be unusually intent upon spending a considerable time in whispering with a dozen or two friends. The latter listened to his words with eager faces. Then one by one these compatriots were seen to collect in one place close to the paddock.

This manoeuvre had to however been so unostentatiously performed that all was only just settled to Abdul's satisfaction when the clanging of the starting bell for the Cup race was heard echoing across the ground.

For a few moments there was a hush. Then a murmur scarcely perceptible increased to a babel of excited comment. As was usual in Jumnapore racing, prophecy was being fulfilled. After the first half mile, there were obviously only two ponies in the race.

"Sahib's dream no good, after all," said Abdul. "That jockey very bad man, but couldn't make dream come true without white post, Sahib."

"White post?" questioned Geoffrey, "What do you mean?"

Abdul laughed slyly. "Moslyn sahib's jockey, sahib, him getting order to spur Moselle off the course at white post. I hearing order from syce. So I thinking much better to pull down post, and make fence of friends. That jockey, he great fool, sahib, him looking for post. No post seeing, then getting frightened and losing his head. So pony winning race after all, sahib."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Geoffrey, "is all this true?"

"Hah, sahib." "Then, by my sainted aunt," cried Geoffrey exultingly, "you shall have ten rupees, Abdul, and I will glean further details to-morrow." Slipping on his mess jacket, he strode across the verandah. "Tried to make my dream come true, did he? Ah, then shall come a time!"

Esther—"How would you like to have your ears pierced?"

Robert—"First rate! What are you going to sing?"

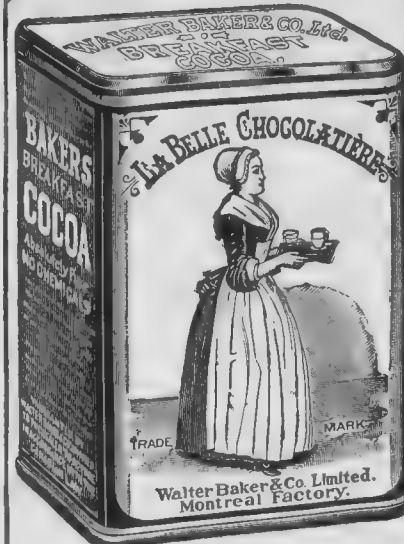
"Now, George, let us make out a list of your debts."

"One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkpot!"

"They tell me that it is imagination that keeps the doctors busy," said the patient.

"I suppose that's right," replied the physician. "I'm kept pretty busy making out bills which I foolishly imagine are going to be paid some day."

Baker's Cocoa Has Sterling Merit



MADE IN CANADA

From carefully selected high-grade cocoa beans, skilfully blended, prepared by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals or dyes. It contains no added potash, possesses a delicious natural flavor, and is of great food value.

Choice Recipe Book sent free

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

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The New Flavour H.P. Sauce

This new sauce from England is so delicious and such a welcome change to the old-fashioned kinds of sauces.

Stores sell H.P.—here



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FREE

Catalogs

Write to-day.

Say whether interested in Band Instruments, Violins or Bagpipes

C.W. LINDSAY LIMITED
189 SPARKS ST.
OTTAWA CANADA

Household Suggestions

We are told by the writer of "Danish Life in Town and Country" that the Danish woman ranks among the notable housewives of the world. It is quite a common thing for a young Danish lady, as the finishing touch to her education, to spend six months or a year in the house of a gentleman farmer or in some country parsonage, to study the art of housekeeping; and not a few of these young persons are initiated into the mysteries of high-class cookery at the royal kitchen or in well-known restaurants.

Naturally, where cooking and home-making are treated as fine arts, the old family receipt-books, handed down from mother to daughter are greatly cherished.

When a thunder-storm comes on in the night in Denmark, people in the country frequently gather in one of the

mother or grandmother or aunt. No one else could ever learn the secret; the mysterious gift seemed to us as personal as grandmother's silk aprons or the color of Aunt Abby's hair. However others might esteem treasure, the child at least would gravely agree with the choice of the Danish housewife.

The Making of Soup and Soup Stock

It is the duty of every housekeeper to learn the art of soup making. In no way can a heavy dinner be better begun than with a thin soup. The hot liquid taken into an empty stomach is easily assimilated, acts as a stimulant rather than a nutrient and prepares the way for the meal which is to follow. The cream soups and purees on the



Mt. Rear Guard and Mt. Robson, Mt. Robson Park, B.C.

sitting-rooms, and bring with them their most treasured belongings, that they may be prepared in case of fire from lightning.

One night a thunder-storm aroused the family in a certain country parsonage. The members speedily made their way to the sitting-room, each member treasure-laden according to the time-honored custom. When the treasure was compared it was found that the pastor had brought the communion plate, and his mother-in-law her jewelry, but his wife had brought her receipts.

Whether an American housewife in time of danger would consider her receipt-book her most valuable possession is doubtful, yet in many families to-day there are certain special dishes which hold an honored place in the family history. Such is a shortcake which for ninety years now has been an especial delicacy among the descendants of one of the pioneer women of Maine.

In 1814 several British vessels appeared in Penobscot Bay, and caused great consternation among the scattered settlers. When they finally left the harbor the rejoicing was equally great. In one family the event was to be celebrated by a feast for which one of the daughters was to make the biscuit, but in her excitement the young cook forgot to mold her biscuit, and baked it all in one piece.

The mother's genius was equal to the emergency. She split the biscuit, and serving it with butter and cream sauce, triumphantly announced the new dish—British shortcake.

Delicacies inspired by history are not common, but probably there are few of us who do not count among our treasured childhood memories the delectable flavor of some especial dish prepared by

other hand are so nutritious that with bread and butter they furnish a satisfactory meal. No other form of food is more digestible and wholesome, nor does any other method of preparing food afford so many opportunities for utilizing material that would otherwise be wasted.

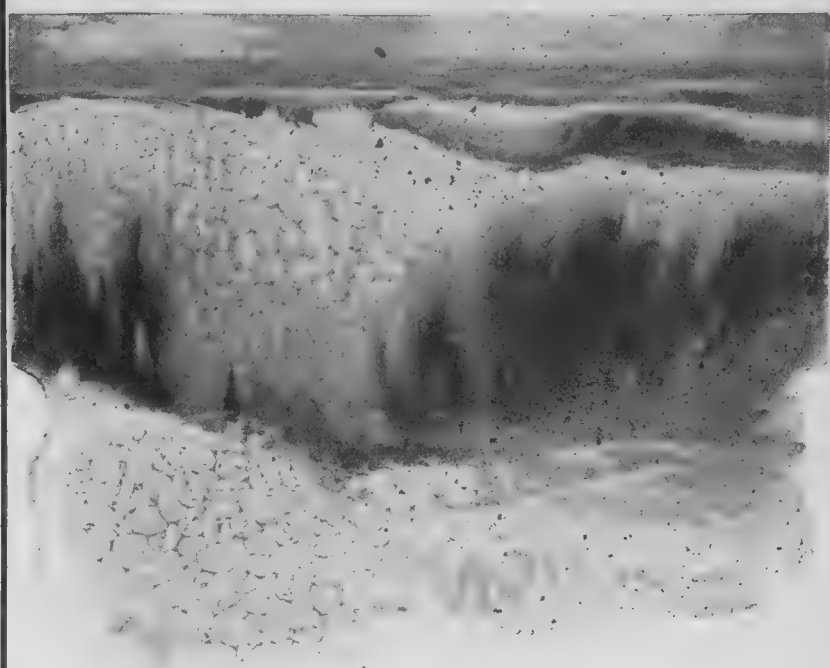
Nearly a hundred years ago Count Rumford, the famous scientist and founder of the Royal Institution, wrote:

"The richness or equality of a soup depends more upon a proper choice of ingredients, and a proper management of the fire in the combination of those ingredients, than upon the quantity of solid nutritious matter employed; much more upon the art and skill of the cook than upon the sum laid out in the market." This is as true to-day as it was a century ago.

Stock forms the basis of all meat soups; but except the rich clear stock used for consommé (or clear soup), it is not necessarily made from fresh meat. In making brown stock from the shin of beef, while stock from the knuckle of veal, or ordinary stock from the bones and trimmings of meat, poultry, etc., the methods employed for ex-

Saving Fuel

A friend recently gave me a new idea how to save fuel. Her people baked potatoes in winter in the ashpan of the base burner. Empty the ashpan, put the potatoes in and cover with a lid to keep out ashes. The result is highly satisfactory. Even baked beans prepared in this stove often "furnish forth" the evening meal. Almost any baked dish can be prepared easily and economically in this unique oven.—K. C. H.



Oceans of Puffed Grains

Are being consumed in these days on the verge of summer. We are sending out ten million dishes weekly.

Countless tables, every morning, serve them with sugar and cream. And they get airy morsels, thin and crisp, with a taste like toasted nuts.

The morning berries, with folks that know, are mixed with these fragile crisps. And the almond flavor forms with fruit a most delightful blend.

Every night, legions of people gather around Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk. And these floating dainties—these bubbles of grain—form the best dairy dish they know.

Every Atom Counts

In eating Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, every atom counts. Here, for the first time—by Prof. Anderson's process—whole grains are made wholly digestible.

Every food granule has been blasted to pieces by an internal steam explosion. Digestion can instantly act. Every food element is made available without any tax on the stomach.

So at meals or between meals—at bedtime or any time—these are ideal foods for the hungry. In no other way was a cereal food ever so perfectly cooked.

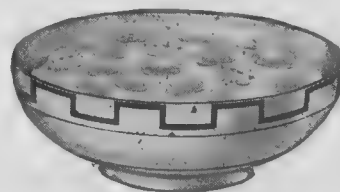
Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in
Extreme
West

These foods are for you. Keep the pantry stocked with them, and find out the ways to enjoy them.

Use them as foods, delicious in form and taste. Use them as you use nut meats. Scatter them over every dish of ice cream. Use them in candy making.

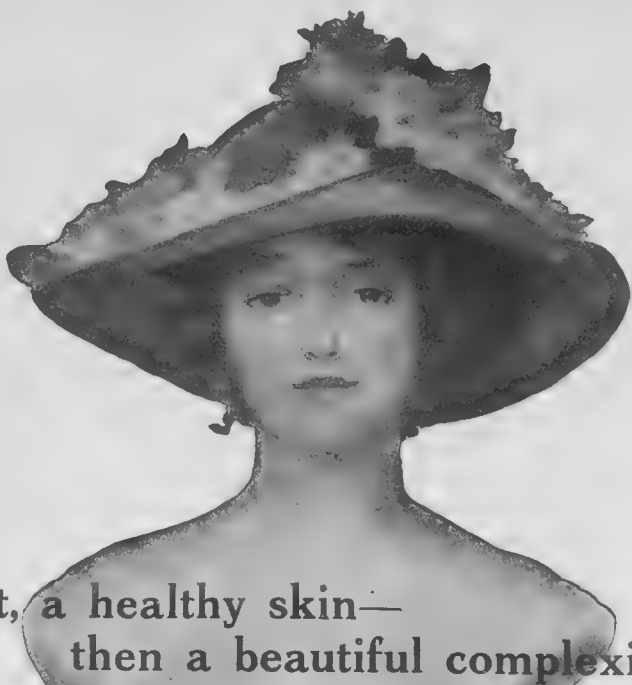
These are days of dairy dishes—of bread and crackers in milk. Here are grains which are crisper than crackers, more porous than bread, and far more inviting than either. For summer suppers try these grains in milk.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(585)



First, a healthy skin— then a beautiful complexion

The healthy skin *must* come first. Keeping it clean is not enough—it must be protected. Lifebuoy Health Soap, as its odor shows, contains an antiseptic solution which purifies and protects the skin, and thus promotes its health and beauty.

Let us send you this charming picture—

This beautiful picture by Penrhyn Stanlaws, a reproduction of which is shown above, was painted for the purpose of showing the typical "Lifebuoy complexion."

It proved to be such a charming, lifelike picture that we have had it reproduced in full colors, 11½ x 17 inches, on heavy antique paper, worthy of a handsome frame. There are no advertising marks on it whatever—charming for boudoir or den.

Send us 12 cents in stamps to cover postage and we will send you the picture and two big full size cakes of Lifebuoy Soap Free. Clip out the Coupon below, fill it in and mail today.

LIFEBUOY 5c
HEALTH SOAP

This
Coupon
Worth 10c

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
Eastern Avenue, Toronto

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I enclose 12 cents in stamps to cover postage, for which please send me a free copy of the Stanlaws picture, suitable for framing, and two full size cakes of Lifebuoy, free.

Name
Address

The Secret of Beauty

is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

BEEHAM'S La-rola

Obtainable from all
Chemists and Stores
M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM, ENG.

Snared

By Fisher Ames, Jr.

There was a "feel" of spring in the air. The snow was soft and full of pores. At the bases of the trees were well-defined rings, where it had melted at the faint heat of the stirring sap.

A stream wound through the middle of the frozen valley, tinkling lightly under its coverlet of ice. Here and there along its course were open places where the water showed in black, swelling bosses.

At one of these, where the snow about the jagged rim had been disturbed, Amos Ross paused and set one of the traps from the bundle on his back. Then he dipped a willow twig, which he had been chewing, in his bottle of "bait," and stuck it in the snow so that its odoriferous end overhung the pan of the trap.

He remained a moment, squatting on his heels and staring at the oily black eye of water, his red, rough-knuckled hands clasped apathetically before him. There was something forlorn about the man. His face, partially covered by a straggling beard, was gaunt from cold and hard work. The mouth had a discouraged droop.

No one knows what loneliness means until he has passed six months by himself in the heart of the winter woods. The experience affects men differently. With some the fountain of speech seems to dry up. It takes weeks after they have gone back to civilization to get their tongues oiled up again. Others—and Ross belonged to this class—stand it for a month or so, and then drop into the habit of talking out loud to themselves. It is a poor substitute for human companionship, but it breaks the oppressive silence, and to a man at all impressionable that means a great deal.

"I surely do hope he'll take the medicine!" the trapper exclaimed. "I've never rustled harder or dried fewer pelts any season's I remember."

He rose stiffly and went on up the stream, the steady scuff of his snow-shoes furnishing an accompaniment to its smothered tinkle. Occasionally he stopped and set one of his traps, but "sign" was scanty. Already he was farther from camp than he had been before, and judging from what he had seen, the new line promised but a meager return for the extra labor it would require to tend it.

About noon Ross came to a point in the river where it twisted sharply to the right and ran between precipitous walls of rock. As the ice was too treacherous to afford safe going, he swung off under the hemlock branches, intending to make a detour and hit the stream again above the gorge.

His way across the shoulder of the hill brought him out suddenly on a little clearing. In it stood a log hut, whose gaping doorway and windows showed it to be unoccupied. The structure had a substantial air, however, and looked as if it had not been long deserted.

A little flock of juncos flew across the opening, twittering cheerily, as if to encourage Ross, who had paused. He followed them slowly and poked his head in at the empty doorway. The place was uninhabited, as he had supposed, but from force of habit he knocked his webbed shoes free of snow before he entered.

For a few minutes he experienced a childish pleasure in his discovery. It brought him nearer home than anything the woods had shown him for six months. But by and by he became conscious that the old silence was here as well as under the hemlocks, only it was intensified by the sodden ashes on the hearth and the broken bunk across the south wall.

"I wonder, now, who they were?" he asked himself wistfully. "Not lumbermen, I reckon. Hunters, maybe. Yes, that'll be it."

His gaze went more carefully round the bare room. The corner of a newspaper protruding from under the bunk caught his eye, and he pounced upon it greedily. It was only a half-sheet, four months old, and dated at Belle City.

He read it conscientiously, standing by the open window. In the "want" column an advertisement for a companion struck him as supremely humorous. He laughed, slapping his thigh with one hand.

"Wanted, a companion," he quoted. "Blessed if that don't ring the bull's-eye on me!"

But it was in the next column that he "struck pay ore."

Wanted, live deer for a park.

Good prices paid.

The idea slowly crystallized as he stared at the words. There was Millicet's lumber-camp twenty-five miles away. A horse could make the round trip easily, and they would let him have one of their sled rigs. He could load the deer at their siding, and they would be carried direct to Belle City by way of the main line.

About two miles below his camp a spring fed its waters into the river. The boil of it was so great that it was rarely frozen over, and here the deer came to drink, beating down a deep trail in the snow.

Early the next morning Ross started for the spring. The air was heavy and the sky thick with low gray clouds.

"Looks some like rain, pardner," he observed, genially, to a blue jay that screamed across his path. "I reckon you want spring more'n I do. It's been a poor season for me, but maybe I'll catch up yet."

On the slope above the spring the deer trail forked like a Y. Ross went up the right branch until he came to a clump of well-grown birches. Here he went to work.

He constructed his trigger from a sapling laid across the trail, and supported at either end by a notched stake. To this he tied two sturdy birches, one on each side of the trail, bending them down after great exertion. Then he attached the wide slip-noose in such a fashion that any creature coming down to drink would step through it and push the trigger from the notches with its fore legs. The released trees would then spring up and draw the noose tight about the animal's fore quarters, and swing it, possibly, clear of the ground.

This done to his satisfaction, he cut across the snowy slope to the left fork, and patiently began to duplicate his arrange-

EYE STRAIN

Relieved by Quitting Tea and Coffee

Many cases of defective vision are caused by the habitual use of tea or coffee.

It is said that in Arabia where coffee is used in large quantities, many lose their eyesight at about fifty. Tea contains the same drug, caffeine, as coffee.

An Eastern woman writes to the point concerning eye trouble and coffee. She says:

"My son was for years troubled with his eyes. He tried several kinds of glasses without relief. The optician said there was a defect in his eyes which was hard to reach.

"He used to drink coffee, as we all did, and finally quit it and began to use Postum. That was three years ago, and he has not had to wear glasses, and has had no trouble with his eyes since.

"I was always fond of tea and coffee and finally became so nervous I could hardly sit still long enough to eat a meal. My heart was in such a condition I thought I might die at any time.

"Medicine did not give me relief and I was almost desperate. It was about this time we decided to quit coffee and use Postum, and have used it ever since. I am in perfect health. No trouble now with my heart and never felt better in my life.

"Postum has been a great blessing to us all, particularly to my son and myself."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Postums now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c, and 25c, packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c, and 50c, tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.

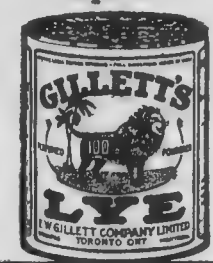
GILLETT'S LYE

The Standard Lye of Canada. Has many imitations but no equal



**CLEANS AND
DISINFECTS**

100% PURE



Nobody Here! Guess I'll help Myself!



**Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES**

Blackwood's Raspberry Vinegar

Something Delicious

To be obtained of all Grocers

Manufacturers of Blackwood's Celebrated Soft Drinks

The Blackwoods Limited

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Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly
Write for special clubbing offers

ments. It was slow, tedious work. The sun was well down toward the horizon line before he had finished.

He was obliterating the marks in the snow with a piece of brush top when it struck him that the notch in the right-hand stake was too deep. Leaning through the noose, he began to pare down the wood with his hunting-knife.

The tough fiber resisted the steel. He put more pressure on the blade, and suddenly it slipped, striking the trigger. At the same instant the snow settled under his knees, and he pitched forward with a force sufficient to drive the trigger from the notch.

The trees sprang upward with a vicious swish. Ross, caught just under the arms, was jerked into the air, and hung above the trail, twirling like a fish on a line.

The trapper's face was a study. But gradually bewilderment and rueful amusement vanished, and his expression grew grim as the extent of his predicament came home to him.

The knife lay shining in the snow where he had dropped it, four feet below his dangling snow-shoes. He measured the distance with his eye, and drawing up his legs, thrust them downward vigorously, hoping to impart a dancing motion to his body that would in time bring him to the ground.

The late moon rose, and Ross saw himself shadowed on the snow, like a figure on a gibbet. It was very cold. The tightness of the noose impaired the free circulation of his blood, depriving him of his natural defense against the frost. Already his extremities began to feel numb. At intervals he beat them together briskly.

Again and again he tried some new plan of escape. Suddenly he thought that by setting himself swinging he might grasp a neighboring branch and thence work his way along to safety; but the rope was not long enough to allow the requisite play. Once he did succeed in seizing a slender twig. It broke in his hand.

He had spent so many years with the creatures of the woods that he had learned from them to suffer dumbly. Hour after hour he had writhed and twisted in the snare without a sound but his labored breathing. But with the breaking of the little twig his endurance snapped also, and he cried aloud for help, knowing that no help would come.

His body above the ligature of rope throbbed with intense pain from the pressure of the pent-up blood. The muscles of his abdomen ached under the dragging strain of his heavily clothed limbs. The bitter air set sharp teeth in his flesh.

It was still raining after the hour of sunrise. The forest was a forest of ice.



The Craggy Cliffs of the B.C. Coast where the Seagull makes her Nest

The scheme proved fruitless. Kick as he would, he still swung hopelessly clear of his mark. The exertion served only to tighten the noose about his chest. His loose, heavy clothing kept the rope from biting into his flesh, but the draw of it threatened to interfere seriously with his breathing.

No one knew better than Ross the inexorableness of the forest. Her stern laws recognize only the strong, the sound of limb. For her sick children, wounded by the hunter's bullet or imprisoned in the clutches of the trap, she has no helping hand. Yet such was the trapper's training that his sturdy intrepidity did not fail him.

"I'm like an acorn, sure," he said, his feelings finding audible vent at last. "Reckon I'll drop, too, soon's the-leaves push me off."

By lifting up his arms he could grasp the rope back of his head with one hand at a time, and thus for a moment relieve the strain on his chest. But pulling himself up by it was out of the question. He groped for the knot, but it lay between his shoulder-blades, where he could not reach it. Then, tucking his mittens under his belt, he set to work to pick the rope apart, fiber by fiber.

The creeping cold made the man's fingers clumsy. Very soon he had broken his nails almost to the quick. There were stains of blood on the rope, but beyond a slightly roughened spot, as if it had been chafed, the stout hemp defied him. As Ross perceived the futility of his efforts, he lowered his head with what was almost a snarl, and sought vainly to reach his bonds with his strong teeth.

The treetops began to sway restlessly in the mysterious night air. Soft undercurrents of sound, like broken, distant echoes of voices, threaded the forest. There were louder noises; sharp, whip-like reports as some dead tree fell, and the hollow booming of the ice as it parted from its hold on the bank of the stream. Once a prowling cat screamed from the top of the ridge behind him.

Sounds like pistol-shots, followed by rumbling crashes, filled the narrow valley, as the overweighted branches split from the parent stems and fell to the snow-crust. Every twig was incased in an inch-thick armor of crystal; the more supple trees were bowed in graceful arcs.

All at once Ross became aware of something rubbing against the ends of his snow-shoes. He opened his eyes slowly, and looked down. It was a full minute before the fact that the wooden frames were resting on the snow penetrated his dazed mind.

His involuntary start of surprise hastened the sinking of the ice-loaded birches. As his feet came down solidly upon the crust, he swayed like a drunken man, but presently he steadied himself sufficiently to bend over and pick up the knife.

In a moment he had knocked the ice from the blade, and in another he was free. Weakly he fell to his knees, and breaking off a bit of snow-crust, put it between his fevered lips. The cool trickle acted like a tonic.

Just then the clouds broke and the sun came out. The dull-white forest burst into brilliant light. Every ice-incrusted branch was a bewildering mass of scintillating prisms. The long, drooping twigs of the birches seemed to rain jewels. A million flashes of color dazzled his eyes.

It was some time before he felt strong enough to free his clothing from the ice, and walk. Then, instead of returning directly to camp, he struck back toward the other fork of the trail.

Trees bent to the ground and huge fallen limbs impeded his progress, but he plodded stubbornly on until he reached the spot where he had set his first trap.

"You're sure an infernal machine!" he apostrophized it. "I wouldn't put any critter through a night's seance with you, money or no money."

He kicked the trigger from its notches, and with his knife cut the rope in half a dozen places. Then with a lighter heart he turned his steps toward camp.

WONT WEAR OUT SUITS 5.50



**MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY WILL
SAVE YOU DOLLARS!**

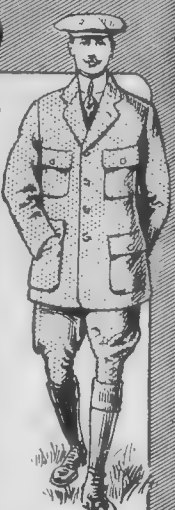
**IF YOU WEAR SMALLEST HOLE
(AS OUR GUARANTEE) WE REPLACE FREE!**

A Sensational Discovery! Save you Dollars! A really remarkable cloth, that will not tear, or wear out, absolutely Holeproof, looks exactly as finest tweeds and serges, made in all the most up-to-date designs and suitable for farm and rough wear or office and best wear.

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In Maiden Meditation

MISS ROSMARY sat gazing at the famous Jean Francois Millet. Her aunt, who, as all the world knows, is the sole relative of the heiress and reigning beauty, had bought the picture at the last sale, and only within a day or two had it been sent home and hung in the gallery of the great house, that grim pile stretching so many precious feet along the Avenue, which the famous Mr. Rosmary had left to his only child.

Miss Rosmary's thoughts ran in mingled reverie. She was at half angry, half contentious, odds with the world just now, and it was not strange to her that the unfortunate painter had been left to creep through a sad life to a dismal grave. But Miss Rosmary—and she quite understood herself—was not by any means dissatisfied with this sublunary globe. Nor was humanity as a whole, or in imagined instances, at all out of the way to her. The trouble was with the world which is implied when the word is used in a restricted sense—the world which is, after all, the true world to each of us;

pening in almost regular recurrence to herself. Co-equal womankind of course did not please her,—she had only one friend who perfectly understood her and whom she perfectly understood,—but mankind, masculine mankind!

An aggressively, negatively unobjectionable young man, without a merit or a prospect, had offered her his very gentlemanly looking hand and something he called his heart at about two that morning. Really the thing was getting to be of too frequent occurrence. There were so many of them, so much alike, with their pale faces, their trained accents, their consummate dress, their routine lives, their routine topics—their clubs, their races, their hunting, and themselves. Of course she detected slight differences in them,—there are differences in the dress-coated, white-waistcoated, full-dressed swallows that sit along the telegraph wire, ignorant of the tidings of the world flowing at their feet,—for they did not all talk to her about the same things although they did in much the same



British Columbia School Children plaiting the Maypole

the universe of our daily round, of our friends and of our enemies, of our loves and of our hates, of our hopes and of our fears, of our deeds and of our misdeeds. Her life, it seemed to her, was vapid, void, although to all others it appeared to be as full and as finely accented an existence as was possible to a young woman in the very flush of the restless, feverish society of this our America towards the last of the hurrying years of this rapid-footed century—a society she thought shallow, imitative, wholly unoriginal; forgetting that the ingenious ages that have accomplished so much have only been able to discover a very few ways in which people may amuse themselves. But Miss Rosmary scarcely ran into such an analysis as she sat and looked at the picture so filled with the pathos of patient, common existence. Perhaps it had an unperceived appeal to her, for the foot committed a little stamp,—it might be self-condemnatory, it might be self-assertive,—and then Miss Rosmary arose and walked across the room. She paused before a Meissonier. What truth of drawing, what real breadth, what spirit in the few square inches of the picture! What a gentleman of the gallant time! How quick would have been his foot along the gay paths of adventure, how ready the sword at his side if the zest of hazard led to the point of danger! Both pictures added to her discontent with all about her; with the real sameness of the things to which her most modern and modish life confined her; with the sameness of the people who in the contentment of their unmeaningness perplexed her. Was there nothing but capricious punctilio and artificial ritual; was there not something down in the press of the common world where the dust half hid the conflict; might not lives be found there, strong, inspiring, effectual lives that would justify creation? And in the shadowy and tenuous haze of her dissatisfaction there was a well-defined nucleus of denser discontent—discontent with things hap-

manner and in much the same tone. Here one favored her with languid pessimistic doubts; there, one drawled complacent negations, as if such things as establishing a race in unhappiness or depopulating the heavens were easily within the day's work of either. Some were ill of many things; they had caught esthetic ailments of which they never would be cured unless beauty were out of fashion; they suffered from complicated sentimental afflictions from which their recovery was only too certain. And there were those who employed language in accounts of exploits across the fences of neighboring counties, and the annotators of the gossip of the day—the latter perhaps the best worth hearing after all, she sometimes thought, for they were always so much more simple and natural.

Turned Round

It was the first time Bobby had ever been away from home without his mother, and he had gone with some reluctance to visit his city cousins. At the end of three days, instead of the expected week, he returned to his family, accompanied by a letter which stated that the little fellow was so homesick they were really afraid to keep him longer.

"What made you homesick, Bobby?" asked his mother at the confidential bedtime hour.

"I wasn't, 'zactly," said Bobby, "but the sun sets in the wrong place there mother, over in the east, by our barn, and it scared me so I thought I'd better come home and see if everything was all right here—and 'tis!"

"I made a lucky discovery to-day," said the first physician.

"That so?"

"Yes, I discovered a patient who has never been operated on for anything."



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The Passing of the Buffalo

By Max. McD.

The passing of the buffalo is one of the greatest scandals of all history. Out of the one time vast number of bison that roamed over and held the great American plains, there remain but few.

From time unrecorded the bison lorded over all the fertile grazing land of this continent. The greater part of these herds were in the south and west, but when Europeans began to settle in America, small bunches of the animals were occasionally found near the Atlantic coast, though they were generally rare anywhere east of the Appalachian Mountains. From the Rockies to the Great Lakes in the North, from Kentucky across the continent to Nevada in the south, and from Great Slave Lake on the north to Mexico on the south, the bison wandered in mighty droves, migrating as snow-storm and drought dictated.

Wide, rolling plains blackened as far as the sharp eyes of the settler could reach with huge, shaggy, hump-backed beasts, bellowing, fighting, and pawing the earth until it trembled as though an earthquake approached.

Paul Kane, a travelling artist, on a trip to Edmonton in 1859, tells that during the whole of three days preceding his arrival at Edmonton, he saw nothing else along the banks of the Saskatchewan but buffalo. They covered the plains as far as the eye could reach, so numerous at time they impeded his progress, filling the air with dust almost to suffocation. At night Kane frequently found much difficulty selecting a place to camp on account of the immense number of buffalo.

It is almost impossible for the average person of today to realize what the numbers of these herds amounted to, though an idea may be formed from the statement of Colonel Dodge in a report to the United States National Museum. In making a journey through Arkansas, he passed through a continuous herd of buffalo for twenty-five miles.

"The whole country," says Colonel Dodge, "appeared to be one mass of buffalo moving slowly to the northward, and it was only when actually among them that it could be ascertained that the apparently solid mass was an agglomeration of innumerable small herds of from fifty to two hundred animals, separated from the surrounding herds by greater or less space. When I reached a point where the hills were not farther than a mile from the trail, the buffalo on the hills seeing an unusual object in their rear, turned, stared an instant, then started after me at full speed, stampeding and bringing with them the numberless herds through which they passed, and pouring down on me, all the herds, now no longer separated but one immense, compact mass of plunging animals, mad with fright and as irresistible as an avalanche. Reining in my horse, I waited until the front of the mass was within fifty yards, when a few well-directed shots split the herd and sent it pouring off in two streams to the right and left. When they had passed they stopped, apparently satisfied, within less than one hundred yards. From the top of Pawnee Rock I could see from six to ten miles in almost every direction. This whole space was covered with buffalo, looking at a distance like a compact mass."

It has been estimated that such a herd as Colonel Dodge describes would comprise at least four million animals. It is difficult to realize that these animals were often a menace to wagon travel on the plains, besides stopping railway trains and at times throwing them from the tracks.

H. Mortimer Batten in his "Prints from Canadian Trails," gives us a picture of the migration of these great herds of buffalo.

"The snow is not yet gone, but the stirring and wakening of spring is in the air. The sun is going northwards, and far above the Mississippi and the Red River millions of wild fowl are speeding northwards too. South of the Missouri the buffalo herds, straggling over the prairie, become restless with the warming touch of spring. They are moving about in families—in little batches of ten or a dozen—and now and then an old cow is

seen to raise her head, sniff loudly, then shaking her horns, to move a few steps from her feeding place. Her head is towards the north—she never moves toward the south—and, presently, as another herd comes into view, the two combine and together move steadily northwards. The move becomes a general one. From every ridge and over every divide more buffalo come into view, and thus the herd grows and grows till it gains the dimensions of a vast army—an army covering a space of perhaps four hundred square miles, every member of the colossal gathering obsessed with the one desire to travel north."

Regularly as winter came these animals moved to the southern part of their range. Upon reaching their winter quarters they scatter and at the end of the season again return north. They travelled much faster than one would suppose from their ungainly appearance, and rarely followed any but their own well-beaten paths. When free from ice, rivers as wide as a mile were crossed without hesitation. In winter the combined weight of the herds often broke the ice precipitating the leaders. Those coming behind crowded into the hole and often the whole herd might be seen swimming about trying to get out. Thousands of buffalo met death in this way.

Of these occurrences, Henry, an old explorer and trader of the early days, wrote in his diary.

"March 28, 1801.—Ice on Red River breaking up, bearing great number of dead buffalo which have been drowned while trying to cross.

"April 1.—River clear of ice, but buffalo continue to drift in entire herds. They form one continuous line in the current day and night.

"April 18.—Drowned buffalo continue to drift, and many have lodged on the bank.

"May 1.—The stench of the vast numbers of drowned buffalo is intolerable. The number of carcasses lying along the bank passes imagination."

Thus for a full month each spring the prairie rivers bore southward their cargo of buffalo meat, to be stranded eventually on the mudbanks of the Mississippi; and it is a fact that islands exist in the Mississippi to-day that were originally built up by the carcasses of buffalo.

Soft muddy places and shallow pools were sought by these animals, where they rolled and wallowed until they had completely covered themselves with mud, which, when baked in the sun, formed an effective armor against the attacks of annoying insects.

Some time in the late seventies the buffalo disappeared. The exact cause for the astonishingly rapid decrease has never been satisfactorily determined. Many have thought that some epidemic peculiar to cattle carried them off. Others say it was the wholesale destruction of the animals for their valuable hides. It is related that traders in the south sent men to the north to burn the grass so that the buffalo would not return northward to breed. It is known that as a consequence of prairie fires, incendiary or natural, the buffalo did not again frequent their old northern stamping grounds after 1874, but roamed the prairies of the Yellowstone

country where they were finally exterminated except in widely segregated bands.

Colonel Herchmer, the ex-commissioner of the Royal North West Mounted Police, says he believes the extinction of the buffalo in Western Canada was the work of the United States government. They, he claims, sent out sharpshooters, with long Winchesters, and deliberately destroyed the buffalo in order to force the Sioux and kindred warlike tribes of Indians to sue for peace and mercy because of starvation. This, he thinks, was the revenge, most deadly in its effect, for the Custer massacre and similar outrages by Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors.

While there were many individual or small traders in the foothills of the Rockies, the firms of T. C. Power and I. G. Baker, of Fort Benton, Montana, were the most prominent, and maintained a steady trade in buffalo hides and other furs. They had their own hunters who made tri-weekly raids upon the shaggy bison. But they obtained most of their hides from the Indians who quickly learned the advantages to be derived from exchanging a buffalo pelt for an ancient musket, or a gaudy trinket, or a jug of fire water. The price of a hide was anything from a jug of whisky to six or seven dollars in money, dependent upon the character of the hide and the shrewdness of him who sold.

Lieutenant-Governor Laird in a letter to the East in 1877 telling of a journey to make a treaty with the Blackfoot Indians makes these observations

"On the third day out we first sighted buffalo, and every day subsequently that we travelled except the last, we saw herds of animals. Most of the herds, however, were small, and we remarked with regret that very few calves of this season were to be seen. We observed portions of



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many buffalo carcasses on our route, from not a few of which the peltries had not been removed. From this circumstance, as well as from the fact that many of the skins are made into parchments and coverings for lodges and are used for other purposes, I concluded that the export of buffalo robes from the Territories does not indicate even half the number of these valuable slaughtered annually in our country."

In 1870 there were hundreds of thousands of buffalo on Western ranges. In 1874 the I. G. Baker Company shipped from their post at Fort Benton, Montana, a total of 250,000 prime buffalo hides, in order to secure which the hunters had slain and left to rot to the wolves, tens of thousands of young stock and aged bulls. White men slaughtered them for sheer lust of slaughter. Parties of European hunters used to go out and attack the buffalo just to see how many they could shoot in a day, leaving their unused carcasses to rot on the plains.

Then professional buffalo hunters began to follow the herds north and south, killing unscrupulously throughout the season. The buffalo existed in such numbers that at first it was thought that the supply of buffalo meat was inexhaustible. Others have been known to kill them by the dozens simply to get their tongues for table delicacies. Factories were started for canning their tongues, and tons of meat were allowed to rot out on the prairie. Each spring buffalo hunts were organized on a gigantic scale, and the work of destruction carried out systematically. Indeed the buffalo hunting expeditions were conducted on strict military rules; pickets were posted each night and scouts sent out to watch the prairie for the expected herds.

In the year 1882, two hundred thousand buffalo were killed; in 1883, forty thousand; in 1884, three hundred; and in 1885,

the record comes to an end with the entry that disease and famine were running rampant among the prairie Indians.

Henry gives an interesting description of the pounds in which the buffalo were corralled and massacred. The pounds were made of trees laid one upon another, and interwoven with twigs, and in some cases they used stakes wattled with branches. Here and there they left openings big enough for dogs to pass through and feed on the carcasses of the bulls. The enclosures were commonly from sixty to one hundred yards in circumference, with an entrance about ten yards wide. Stretching away from this entrance and constantly widening were fascines; after some distance they placed these only at intervals and finally mere cross sticks were placed here and there. In the time of Henry's father, the Indians used nothing else than this pound, with the spreading entrance and instead of driving the buffalo in as they did later, they decoyed them by dressing up men in buffalo skins, and so cleverly did they imitate buffalo in their make up and motion and the noise they made, that Henry confesses if he had not been in the secret, he too, would have been completely deceived. Later the young men of the encampments went out long distances and gradually drove the buffalo in. A decoy was used when the animals were in sight of the ranges.

After the beasts rush into the pounds, the Indians keep them in a state of terror and mad rushing, by waving robes at intervals round the pound and from without.

In Lieutenant Butler's report to the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba in the early seventies, he writes:

"The buffalo, the Red Man's whole means of subsistence, is rapidly disappearing; year by year the prairies, which once shook beneath the tread of countless herds of bison are becoming denuded of

animal life, and year by year the affliction of starvation comes with an ever increasing intensity upon the land."

The buffalo meant everything to the Indians. He was their house, their food, their clothing, their implements of war—hide, flesh, and bone, he belonged to them. Their horses were picketed with buffalo thongs, and buffalo hair halters guided them over the prairie; their saddles were of buffalo skin pads, while the stirrups were of the same material. The Indian used his stomach as a cooking utensil. Making a hole in the ground, this organ was set in and filled with hot stones. No other animal of the plains served the Indian so well. He entered so vitally into their daily routine that a buffalo dance was devised to perpetuate the chase. In it they imitate the sneaking process of stalking game and dragging it home. To-day on every reserve in the West, buffalo skulls and bones adorn the teepees and lodges of the Red Men.

Dr. MacRae in his "History of the Province of Alberta," has the following interesting paragraph on the value of the buffalo to the Indian:

"Those Indians who dwell in the south and west of Manitoba, and in the region between the rapid running Saskatchewan and the International Boundary of Canada and the United States, depended almost entirely upon the buffalo for food and raiment and all the essentials of life and comfort. He hunted the buffalo and his women followed in his wake. They stripped the monsters of their hides and horns and preserved the flesh. The moccasins, the fine robes, the leggings, were made from the tanned skins. From these, too, were prepared the tent covering, the bridle and the lariat. The horns became powder flasks, the sinews bow strings, the bones ornaments. The flesh was the staple article of diet. What was not eaten fresh, was dried in long strips, or pounded

down into pemmican for future use. The cradle of the infant was buffalo skin; the shrouds of the dead warrior was his splendid buffalo robe. From time immemorial these children of the plains have lived on the buffalo. To rob him of this animal was to deprive him of his livelihood. To him the buffalo was the staff of life, the very condition of his continued existence.

"When, then, the white man began to come in numbers; when the buffalo was hunted for his robe; when these beasts were slaughtered in thousands in all parts of the West, the outlook became serious for the Red Man. Improvident as he was, he did not realize the inroads upon his capital, his greatest source of well-being. He joined in the great drives, the terrible slaughter, the wholesale destruction. He could not believe that there would be any end to the innumerable herds that were as numerous as the sands of the sea."

The buffalo is an animal of rather a low order of intelligence, and his dullness has been one of the prime factors in his phenomenally swift extermination. Being exceedingly slow to realize the existence and nature of dangers which threatened his life, he would often quietly stand and see scores and even hundreds of his fellows killed with seeming indifference.

The bison or anything pertaining to them stands out boldly against the most picturesque background that the West affords, being associated with the Indians, the famous early explorers and settlers, and historic spots, with such poetic and dramatic scenes as may never again be witnessed. The buffalo will always be the leading animal character in the portraying of the early days of this country, and for this one thing the remnant of his mighty race should be carefully preserved. There are still a few wood bison running wild in the vicinity of Fort Resolution in the far north, but the Indians of this region are responsible for the death of thousands that have never been used for food. It is reported by travellers in the north that when these Indians come across a herd of buffalo they try to exterminate them by driving the whole herd into a bog and killing them at their leisure. When in 1907, Ernest Seton Thompson, and Inspector A. M. Jarvis of the North West Mounted Police visited the region near Fort Smith, they put the blame for the extermination of the herds there on the Indians.

In the United States the buffalo are increasing. Professor Hooper, President of the American Bison Society, at a recent meeting of that organization, said that renewed interest among the people of the United States and Canada assured the future of the buffalo. Census statistics presented showed that there were 3,453 buffalo in the United States in 1913, an increase of 19 per cent over 1912. There were 549 buffalo calves born last year.

In Canada, all the buffalo are east of the Rockies in the province of Alberta. Most of these are confined in the three government parks, Rocky Mountain, Buffalo, and Elk Island. During the year 1913, eight head were shipped from Montana by M. Pablo, and placed in Buffalo Park. These with the increase of 243 calves born in 1913 brings the total for this preserve up to 1,447. At Banff, there are 31 and at Elk Island 81, making 1,559 buffalo on the three reservations in Alberta. Scattered throughout the Dominion in private and public parks there are approximately 40 more, or a total for the Dominion of about 1,600 head. This is a very satisfactory showing, considering that less than ten years ago, there were not 100 buffalo in captivity in the whole of Canada.

The government is doing everything possible to purchase every available animal, and it is expected that this year the few remaining of the Pablo herd will be rounded up and shipped from Montana. Mr. Pablo asked for an extension of time that he might be able to track the outlaws after a snowfall during the past winter.

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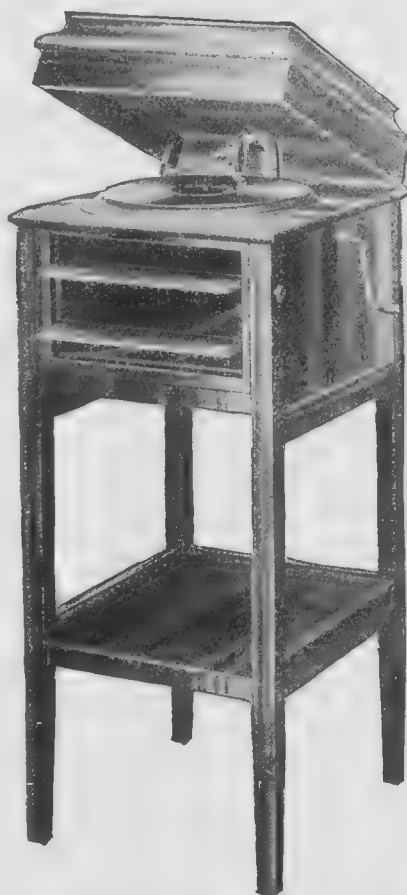
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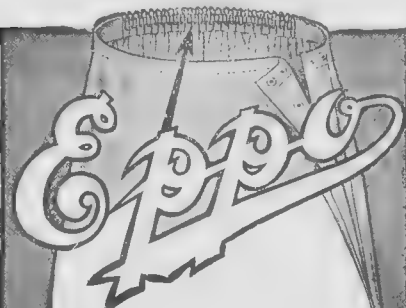
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COLLEGE RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 14.

The Abandoned Cabin

By Ferdinand de Foras,

SOME sixty-five miles to the west of the picturesque little town of High River there is in the shade of black pines, an abandoned cabin. The silver stream of the Middle Fork passes only a few feet from it, mountains surge all around, the Big Horn looms proudly on the horizon a gray mass of rock strangely bare against the green of the leaves and the deep blue of the sky.

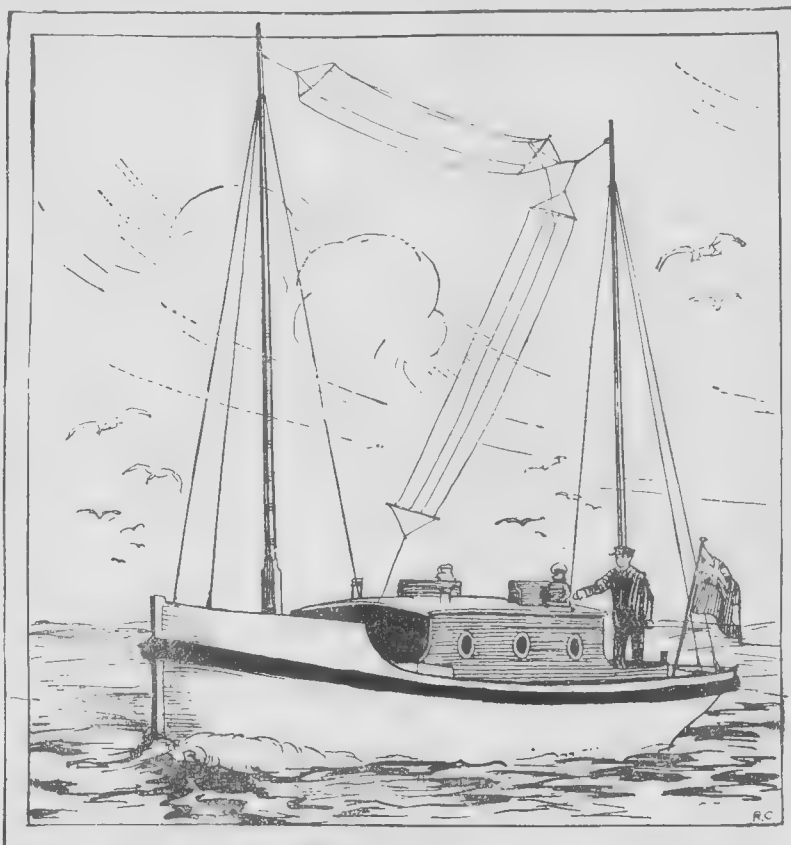
Once, long ago, Jack Middleton, "Curly Jack" as he was known in the West lived there. Now, for some reason known only to the old timers, the cabin is lost again in the wilderness of the forest.

Every summer Indians camp near by, for the salmon trout leap in the icy waters of the river below, and dry fish tastes good in the winter months when the north wind howls, shaking the wigwam and leading the wolves on the war trail. The cabin then stands alone, a forlorn object hidden in the snow.

decided to come to the far West, thinking his knowledge of horses might be of some use.

He made a gallant escape to Canada, whispering the whole truth to the little girl with the blue eyes who had said she would wait for him through all the years to come. The thought of Lillian had taken the sting out of many things, for it had been a rude awakening for him to be just a cow-boy, and even for that he had many things to learn, the ways of riding were not the same, and bronchos were no thorough-breds. Still there is always a lesson to learn and the cow-boys, in spite of their rough ways and gruff manner, had taught him one. The day had come when he had found himself treated no longer as a stranger but as one of themselves, and from that hour Jack had enjoyed his life and taken a real interest in his work.

Nevertheless, many a time he had sighed for the sweetheart whose photo



This drawing shows one of the new motor lifeboats that have been built for the new liner, the Aquitania. The boat is 30 feet long by 9 feet 6 inches in width and its primary function will be to tow the ordinary lifeboats. It is fitted with wireless apparatus with a range of 100 to 150 miles so as to keep in touch with steamers in cases of emergency. It is carried on the boat deck.

But years ago when Curly Jack, the cow-boy, lived there, the logs resounded often with the laughter of the ranchers who had ridden miles to see him and to share his frugal meal. To Jack it was a palace fit for a king, the only home he had owned since his arrival in Calgary with but a dollar or two in his pocket. Sometimes he smiled recollecting how horrified he had been, he, born and bred amid all the luxurious surroundings of a European life, to be obliged by the foolish speculations of a banker, to earn his own bread.

Truly, he might have stayed in England. But who would live penniless and unknown, where he had been a leader of men and of fashion? Who could? Certainly not he. And besides, there had been another reason. Lillian, the pretty little girl with such golden hair, whom he was to have married within a month of the day when he found himself a ruined man. For her sake alone he would have been willing to go anywhere, to do anything, to win back his fortune. But alas, what could he do? He, trained only in the idle pleasures of the rich.

What was it to him now that he had won cups at golf and tennis, that he could drive a car, hold his own in a motor boat, or ride to hounds? Of what use were these accomplishments now? But Jack was no coward and he took his medicine like a man. After much reflection he

was close to his breast. Every cent he had earned he saved, and so, at last, he had land of his own, a shack, and some stock. But still, marrying Lillian was a long way off, for she should have an existence devoid of care, and sufficient money to be spared the long winters in the mountains. This thought was his only worry, otherwise he would have been perfectly happy, but he longed for the smile of the woman he loved so much that in fact at times he dared not even think of what their life together might be, of what it would mean to have her for his own.

One bright summer day on toward the evening Jack came back to his cabin with a string of trout he had caught for his dinner. A man's voice hailed him from inside the cabin and he recognised it as that of his friend and nearest neighbor, Al, who hurried to meet him. The men cooked and ate their meal and shortly afterwards while Al smoked Jack opened and read the letters his friend had brought from town.

Suddenly Jack, with an exclamation of surprise, dropped the letter he had been reading. Al, looking up at the instant, saw him catch his breath and then with an anxious face pick up the page thus escaped from his fingers and carefully read it again. As he went on his face lighted up and when he had finished he carefully placed it in an inner pocket.

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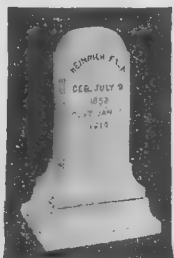
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This offer is limited to August 31st, 1914, so start getting subscriptions at once.

For any further particulars address:

The Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg

"Al, old boy," he said, jumping up and stretching himself, "I leave you here for as long as you like. I am going away."

"Now?" asked Al quietly. "Mighty sudden news you had?"

"Yes, and good news. I am so happy. And you have been such a good chum to me that I want you to know of it. A cousin of mine has died and left me a fortune, so I must get back to England at once."

"And will you be long away?"

"I think I won't come back."

Al's smile vanished and his face fell. "I would never have thought you would leave us in that way. Honest, I didn't think it of you."

Jack saw the surprise written on the honest face he had learned to know and to appreciate so well, and, understanding his thoughts, he explained—"Well you see, Al, I have a dear little girl over there who has waited for years to marry me, and, by Jove," he finished rather awkwardly, "Now I am sure it is only a matter of days I can hardly wait for to-morrow to get away."

A slow smile crept on the cow-boy's lips. "We'd better go and saddle your pony," he said, rising, "I guess it will be the last time that any one will call you Curly Jack, eh Curly! Now it looks to me you are going to be a swell again."

Jack laughed. Yes that was true. To-day would be his last day of life as a rancher, and his nick-name "Curly Jack" would go with the rest. He remembered the boys who had thus christened him, "Cause," as they explained, "Your hair is mighty curly in the back." Now that he thought of it he knew that he would miss the nick-name, for, unconsciously he had come to like it. There was a ring of truth about it for as Curly Jack he had proved himself a man and won the respect of the cow-boys whose standards were not those of fashion or of snobbery but the real worth of the man. And Jack knew that in his inmost self he had resented it. But then he did not know—he was green.

The parting of Jack and Al was short. A hand shake—no more—for neither trusted himself to speak. Al crept back to the shack pulling the Stetson over his eyes, and Jack rode away without looking back. On he went galloping and as he passed the trees scattered on him a cool shower of dew. The thought of Al and the life he had left behind was forgotten for he was thinking of Lillian and wondering if he would make it in time to catch the morning train going East, if perchance there was one.

Heedless of fatigue he rode on. His horse was covered with foam from head to foot, so, slackening his pace, he decided to let him rest for a while. Jack stretched himself on his slicker and smoking endless cigarettes gave his thoughts to his coming happiness. He remembered the sweet ways of Lillian, remembered the droop of her lashes, the dimples of her cheeks when she smiled. He calculated the days, the hours, the minutes, he must wait. He could neither sleep nor rest; his heart was in a turmoil of passion and desire; and, taking a photograph from his breast pocket, he lighted match after match that he might see her. "My wife—my wife—" he murmured, and he crushed the bit of cardboard to his lips, for his heart, his mind, his senses were full of the joy of thinking of her in that intimate way he had ever denied himself since the day of his departure from England. He had been afraid, until now, to let himself go, fear that he could not have himself in hand again. But now he might dare for soon his wildest dreams would be a reality.

The man and the horse again took to the trail, two black shadows impressive and forbidding in the moonlight. Jack felt strangely elated by the luminous night and the touch of the breeze on his face, while he inhaled with delight the strong clean odor of the pine trees mingled with the scent of a thousand flowers. Little wisps of mist hung like transparent shadows on the tree tops and on the points of the blades of grass, for the wild knew that it was losing an friend and made itself so beautiful that the man's keen soul eagerly answered to its call. It was as the parting of lovers, the one delighting the other so that he might carry ever the remembrance of the last meeting like a sting. It was more like a beautiful memory mingled with a desire to escape to life and then come back to it.

The dawn came and the dream ended, but the spell had been cast and lasted. Towards morning Jack stopped at the Bar U ranch for breakfast and arrived in

High River by mid-day. The town was composed of but a few houses, and with its wide bare streets, the few houses and shacks seemed playing an odd game of hide-and-seek.

Leaving his horse at the livery stable and passing in front of the St. George bar, he had a glance at those inside whooping it up for the benefit of some tenderfoot. However, catching sight of him, they filed out and strolled with him to the depot, where he learned that there would be no train for Calgary until the following morning.

All day Jack loitered aimlessly around refusing even to play pool or to listen to the cheap phonograph, which had but recently made its appearance in the town, and which sang persistently in its scratchy voice the latest hits of the season—most likely of ten years ago. Towards evening, as he was eating his supper, one of the boys he knew came in and handed him a yellow envelope. "A cable," said he, "just arrived." Jack took it. What could it be? For some reason he dared not open it and turned it slowly in his fingers several times, hesitating, he knew not why. At last, thinking himself a fool, he tore open the envelope with decision. His neighbors from under their half closed lids watched him narrowly while he read, for a cable was something new and altogether a strange event in their lives. They saw him turn red, then purple, and then slowly every vestige of color left his face, he paled to the lips and then with a mechanical gesture passed his hand across his forehead, got up and left the room, walking like a drunken man or one badly hurt.

With common accord the men looked out of the big panelled and dirty windows. They saw him mount his horse, for a second hesitated in his saddle and would have fallen then and there, but he straightened his big body with an effort into which he seemed to put all his strength, pulled his Stetson over his eyes and striking his horse with both spurs, disappeared with a clatter of hoofs in a cloud of dust.

* * * * *

In the dark moonless night a mad race was going on. Jack, his teeth biting his lips, cutting them, his eyes bloodshot, was repeating in a tense whisper the words of the cable, "Lillian dead of fever"—dead—dead for him forever and ever. Oh, the bitter irony of life—the cursed memory of the wealth that came too late to give him the joy of seeing his beloved—denying him even a last glance—a parting kiss—dead—his fair Lillian—with all her youth—all her beauty—no—it was not true—it was a lie—it could not be true—and he laughed aloud—she was alive—alive—not dead—but where was she? And spurring his horse Jack went wildly on into the night calling, "Lillian beloved, Lillian, where are you?"

OLD AT TWENTY

Return of Youth with Proper Food.

Many persons who eat plenty never seem to be properly nourished.

That's because the food is not digested and absorbed. Much that is eaten is never taken up by the system as real food, and so the tissues simply starve and the individual may, as in a recent case, look and feel old in what should be the bloom of life, youth.

"At twenty I was prematurely old. The health and vigor and brightness of youth had been, as it seemed, stolen from me. I went to work in the morning with slow steps and a dull head."

"My work through the day was unsatisfactory for my breakfast lay in my stomach like a hard lump. I was peevish, and the gas in my stomach was very annoying. After supper I usually went to bed to toss half the night from sheer nervousness."

"This was all from indigestion—caused by wrong eating."

"Finally I tried Grape-Nuts and I cannot describe the full benefits received from the food. It gave me back my health. It has completely restored good digestion and my ailments have disappeared. I steadily improved, and am now strong and in perfect health."

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But in answer there was only the sighing of the winds, the roar of the thunder in the blackness of the coming storm. Jack's horse stopped short, almost throwing him, but he madly whipped and spurred him on. Suddenly in the crying and the hissing of the winds he fancied he heard someone calling him with the voice of the dead, the voice of Lillian. By a mighty effort, his strength doubled by the violence of his passion and of his love, he hurled his horse forward, shouting as he went, "Beloved, my beloved I am here, sweetheart I am coming—"

* * * *

On the morrow a party of cow-boys returning to the ranges, found at the bottom of a steep cliff the bodies of Curly Jack and his horse lying in a pool of blood. There was a smile, a wonderful smile of joy on his face, and he looked so happy that the cow-boys shook their heads, for they knew that, somehow, he had come to his own—!

They buried him where he had fallen, his fingers still clutching a yellow paper—the cable received the day before. On the trunk of a near-by tree they carved thoughtfully the initials of the only name they had ever known him by, "Curly Jack", and when they had finished they stood bare-headed for a moment and rode silently away. But in his heart each mourned the death of a man and a brother.

This is why there stands an abandoned cabin in the shadow of Big Horn. It seems to be waiting for a master that never comes. Every summer its sod roof is abloom with pale blue Forget-me-nots, their seed having come from England one day, long ago, the gift of a true heart that knew how to wait.

The Splendid Progress of a Western Institution

It may be of interest to readers of this magazine to observe that in a year when a great many are noting some natural reaction, following Canada's exceptionally swift development, that life insurance, a most important element in the financial development of any country, is developing with remarkable rapidity.

The life insurance companies report great strides in 1914 and foremost amongst these companies is the first western life insurance company—the Great-West Life Assurance Company of Winnipeg. This company was founded in 1892, and for twenty-two years has kept pace with the rapid growth of the Western provinces.

This year is by far the most successful in the company's career. To the end of May over twelve and a half millions of applications had been received, and the month of May was the most successful month of the whole history of the company, producing applications for \$2,733,702.

This is undoubtedly a notable indication of the fundamental soundness of Canadian affairs. There is no more desirable investment than a good life insurance policy, while the prudent fully realize the value of the protection thereby afforded, and in a company where the three essential elements of successful management are observed, namely to obtain profitable rates of interest on selecting investments, to observe care in their risks and due economy, the policyholders may be assured of substantial returns at the maturity of their policies.

The Great-West Life has now over \$101,000,000 of insurance in force and is operating throughout the whole Dominion and in the State of North Dakota. The assets of the company now exceed \$15,000,000, and the bulk of the investments are in first mortgages on Western properties, a sound and profitable investment, and one that contributes largely towards the development of the Western provinces. The Great-West Life deserves its increasing success in its extensive operations.

A Dealer in Disillusion

It seemed to Madeline Lane that the long line ahead of her at the ticket-office would never grow shorter. At last her turn came, and in another moment she was hurrying away with tickets for three of the best seats safely tucked into her pocketbook.

"Estelle and Violet will enjoy it so much!" she thought. "I must run over directly after dinner and tell them that they are to go with me."

But when she went on her pleasant errand, both the girls were out, and their mother met her enthusiastic invitation with a decided refusal.

"I don't understand, Mrs. Claydon," she said, a little astonished. "The play is all right; I took care of that; I wouldn't ask the girls until I was really sure. And it can't be that you don't wish them to go with me."

"But that's just what I do object to," answered the older woman, firmly.

"Why, you've known me all my life!" cried Miss Lane. "You've let me take them before, and I'm exactly the same now as I always was. It's too absurd!"

"It may seem absurd even when I try to tell you," answered Mrs. Claydon. "I've just begun, myself, to understand."

Perhaps I can't explain it, either. I know that you don't break the ten commandments, and that you leave undone most of the things that you ought not to have done; you don't even gossip—much! But—" She paused a moment, seriously.

"But what?" interrupted Miss Lane, a little flippantly, a little anxiously, too. "What dreadful crimes are you going to accuse me of?"

Mrs. Claydon went deliberately on: "But in a way you are a thief!"

Miss Lane gasped.

"Did it never occur to you that you rob your friends of their trust, their belief in humanity? Did you never guess that you doubted life too much? You are so fascinating, so magnetic, my dear, that you can't help charming the girls. What you say to them they take as gospel truth. You are so witty that they hug a saying of yours to their hearts and fancy themselves brilliant women of the world when they repeat it. You are dealing in disillusion!"

"I don't understand you," broke in Madeline again, now genuinely bewildered.

"Think a moment and you will; you are too clever not to. Through you Violet and Estelle have learned to treat lightly the big things, things that should be vital and sacred to them. You make an epigram on every serious question in life; you are very brilliant and very clever, and, oh, very, very silly, Madeline; and my girls believe in you. Violet said to me only the other day, 'To know all is to seek the divorce court,' and when I told her how foolish it was to say such things, she just laughed and said, 'O dear little motherkins! Don't you know that 'the suspected always happens?' I won't have life cheapened for them; I won't have them robbed of their illusions. They're young enough to know better!"

Madeline put out an uncertain hand in farewell as she rose to go.

"You are unjust to me, Mrs. Claydon," she said, and her eyes were full of tears.

But all the way home her clever head and her honest heart strove together. She remembered when she had first read her "Twentieth Century Maxims" to the girls that Violet had cried out:

"Oh, how splendid! I just love to read them! But"—a little wistfully—"doesn't it make you unhappy to believe these things?"

She remembered, too, how she had laughed and silenced Violet with another and more sparkling epigram. And now she questioned herself, had she been wise, and kind as well as wise? Was she only a dealer in disillusion?

A Larger View

After the tramp had got over the wall, just in time to escape the bulldog, the London *Globe* says, the woman of the house called after him:

"What are you doing here?"

"Madam," replied the dignified vagrant, "I did intend to request something to eat; but all I ask now is that in the interests of humanity you will feed that canine."

An Improvement

The joys of the suburbanite are a fertile source of newspaper fun all over the country, for every city has its suburbs. Here is the Philadelphia *Inquirer's* little fling.

"I see they have taken the seven a.m. train off this line. Do you miss it?" asked one suburbanite of another.

"Not so often as I used to when it was on."

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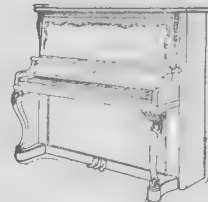
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STERLING—7 octave upright piano, in walnut case, plain panels without carving; a good tone, \$110.

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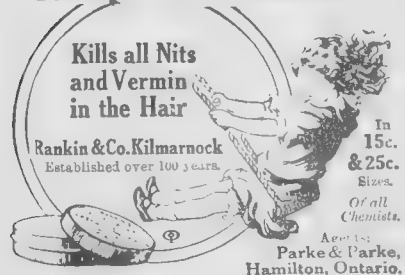
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The Old Things

By Edith Rickert

"SO Kathie's coming home, is she?" said Judge Lamb. "Well, well, who'd have thought it after more than twenty years of Europe! It's a pretty sudden move, eh? By the look of you, I should say you had something to do with it, young man."

"Oh, no," answered Jerry Fetterling modestly, "I only pointed out what was the matter with her."

"And what was the matter?"

"Well, to put it figuratively, her roots were thirsty for her native soil."

"Humph! Did you tell her that the old homestead was to be sold?"

"Yes, I told her that. Perhaps she means to buy it and—well, settle in."

"Alone?"

"As to that I can't say," said Jerry, with a touch of color in his brown face. "But I hope—"

"Oh, you hope!" said the Judge, sardonically. "I see."

The young engineer looked worried: "I wish I did!"

work looked dingy and the garden unkempt over against the new hotel that now hid the river and the canal, and a For Sale sign hung on the front gate; but the steep gable, like that of a Dutch farmhouse, the little Gothic porch, the shady front yard with its shrubs along the fence, and the kitchen standing apart from the house, were, at first glance, most comfortably the same. Yet even as she lingered there, the disillusionment began: a broad walk had replaced the tan-bark path, the flowering quince under which she used to lie and sing and dream and catch ladybirds in the tall striped grass, had disappeared, and the old peach tree from which she used secretly to collect the only chewing-gum she ever knew—the peach was plainly a maple.

The kitchen door opened and a woman came out, shielding her face with a shawl against the wind. Katherine gave a little cry because the gesture was so familiar and the face was both altered and showed no sign of recognition until she herself

man might be hauled up in the bucket. It was choked and grass grew over its grave. With an aching sense of loss, she turned the knob of the sitting-room door.

The place was already in twilight and the furniture was indistinct, but the air, or the shadowy outlines of the walls, or something less definable gave Katherine a sudden feeling of home; and she dropped into a chair shutting her eyes to keep back tears of relief. Sitting thus, she found that she remembered perfectly the ordering of the room: in front of her would be the square old-fashioned fireplace with its high-backed squiggly flower-vases; under the window must be the huge mahogany sofa; behind her chair, her grandmother's tall bureau with the landscape-faced clock atop, and in the far corner should stand the old yellow cupboard that, Dutch-fashion, held all the family treasures, books and sewing baskets and toys and "goodies." Nay, her memory served to replace the look and position of each chair and table, and of the very pictures on the walls. The rocker in which she was sitting—surely, yes, it stood by the fireplace—would be that in which grandfather had often crooned her to sleep.

But even as she realized that her hands were resting on unfamiliar plush, and not on the old wooden chair-arms, Sophie came in with a lamp; and the room that



Cathedral Mt. from Club Lot

Then one day in Mid-April Katherine Brodie arrived, in a whirl of snow that bowed down the blossoming apple trees. She was not met at the station, for she had sent no word of her coming, being anxious to steal back into her old place and get the home feeling again before any one should know that she was there.

As the train moved away, she stood apart on the platform, looking rather wistfully from face to face. They were all strange to her and yet now and again one was oddly familiar, as if it belonged to some kindred of the people she had known many years before.

The station was much like her memory picture of it, but smaller and dingier. It looked as if its walls had not been painted or its stove blacked since she left Centreville; while even the square wooden spittoons seemed to hold the accumulations of years. The one "hack" had the same musty blue curtains that she remembered, only the driver was strange. The street leading up into the town was horrible, as she had seen it before, with a mixture of mud and snow and grit from the blast-furnace; and the growth of the town seemed to be marked chiefly by an increase of tin cans and advertising boards in the vacant lots.

When the hack had creaked and splashed round the corner by the post office, Katherine shut her eyes for a moment, afraid to look at the old homestead in which three generations of her family had lived and died. Then, with a leap of the heart, she realized that it was not so changed. To be sure, the brick-

called out, "Sophie." Then only some look or trick of the voice brought back memory, so that she was welcomed home by the old woman who had served three generations in that house.

Strange enough was Katherine's first question: "Sophie, it was a peach tree wasn't it?" And when Sophie had made out her meaning, she answered: "I mind it was struck by lightning, and your grandfather set out a young maple, the very day he was took bad. It was the last tree he planted."

"Twenty years ago," murmured Katherine, and found herself wringing her hands.

There was the white-pillared, brick-floored veranda, but the great settle with its green chintz cover was gone; and she had no heart to look up among the rafters for her old swing.

Suddenly she gave a little piteous cry that brought Sophie to her side: "Where is the well?"

"We've had the town water laid on this ten years and more," was the proud answer. "Your Aunt Esther always liked to keep things up as long as she lived. It's only since . . . perhaps whoever buys the place . . . but your grandfather wouldn't have liked to see it in strange hands, would he? . . . The trunks is in, and I'll be getting you some supper, if you don't mind being by yourself a little."

But Katherine scarcely heard. The well was filled up—the deep well which, as a child, she used to believe, went through the earth so that there was always a thrilling chance that a pig-tailed China-

whirled before Katherine's dazed eyes was strange enough. The old hunting-scene wall-paper had been replaced by a modern "art" design, the fireplace had been boarded in and served merely as background to a glittering base-burner, and all the old mahogany furniture had been supplanted by spindle-legs and "art" tapestries.

"Your Aunt Esther always liked things up to date," said Sophie proudly, and added that supper was ready.

That night, Katherine cried herself to sleep with a feeling of utter desolation. All these years she had lived with Aunt Nina across the seas, not dreaming that her life was futile until Jerry Fetterling came and explained her likeness to a transplanted tree that had never taken proper root. But for him, she thought in some anger, by this time she might have been married to Thomas Hayward. Then she remembered how Jerry had said, "Couldn't call him Tom, could you?" and her anger melted into a faint gratitude that this fate at least she had escaped. But, nevertheless, she was passionately disappointed. Her sense of vague unrest had found relief in the thought that what she needed was to come home and take root among the old things; and now she was here, and the old things had vanished down the stream of the years.

In the morning she had a visitor before she had left the breakfast-table—Jerry Fetterling. He had brushed past Sophie without ceremony:

"I had to be the first. It's all over the town, though, that you're back. I heard

it on my way to the office. Is that cup of coffee for me? It will taste better than your English tea, I guess. And how does it feel to be here? Pretty good?"

"Hateful!" she said bitterly. "The old things are all gone."

He was clearly puzzled: "What things?"

"I mean that this place is all changed and there's nobody left but Sophie, and what on earth can I do with myself?"

"But you knew all that before you came, didn't you?"

"Oh, you wouldn't understand. It was foolish of me, of course; but I had a feeling that if I came back here where I was

so happy as a child—perhaps something of it—the old joy, I mean—might return. But there's only the empty shell left of everything I loved."

"Give yourself time—give yourself a little time," he urged.

But she remained uncomfortable: "Time won't bring them back."

He did not know exactly to what the "them" referred, but he thought it safe to say: "No, but it will help you to settle in and find things natural. You'll do it fast enough. I know how I felt for the first week or two after I came home from Europe; then I buckled down to work."

"It's different with you," she said sorrowfully. "You had your work. But whatever shall I find to do in this place?"

He leaned his elbow on the table and his chin in his hand, studying her a while before he answered: "What did you do in the Old World? Eat and sleep and dress and go to church and shows and parties, and read a bit and make calls? . . . They do all those things here."

She shook her head with soft persistence: "You don't understand the difference."

Still he looked at her, studying her delicate, piquant face, her graceful ease of speech and manner, her neutral-tinted

gown; and he admitted presently: "Yes, I think I do—more or less. But we're all human here just the same. You'll give us a fair trial, won't you?"

"Oh, I came to do that," she said.

He attempted argument: "You see, after all, you belong here as much as I do."

But she would not agree to that: "Your people are still alive!"

He tried a forlorn sort of humor: "Well, you'll find this town isn't as dead as you seem to think, and you've no end of cousins!"

"Ah, cousins," she answered remotely, and angered him.

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"Good Lord!" he retorted with some heat. "If you can't find any other occupation, you might just set to work to civilize the place!"

She was even more tantalizing when she lifted softly reproachful eyes to his, saying: "Oh, Jerry, Jerry! See what you have got me into!"

He pushed back his chair and walked away to the window, returned and stood leaning over her, red but determined: "If you treat me that way again, I shall call you Kathie, and you must make the best of it!" A good deal more was to be read in his face than his words implied.

She bit her lip, frowned, then smiled, finally said: "I never can remember that you are grown up, or take you quite seriously."

He did not unbend: "You said something of the sort in London; and—it's a pretty serious matter for me."

She was suddenly penitent: "I'm sorry—I"—and could go no further.

"Never mind," said he. "You either will or you won't—the Lord knows which; as I suppose I shall, some day!" Thereupon he departed abruptly, almost without leave-taking.

the English, and I'm afraid it will never vanish. And if I come back here, there's more than twenty years of England to live down—you see—"

"Well," said the Judge, "you know you're welcome to stay in the old house as long as you like—unless an unexpected purchaser should turn up; and in that case we shall always be glad to have you at our place. The family will be descending on you soon. I must be off. . . . You'll have to put up with a lot of callers, I guess."

Her cousin was right. All Centreville came; at least, all the women, in their best clothes of the latest fashion but one; and they talked politely of the great world with which Katherine was familiar, and showed as much acquaintance as possible with Royalty and Nobility and Places of Interest; and they invited her to come and see their babies and to attend club meetings and church suppers; and even, as they grew better acquainted, offered to teach her the latest thing in fancy work.

It was a slow and—to Katherine—dreary business, bridging over the gaps, social and intellectual, between Centreville and London. More than once



The Minaki Inn and Lodge, Minaki, Ont., 114 miles east of Winnipeg

Very soon after, Judge Lamb hurried in: "Well, Kathie, well! Glad to see you! But you might have wired. It's been a long time since you went away. Are you really going to buy the old place and settle in and—marry somebody here?"

She reddened with anger: "Who told you all that?"

"Nobody. Guessed it," said he, with a twinkle, adding: "You might do worse." She was appeased and granted: "Yes, perhaps I might do worse. But indeed—it was only that I was homesick for—the old things; and just now I miss more those that are gone than I care for those that are left."

The judge did not pursue this theme, but said reflectively: "I never could understand this business of running away from your own country. It's good enough for me. Plenty of breathing space and plenty of money, if you've your wits about you. Come now, honestly, tell me what you find over there—across the pond—that we can't give you?"

"Nothing," said she, "and everything. I'm afraid I can't explain. It's not that there's more to live upon—but more—well, art of living."

"And what do you mean by 'art of living'?" asked her cousin, very sceptical.

"I suppose," said she, feeling sure that he would not understand, "it's a question of atmosphere, of relative values. You learn to eliminate the obvious, and to appreciate differences of—of proportion and delicate shades of meaning—and all that—"

"Kathie," interrupted Judge Lamb, "I'm a plain man and I don't know what you're talking about. All I can say is, we'd be mighty glad to have you stay with us, but if you feel like that, I'm afraid you don't belong here."

"But then," said she, lifting troubled eyes, "I don't belong there quite. There's not much difference—oh, it's infinitesimal, but it exists—I feel it, and they feel it,

during the first week, she was on the point of cabling to Aunt Nina that she would return. She went to various club meetings, admired all the babies, attended dutifully to the fancy work, imparted such knowledge as she had of the world of dress outside, and won for herself a degree of popularity—with reserves. Centreville felt that she did not give herself with the heartiness that might be expected of Deacon Brodie's daughter; while she, in turn, conscious that many things in which she was interested, would be as unintelligible as Sanskrit to her neighbors, felt bound to keep safely within the narrow circle of each day for itself. It was a positive relief one afternoon, when Jerry Fetterling came to drive her out to his home. To him at least she could talk freely.

She waited with eagerness for his quick "Well, how are things going?"

"Not at all," she answered, shaking her head sadly. "It won't do, I'm afraid. But I'm giving it a fair trial."

"Centreville?" said Jerry, and added with unusual grimness: "I hope it is properly grateful."

"Don't be sarcastic," she pleaded. "I want to talk to you—reasonably."

"Very well," said he, still not without bitterness. "Sarcasm is unreasonable, isn't it?—in a place as—what's the word?—primitive as Centreville." Before she could answer, they came out on the riverbank, with the open hills beyond. "Anyway," said he, "it's nice country, isn't it? You know all about that sort of thing; and it doesn't change."

"But," she protested, with her pretty smile, "one can't live by scenery alone."

And again he was stirred to anger: "You seem to think we are altogether impossible! Is human nature so different in England?"

"If you were impossible," she appeased him, "should I be talking to you like this? But those women!"



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FACTORY TO FARM

Her challenge irritated him, and yet he scarcely knew how to set about the defence. "I knew you were different," he said, moodily flicking his whip. "Of course I knew that—and yet I hoped. . . . You must have something in common with them, if you could only find it out!"

"Oh!" she cried, in grieved protest that he should place her so apart; but he would not retract. "I suppose your place is over there!"

And after that there was an uncomfortable silence between them until they reached the hollow in the wood where she looked to find the square brown house of which Jerry had spoken to her in London. For a moment, she thought that her memory had failed her, then she saw that somebody—Jerry, no doubt—had been busy with paint-pot and additions until the old-fashioned homestead had become a gingerbread villa. Within, it was no better. He had spared no expense on carpets and curtains, suites of furniture and sets of books—all harmless, uninteresting, and expensive. All savor of individuality had been carefully removed. The worst of it was, she had a haunting suspicion that this renovation which had come about recently, was a piteous attempt to be more in accord with her own ideals; and she had a momentary impulse to run away to the other end of the world.

They had merely turned back out of the lane, on the drive back into town, when he faced her with a quick "So that's a failure, too!"

She chose to misunderstand him: "You should have left them as they were."

It was his turn to look bewildered: "What?"

"Your home—your people. You've only made them unnatural and unhappy. Forgive me—I know I'm impertinent."

It was a long time before he answered. She glanced at him shyly several times. His face was hard-set, as she could see even in the twilight; but she had no clue to his thought until he broke out with: "There! I hope that's over! I saw the moment you entered the house what a fool I'd been! We're different, you and I—as different as Centreville and London. But it can't go on, you know."

"What can't?" she asked gently. "I mean, they're not your sort, my folks. I'm not your sort. What's the good of my going on worshipping the very ground you tread on?"

If he had presumed the least bit, undoubtedly she would have been quick to feel the force of his reasoning; but his complete renunciation made her, being a woman, perverse. However, he had small comfort from her state of mind—nothing more than a glimpse of a handkerchief pressed to an averted face.

"Don't fret about it; it's not your fault," he said, after a long silence.

And again, when they were near Centreville; "There are some things past a man's altering."

And still further, when he drew up at the door of her house: "I hope you—don't mind what I said. It was rather an out-break and—I'm ashamed. I'd been castle-building—without any foundation, it seems, and I must ask you to forgive that, too." He hesitated just a moment, then as she said nothing, added, "Good-night," and would have turned away.

He was arrested by a curious little sound as of a hasty intake of breath; and looking at her suddenly, found thickly gathered tears in her eyes.

"Will you come in?" she stammered in confusion; and after a moment, he tied up his horse and followed her into the big parlor with its amber-shaded lamp

She was standing by the table, drawing off her gloves; and for all her invitation, she seemed to find nothing to say.

He broke the silence by taking up one of the long suede things and spreading it between his fingers: "This would look mighty out of place in my old home."

A sudden gleam of laughter crossed her trouble: "Not as your home is now. That is what is the matter. You've tried to put your family into suede gloves and they don't fit. You should have kept to the old things. . . . I should have liked it all as—as you told me about it—over there."

He was very pale, even in the ruddy light, and with great difficulty managed to get out: "What am I to understand?"

She turned away her face, saying almost inaudibly: "It's very—hard on the woman—when the man is—stupid or—shy."

Thereupon he went round the table and seizing her elbow, drew her, not strongly resisting, within the circle of light. In sheer nervousness she went on: "Sometimes people put a false value on—things. I wanted to come back to the old life—not the furniture; and all that gave it a value is gone. I wanted—but I didn't know it until to-day—what—"

Then he was not so stupid: "Could I possibly give it to you, do you think?"

She only smiled by way of answer; but in her eyes and on her lips he read invitation.

And when presently he said: "I can't believe it yet. When I remember how you feel about the old things—"

"But, Jerry," she interrupted softly, "isn't love the oldest thing in the world?"

In most parts of the country, peanuts will make a splendid feed for both hogs and the cattle.

Something Saved

Jennie's mistress, awaiting tea, heard a loud crash in the next room, says a writer in *Black and White*. The mistress shivered and rang the bell to call Jennie in.

"What was that?" she asked. "I tripped on the carpet and the tea-things fell, ma'am."

"Did you manage to save anything?" "Yes, ma'am. I kept hold on the tray all right."

Unjust Discrimination

The little girl told of by *Lippincott's Magazine* was not old enough to realize that most people do not want to be preached about.

Four-year-old Barbara went to church with her two sisters, and came home crying.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired her mother.

"He preached a whole s-sermon—about—M-Mary and Martha," sobbed Barbara, "and—never said—a—w-word about me!"

The Part He Knew

The officer of an English ship, and the boatswain, who represented the crew, were buying beef on the hoof for the ship's ration. An English paper says that when they approached the first steer, the officer turned to the boatswain and asked:

"How will that do?"

When he had examined the four shanks, he said, "He'll do all right, sir."

"But," cried the officer, "you can't tell the good points of a beast by the shanks!" "Perhaps not, sir; but they're the only parts we ever gets, sir."

The Heyday of the Blood

By Stanley Crenshaw

AFTER wandering miserably about the brightly lighted reading-rooms and up and down the marble stairs of his favorite club, Edwin Dellman, the famous actor, betook himself into the smallest of the writing-rooms, a little alcove only large enough for a table, a hearth-fire, and a couple of chairs. He turned off the electric-light with a gesture of impatience, and stood frowning palely down at the sea-coal fire. His long, clean-shaven face twitched unpleasantly from time to time—an evidence of unstrung nerves which he tried in vain to control by passing his thin white hand over his mouth and chin and swallowing hard.

The click of wind-driven hail on the window drew him for a moment to look listlessly out at the city below him, glowing red under the thick storm-cloud like a banked fire ready to break out into flame. When he turned back he sat down heavily in a chair and stared fixedly before him.

A man passing outside the door put his head in, smiling, and evidently about to call out some cheerful greeting. At the sight of the actor's face he gave a shocked exclamation. Stepping quickly into the room, he closed the door after him, shutting the two into the twilight of the steadily glowing coals.

"What's the matter with you, Dr. Mallory?" said Dellman, looking at him resentfully and not changing his attitude.

The newcomer disposed an angular, vigorous body in the other chair, and said quietly:

"I am the only sensible nerve specialist in the country, as well as a good friend of yours, so there's no use trying to bluff me. What has happened to you these three months I've been away?"

Dellman shook his head and compressed his mouth obstinately. Dr. Mallory's firm lips closed as tightly, and he reached across the table to lay his hand on the other's shoulder.

"Come, Eddie!" he said, using the name of their common youth.

At the touch the actor shivered, and with a look like a frightened child he sprang up as if to retreat.

"No, no! Don't make me talk of it—I shall break down! The only way is to keep it to myself. It's nothing—fancies—morbid ideas! And there's no use in telling you; I know what you would say. They all say the same thing. You would tell me to take a long rest—a complete rest and change; but I've just come from two months in a sanatorium, where I've been getting worse all the time."

"Confound the man who invented sanatoriums!" cried Mallory heartily. "If a well man should spend two months in one, he'd come out a raving maniac!"

Dellman's reserve gave way with a deep-drawn gasp. He took hold of the other's ugly, strong hand and gripped it as he whispered:

"I've lost my nerve, Mallory. I'm afraid—I'm frightened to death!"

"What of?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, it's nothing indefinite—I've been told frankly enough what's coming. The specialists say that the strain of my profession has been too much for my nerves. The least excess of mental effort or emotion will bring on such a state of nervous excitement that—well, softening of the brain is what they mean, though they don't say it. You remember poor Peterson playing cup and ball, and having to be fed like a baby?"

Dellman flung out his hands with a sudden gesture so eloquent of his sick horror that the keen eyes watching him blinked rapidly for an instant.

"Who tells you all this?"

"Everybody—every nerve doctor in the country recommends rest—more rest—the penalty, if I don't, being the quicker approach of that nightmare. And I just out from two months of 'rest' that were like Gehenna, every day of them! I'm not to think of my profession for years, they say. You know, Mallory, how I've never thought of anything else! A manager in England has been writing and cabling me to play the next three

months in London—something I've always longed to do. He's to get his final answer to-night. There is my series of popular Shakespearian performances that I've planned so long—I've just got the money to start them, but I am afraid even to think of them. They have made me promise not to think of anything but food and clothes and occupations for idiots, like golf or gardening, for fear that any other subject might start me to using up that little remnant of gray matter which is all that stands between me and—Why, I'm in hell, I tell you—a perfect hell of ignoble terror!"

II

He sat silent, his face hidden in his hands. The other man wiped the sweat from his forehead, although the room was cool, gave an exclamation, which he checked before full utterance, and took a turn or two about the room. When he spoke, however, it was with a cheerful, casual quality in his voice which made the actor look up at him, surprised.



Bow River Horse Ranch.

"You don't suppose your friends the nerve doctors would object to my telling you a story, do you? It's very quiet and unexciting, and you're not too busy?"

"Busy! I've forgotten the meaning of the word. I don't dare be. Every day is as infernally long as a bad dream, and the evenings—the evenings like this, when, ever since I can remember, I've been playing—you can see for yourself what the evenings are like!"

"Very well, then; I mean to pass this one away for you by carrying you back to the story little farm in the Green Mountains, where I had the extreme good luck to be born and raised. You've heard me speak of Hillsboro'; and the story is all about my great-grandfather, who came to live with us when I was a little boy."

"Your great-grandfather?" said the actor incredulously. "People don't remember their great-grandfathers!"

"Oh, yes, they do, in Vermont. There was my father on one farm, and my grandfather on another, without a thought that he was no longer young, and there was 'gran'ther,' as we called him, eighty-eight years old and just persuaded to settle back, let his descendants take care of him, and consent to be an old man. He had been in the War of 1812—think of that, you mushroom!—and had lost an arm and a good deal of his health there. He had lately begun to get a pension of twelve dollars a month, so that for an old man he was quite independent financially, as poor Vermont farmers look at things; and he was a most extraordinary character, so that his arrival in our family was quite an event.

"He took precedence at once of the oldest man in the township, who was only eighty-four and not very bright. I can remember bragging at school about Gran'ther Pendleton, who'd be eighty-nine come next Woodchuck Day, and could see to read without his spectacles. He

had been ailing all his life, ever since the fever he took in the war. He used to remark triumphantly that he had now outlived six doctors who had each given him but a year or more to live; 'and the seventh is going downhill fast, so I hear!' This last was his never-failing answer to the attempts of my conscientious mother and anxious, dutiful father to check the old man's reckless indifference to any of the rules of hygiene.

"They were good disciplinarians with their children, and this naughty old man, who would give his weak stomach frightful attacks of indigestion by stealing out to the pantry and devouring a whole mince-pie because he had been refused two pieces at the table—this rebellious, unreasonable, whimsical old madcap was an electric element in our quiet, orderly life. He insisted on going to every picnic and church sociable, where he ate recklessly of all the indigestible dainties he could lay his hands on, stood in drafts, tired himself to the verge of fainting away by playing games with the children, and returned home, exhausted, animated, and quite ready to pay the price of a day in bed, groaning and screaming out with pain as heartily and unaffectedly as he had laughed with the pretty girls the evening before.

"The climax came, however, in the middle of August, when he announced his desire to go to the county fair, held some

fingers and sing out in his high, old voice: "We're goin' to go a skylarkin'! Little Jo Mallory is going to the county fair with his Gran'ther Pendleton, an' he's goin' to have more fun than ever was in the world, and he—"

"But, gran'ther, father said we mustn't!" I protested, horrified.

"But I say we shall! I was your gre't-gran'ther long before he was your feyther, and anyway I'm here and he's not—so, march! Out to the barn!"

"He took me by the collar, and, executing a shuffling fandango of triumph, he pushed me ahead of him to the stable, where old white Peggy, the only horse left at home, looked at us amazed.

"But it'll be twenty-eight miles, and Peg's never driven over eight!" I cried, my old-established world of rules and orders reeling before my eyes.

"Eight—and—twenty-eight

But I—am—eighty-eight!"

"Gran'ther improvised a sort of whooping chant of scorn as he pulled the harness from the peg. 'It'll do her good to drink some pink lemonade—old Peggy! An' if she gits tired comin' home, I'll git out and carry her part way myself!'

"His adventurous spirit was irresistible. I made no further objection, and we hitched up together, I standing on a chair to fix the check-rein, and gran'ther doing wonders with his one hand. Then, just as we were—gran'ther in a hickory shirt,

fourteen miles down the valley from our farm. Father never dared let gran'ther go anywhere without himself accompanying the old man, but he was perfectly sincere in saying that it was not because he could not spare a day from the haying that he refused point blank to consider it. The doctor who had been taking care of gran'ther since he came to live with us said that it would be crazy to think of such a thing. He added that the wonder was that gran'ther lived at all, for his heart was all wrong, his asthma was enough to kill a young man, and he had no digestion; in short, if father wished to kill his old grandfather, there was no surer way than to drive fourteen miles in the heat of August to the noisy excitement of a county fair.

"So father for once said No,' in the tone that we children had come to recognize as final. Gran'ther grimly tied a knot in his empty sleeve—a curious, enigmatic mode of his to express strong emotion—put his one hand on his cane, and his chin on his hand, and withdrew himself into that incalculable distance from the life about him where very old people spend so many hours.

"He did not emerge from this until one morning toward the middle of fair-week, when all the rest of the family were away—father and the bigger boys on the far-off upland meadows haying, and mother and the girls off blackberrying. I was too little to be of any help, so I had been left to wait on gran'ther, and to set out our lunch of bread and milk and huckleberries. We had not been alone half an hour when gran'ther sent me to extract, from under the mattress of his bed, the wallet in which he kept his pension money. There was six dollars and forty-three cents—he counted it over carefully, sticking out his tongue like a schoolboy doing a sum, and when he had finished he began to laugh and snap his

and with an old hat flapping over his wizened face; I bare-legged, in ragged old clothes—so we drove out of the grassy yard, down the steep, stony hill that led to the main valley road, and along the hot white turnpike, deep with the dust which had been stirred up by the teams on their way to the fair. Gran'ther sniffed the air jubilantly, and exchanged hilarious greetings with the people who constantly overtook old Peg's jogging trot. Between times he regaled me with spicy stories of the hundreds of thousands—they seemed no less numerous to me then—of county fairs he had attended in his youth. He was horrified to find that I had never been even to one.

"Why, Joey, how old be ye? 'Most eight, ain't it? When I was your age I had run away and been to two fairs an' a hangin'."

"But didn't they lick you when you got home?" I asked shudderingly.

"You bet they did!" cried gran'ther with gusto.

"I felt the world changing into an infinitely larger place with every word he said. It was dizzying to have him thus jauntily sweep away the narrow boundaries of authority and lead me, elate and excited, into a new universe of hitherto forbidden joys.

"Now, this is somethin' like!" he exclaimed, as we drew near to Granville and fell into a procession of wagons all filled with country people in their best clothes, who looked with friendly curiosity at the little, shriveled cripple, his face shining with perspiring animation, and at the little boy beside him, his bare feet dangling high above the floor of the battered buckboard, overcome with the responsibility of driving a horse for the first time in his life, and filled with such a flood of new emotions and ideas that he must have been quite pale."

III

Dr. Mallory leaned back in his luxuriously padded leather chair, beside the elaborately fitted mahogany writing-table, and laughed aloud at the vision he had been evoking—laughed with so joyous a relish in his reminiscences that the drawn, impatient face of his listener relaxed a little. The actor's thin hands dropped from the arms of the chair which they had been gripping so tensely that the blue veins stood out. He drew a long breath, he even smiled a little absently.

"Oh, that was a day!" went on the doctor, still laughing and wiping his eyes. "Never will I have such another! At the entrance to the grounds gran'ther stopped me while he solemnly untied the knot in his empty sleeve. I don't know what kind of harebrained vow he had tied up in it, but with the little ceremony disappeared every trace of restraint, and we plunged head over ears into the saturnalia of delights that was an old-time county fair.

"People had little cash in those days, and gran'ther's six dollars and forty-three cents lasted like the widow's cruse of oil. We went to see the fat lady, who, if she was really as big as she looked to me then, must have weighed at least a ton. My admiration for gran'ther's daredevil qualities rose to infinity when he entered into free-and-easy talk with her, about how much she ate, and could she raise her arms enough to do up her own hair, and how many yards of velvet it took to make her gorgeous, gold-trimmed robe. She laughed a great deal at us, but she was evidently touched by his human interest, for she confided to him that it was not velvet at all, but furniture-covering; and when we went away she pressed on us a bag of peanuts. She said she had more than she could eat—a state of unbridled opulence which fitted in for me with all the other superlatives of that day.

"We saw the dog-faced boy, whom we did not like at all; gran'ther expressing, with a candidly outspoken cynicism, his belief that 'them whiskers was glued to him.' We wandered about the stock exhibit, gazing at the monstrous oxen, and hanging over the railings where the prize pigs lived to scratch their backs. In order to miss nothing, we even conscientiously passed through the Woman's Building, where we were very much bored by the serried ranks of preserve-jars.

"Sufferin' Hezekiah!" cried gran'ther irritably. "Who cares how gooseberry-jel looks? If they'd give a fella a taste, now—"

"This reminded him that we were hungry, and we went to a restaurant under a tent, where, after taking stock of the wealth that yet remained of gran'ther's hoard, he ordered the most expensive things on the bill of fare."

Dr. Mallory suddenly laughed out again. "Perhaps in heaven, but certainly not until then, shall I ever taste anything so ambrosial as that fried chicken and coffee ice-cream! I have not lived in vain that I have such a memory back of me!"

This time the actor laughed with the narrator, settling back in his chair as the doctor went on:

"After lunch we rode on the merry-go-round, both of us, gran'ther clinging desperately with his one hand to his red camel's wooden hump, and crying out shrilly to me to be sure and not lose his cane. The merry-go-round had just come in at that time, and gran'ther had never experienced it before. After the first giddy flight we retired to a lemonade-stand to exchange impressions, and finding that we both alike had fallen completely under the spell of the new sensation, gran'ther said that we 'sh'd keep on a ridin' till we'd had enough! King Solomon couldn't tell when we'd ever git a chance again! So we returned to the charge, and rode and rode and rode, through blinding clouds of happy excitement, so it seems to me now, such as I was never to know again. The sweat was pouring off from us, and we had tried all the different animals on the machine before we could tear ourselves away to follow the crowd to the race-track.

"We took reserved seats, which cost a quarter apiece, instead of the unshaded ten-cent benches, and gran'ther began at once to pour out to me a flood of horse-talk and knowing race-track aphorisms, which finally made a young fellow sitting next to us laugh superciliously. Gran'ther turned on him heatedly.

"I bet-che fifty cents I pick the winner in the next race!" he said sportily.

"Done!" said the other, still laughing. "Gran'ther picked a big black mare, who came in almost last, but he did not flinch. As he paid over the half-dollar he said: 'Everybody's likely to make mistakes about some things; King Solomon was a fool in the head about women-folks! I bet-che a dollar I pick the winner in this race!' and 'Done!' said the disagreeable young man, still laughing. I gasped, for I knew we had only eighty-seven cents left, but gran'ther shot me a command to silence out of the corner of his eyes, and announced that he bet on the sorrel gelding.

"If I live to be a hundred and break the bank at Monte Carlo three times a week," said Dr. Mallory, shaking his head reminiscently, "I could not know a tenth part of the frantic, choking excitement of that race or of the mad triumph when our horse won. Gran'ther cast his hat upon the ground, screaming like a steam-calliope with exultation as the sorrel swept past the judges' stand ahead of all the others, and I jumped up and down in a perfect agony of delight which was almost more than my little body could hold.

"After that we went away, feeling that the world could hold nothing more glorious. It was five o'clock, and we decided to start back. We paid for Peggy's dinner out of the dollar we had won on the race—I say 'we,' for by that time we were welded into one organism we still had a dollar and a quarter left. 'While ye're about it, always go the whole hog!' said gran'ther, and we spent twenty minutes in laying out that money in trinkets for all the folks at home. Then dusty, penniless, laden with bundles, we bestowed our exhausted bodies and our uplifted hearts in the old buckboard, and turned Peg's head toward the mountains. We did not talk much during that drive, and though I thought at the time only of the carnival of joy we had left, I can now recall every detail of the trip—how the sun sank behind Indian Mountain, a peak I had known before only through distant views; then, as we journeyed on, how the stars came out above Hemlock Mountain, behind our house—our own home mountain; and later, how the fire-flies filled the darkening meadows along the river below us, so that we seemed to be floating between the steady stars of heaven and their dancing, twinkling reflection in the valley.

"Gran'ther's dauntless spirit still surrounded me. I put out of mind doubts of our reception at home, and lost myself in delightful ruminations on the splendors of the day. At first, every once in a while, gran'ther made a brief remark, such as, 'Twas the hind-quarters of the sorrel I bet on. He was the only one in the hull kit and bilin' of 'em that his quarters didn't fall away'; or, 'You needn't tell me that them Siamees twins ain't unpinned every night as separate as you and me!' But later on, as the damp evening air began to bring on his asthma, he subsided into silence, only broken by great gasping coughs.

"These were heard by the anxious, heart-sick watchers at home, and as old Peg stumbled wearily up the hill, father came running down to meet us. 'Where you be'n?' he demanded, his face pale and stern in the light of his lantern. 'We be'n to the county fair!' croaked gran'ther with a last flare of triumph, and fell over sideways against me. Old Peg stopped short, hanging her head as if she, too, were at the limit of her strength. I was frightfully tired myself, and frozen with terror of what father would say. Gran'ther's collapse was the last straw. I began to cry loudly, but father ignored my distress with an indifference which cut me to the heart. He lifted gran'ther out of the buckboard, carrying the unconscious little old body into the house without a glance backward at me. But when I crawled down to the ground, sobbing and digging my fists into my eyes, I felt mother's arms close around me. 'Oh, poor, naughty little Joey!' she said. 'Mother's bad, dear little boy!'"

Dr. Mallory stopped short. "Perhaps that's something else I'll know again in heaven," he said soberly, and waited a moment before he went on: "Well, that was the end of our day. I was so worn out that I fell asleep over my supper, in spite of the excitement in the house about sending for a doctor for gran'ther, who was, so one of my awe-struck sisters told me, having some kind



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of 'fits.' Mother must have put me to bed, for the next thing I remember, she was shaking me by the shoulder and saying, 'Wake up, Joey. Your great-grandfather wants to speak to you. He's been suffering terribly all night, and the doctor thinks he's dying.'

"I followed her into gran'ther's room, where the family was assembled about the bed. Gran'ther lay drawn up in a ball, groaning so dreadfully that I felt an icy chill at the roots of my hair; but a moment or two after I came in, all at once he gave a great sigh and relaxed, stretching out his legs and laying his arms down on the coverlid. He looked at me and attempted a smile.

"Well, it was wuth it, warn't it, Joey?" he said gallantly, and closed his eyes peacefully to sleep.

"Did he die?" asked the actor, leaning forward eagerly.

"Die? Gran'ther Pendleton? Not much! He came tottering down to breakfast the next morning, as white as an old ghost, with no voice left, his legs trembling under him, but he kept the whole family an hour and a half at the table, telling them in a loud whisper all about the fair, until father said really he would have to take us to the one next year. Afterward he sat out on the porch watching old Peg graze around the yard. I thought he was in one of his absent-minded fits, but when I came out, he called me to him, and, setting his lips to my ear, he whispered:

"An' the seventh is a goin' down-hill fast, so I hear!" He chuckled to himself over this for some time, wagging his head feebly, and then he said: 'I tell ye, Joey, I've lived a long time, and I've larned a lot about the way folks is made. The trouble with most of 'em is, they're 'fraid-cats! As Jeroboam Warner used to say—he was in the same rigiment with me in 1812—the only way to manage this business of livin' is to give a whoop and let her rip! If ye just about half-live, ye just the same as half-die; and if ye spend yer time half-dyin', some day ye turn in and die all over, without rightly meanin' to at all—just a kind o' bad habit ye've got yerself inter.' Gran'ther fell into a meditative silence for a moment. 'Jeroboam, he said that the evenin' before the battle of Lundy's Lane, and he got killed the next day. Some live, and some die; but folks that live all over die happy, anyhow! Now I tell you what's my motto, an' what I've lived to be eighty-eight on—'

Dr. Mallory stood up in the dusk of the little room, and, towering over the actor, struck one hand into the other as he cried: "This was the motto he told me: 'Live while you live, and then die and be done with it!'"

IV

The coals had died down to a dull glow, and the room was so dark that neither could see the other's face. There was a long silence, broken by the opening of the door and the appearance, in the light streaming in from the hall, of a club servant in uniform. He spoke in a discreetly modulated tone.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen, but is Mr.?" he consulted an envelope in his hand—"is Mr. E. S. Dellman here? A cable-gram, with answer required, has just arrived for him."

The actor sprang to his feet.

After he had read the message, he motioned the servant to wait, and sat down to write an answer. When he handed back the paper, he said:

"Please read it aloud, so that I can be sure they get it straight at the office."

The other read in a droning monotone:

"Your—offer—accepted—begin—preparations—at—once—I—sail—by—next—steamer.—E. S. D."

"All right for you!" said Dellman, giving him a bill. "Run along now and get it sent quick!" He turned back to Dr. Mallory, who was wiping his forehead again and smiling at him in a fatigued silence. "Good-by, doctor," he said, wringing his hand. "I have a lot to do in a short time. I must be off!" He looked at his friend with a quick, ineffable flush of gratitude. "I can't say—I—oh, never mind! You know what I mean!"

"Yes," said the doctor, "I think I know."

At the door the actor turned.

"How long did he live?" he asked, smiling.

"Gran'ther Pendleton? Oh, he lived to be ninety-three, and then died of a tree falling on him," said the doctor.

The Phantom Sleigh Bells

by S. J. Wigley, Edgerton

IF YOU search the old records of the Hudson Bay Company, you will find in the register of employees for the Battleford Trading Fort the name of "Silas Coulston" and against that name you will also find written the single word "missing." Now the Coulstons of Pickering are a large family and are well known not only in the moorland country of Yorkshire, but also in Canada, where several members have established themselves. It has been my good fortune to visit the old farm home and see on the great open hearth the smoldering peat fire which the family boast has been kept burning by the Coulstons for over two hundred years. There is also to be seen an old Family Bible which records the

Heavily laden canoes were already passing either up or down the river which in a few short weeks would be perhaps blocked with ice.

The favourite hunting ground for Silas was the Battle River Valley and it is up this valley for some hundred and fifty miles to his winter camp that I want you to follow his fortunes.

He had only a short mile of the Saskatchewan River to traverse before he came to the mouth of the Battle, but it was during that short mile that the event occurred upon which so much of my story depends.

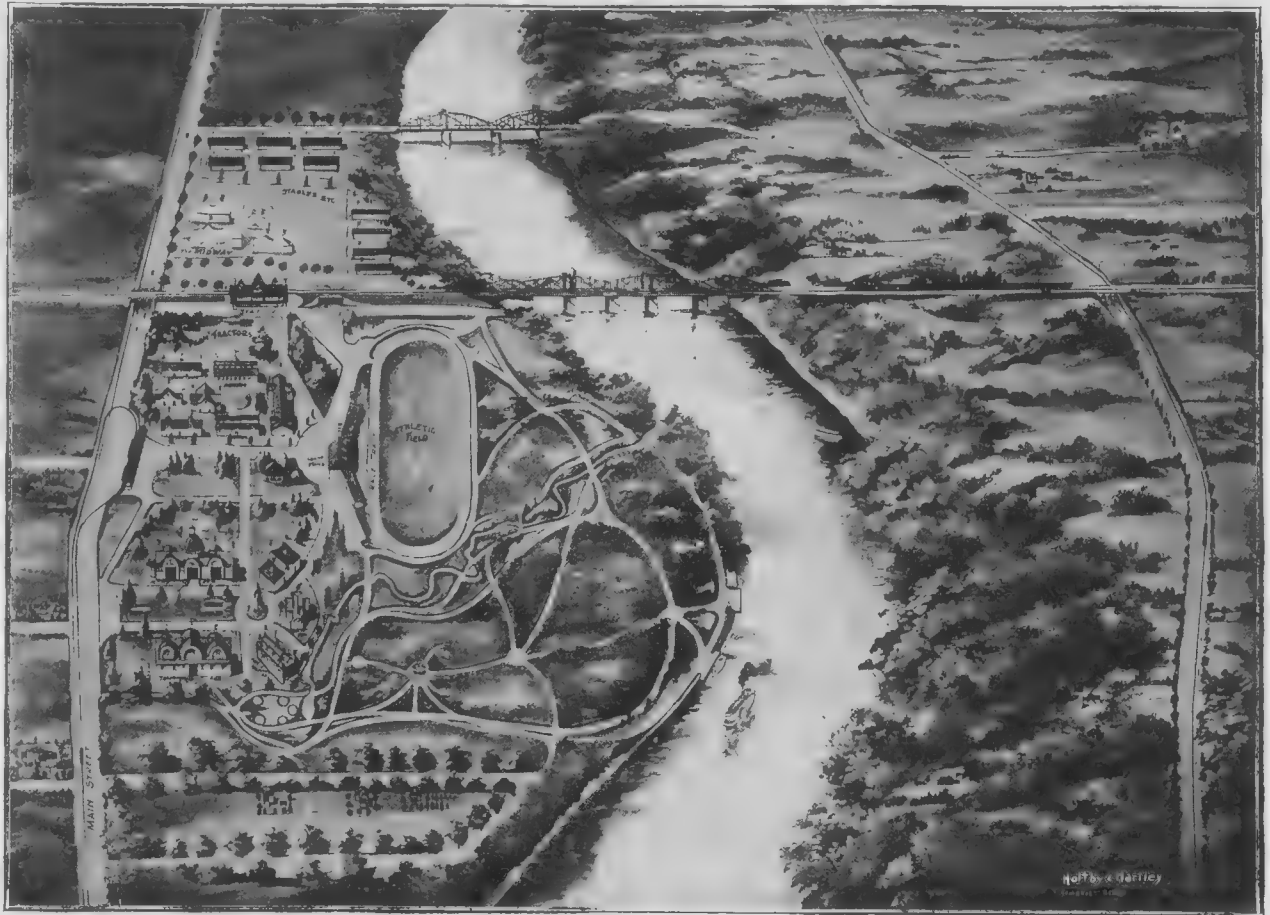
The sands of the Saskatchewan River contain gold and to-day the dredgers work on the sand bars at Battleford.

Why he did this I cannot say, but it was one of those little acts that sometimes bear fruit of great importance at a later date.

The district over which Silas hunted extended from the Battle River to the Ribstone Creek and he could hardly have been more fortunate in the choice of a hunting ground. Bands of buffalo were to be seen roaming in all directions. Colonies of beaver had dammed the creek till the whole valley was one quivering muskeg swamp.

Bears were common on the Battle banks, and gaunt timber wolves took heavy toll on the droves of deer that sheltered in the tall timber bluffs. And so Silas had little time to think about his hidden gold, for his pile of furs daily grew larger. Sometimes when his trapping took him southward he would see heavily laden sleighs carrying winter stores to Wetaskiwin and Edmonton, and the music of bells would come to him clear and distinct as the teams took the well worn trail across the ribstone flats.

On one clear sunny day he had stood



A View of Winnipeg's New Exhibition Grounds

birth of Silas Coulston in the year 1813. Little seems to be remembered of the boyhood of Silas, but when about twenty-eight years of age he came to Canada.

In the only letter he ever wrote home mentions that a land-slide had just taken place at the citadel Rock of Quebec and that thirty-two persons were killed. I have seen this letter too and it is still carefully treasured in the Yorkshire home.

I am thus able to tell you something more than you can gather from the H.B.C. records concerning this same Silas Coulston; and shall also, if you will patiently read my story through to the end, leave a good deal to your imagination.

Working his way West, Silas joined a band of Hudson Bay Trappers and soon was looked upon as a most reliable and expert hunter. But he preferred a "lone trail". The very nature that made him leave home now made him lead an almost solitary life. He was always successful in his hunting and returned with the Spring floods, his canoe well filled with valuable furs.

And so on a beautiful fall morning Silas had stood apart and watched a busy scene at the Battleford Trading Post. Away below him stretched the mighty rugged valley of the Saskatchewan River and through the burnished gold of the Poplar Bluffs, the deep blue of the river itself could be seen.

Indians and white men in large and small parties were leaving the Post for their winter trapping grounds.

Silas was taking advantage of the slack water and keeping his canoe close inshore, and as he passed a sand bank which a summer flood had cut sharply in two, his eyes caught sight of a little seam of gold nuggets, deposited in a layer between fine sand. No one was in sight and with excited fingers and the help of a tin cup, he gathered the precious metal into a small sack. The seam was not large and in half an hour Silas obtained all the gold he could see or reach.

He made no attempt to estimate his fortune and no thought of turning back even entered his head, but during his course up the river he decided what to do with his treasure. An old buffalo rock at his winter camp formed he thought an ideal land mark and hiding place. There he would hide his gold and there it would be safe till the spring. And this plan Silas seems to have duly carried out. He reached his camp and carefully buried his treasure, after placing it in another sack formed out of a well dried badger's skin.

The rock against which the gold was hidden was an immense ice-borne boulder. Buffalo, for ages past, had tramped around it till a deep trench was formed; had rubbed against it till its surface was polished like glass.

In some of his spare moments Silas tried to cut a rude arrow mark pointing downwards to the little mound in the trench. He had no tools with which to do this, but with other stones must have bruised and scratched the polished surface till the arrow outline was formed.

on the hills and listened to the music and watched the sleigh passing, and as that one black moving dot on the great expanse of white passed from sight, Silas, for the first time in ten years, felt homesick and lonely. Such a flood of memories surged over him that he was almost frightened, and the longing to go home to the kindly greyheaded old mother became so intense and painful that the eyes of the lonely man filled with tears.

Why not go home with his gold? He was rich and could afford a sleigh and a full set of bells. Why not? And again the suddenness of the question startled him; yet he turned eagerly towards his camp for now the very sinews of his snowshoes as he bent forward seemed to twang the one word "Home." Yes! Home to the scenes of his boyhood; and in fancy the great expanse of purple heather lay stretched before him and with his brother he was snaring the trout in the wonderful Costa Beck. Home then with his gold, and with a full set of sleigh bells along the old trail that leads from Wetaskiwin to Battleford and eastward to the sea.

Poor Silas! His excitement may have made him careless, but in any case an old flint-lock gun was little protection against the charge of a wounded bison bull, for near his camp Silas had come suddenly upon a solitary buffalo, standing in a thick clump of willows and from force of habit had fired at the animal. There was no need to have done so for was he not going home; and his poor broken body, trampled and gored out of recognition was never found, for few knew

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his hunting ground and none knew his grave

And thus ended, on the day of its birth, the great longing of Silas Coulston to carry his gold to his old Yorkshire home and with a full set of sleigh bells, travel the trail that led from Wetaskiwin to Battleford and the sea.

But did it end? Will you read the second part of my story before you try to answer the question?

"Dense mists, 'twixt the dead and living,
They lift, and the Voices pass through."

The bells had passed and stopped at the stable, at least so Jim thought, but all was silent and still. He opened the stable door. His horses had ceased feeding and with raised heads were listening intently. Jim passed his hand over the glossy back of the nearest mare. Her coat was damp with cold sweat.

"Nance," and it was to his sweetheart that his thoughts continually turned. "It's for Nance," he would say when any particular hard task was finished. "For Nance!" and he rolled the great logs into place when building his house.

"For Nance," and he drove his axe into the hard willow clumps and tore the roots from the ground.

But the crops of 1911, as we all know, did not ripen. Rain fell heavily in the autumn months and hindered the harvest. The wheat was frozen and Nance and the home going seemed farther away than ever.

The long winter was before him, but he received and sent home letters every week. And in one letter he told how some neighbour had driven past his house late at night, with sleigh and bells and yet left no track in the snow.

Spring came early in 1912, and full of hope and faith Jim again planted his land



Nowadays Fashion decrees that when photographed, the sitter should be loosely draped.

Greatly puzzled, Jim decided that his stable was too warm and that he would track the sleighs in the morning. But in the morning Jim was still more puzzled for no tracks were to be seen.

Jim Coulston had taken up his homestead in that well watered and well timbered district which lies some ten miles north of the G. T. P. main line and the little town of Edgerton. The soil is wonderfully rich and to Jim it was an ideal spot after the dry heathery moorland farm of his Yorkshire home. From the windows of his house could be seen the steep rugged banks of the Battle valley lying some three miles to the north.

Jim's relations in Yorkshire were somewhat surprised at his sudden decision to emigrate and Jim could hardly give a reason to himself. Other Coulstons had left for Canada and were doing well. Perhaps the first to go from the home was a Silas Coulston; but that was in the days of Jim's great-grandfather and but for a faded letter in the family Bible Jim would have known nothing about him.

It was in this beautiful district then that Jim decided to make his home for

and looked forward to the coming of Nance to share his prosperity.

His favourite resting place during the noon-tide heat was an immense buffalo rock at the back of his barn. Here on a little mound, in the trench around the rock, Jim would sit and let his thoughts wander from his sweetheart to his crops, to the buffaloes that had polished the rock at his back, their bones lay thick about his homestead, their trails and wallows were everywhere. Grand hunting it must have been and grand hunters, too, thought Jim. Only last summer his mowing machine had struck and been damaged by an old flint-lock gun barrel; the wood work long since rotted away and Jim wondered who the owner could have been and how he had come to lose his gun.

But the rains failed again in 1912 or rather came too late and the poor dwarfed and dwindling wheat gave up the struggle; "headed out" a month too soon and began to turn yellow. Then the rains came and a second growth sprang up. Jim knew well enough that the crop would be a failure and with doubt and uncertainty before him, he strolled to the back of his

barn and and sat in his favourite spot to think. "I must just make it all into hay, Nance," he said, in talking things over with his sweetheart.

On that day in June the heat was very great and Jim was resting his horses longer than usual for the "breaking" was hard and dry. When he rose from his seat he passed his hand in a dull mechanical way over the polished surface of the rock. He even wondered why a rough arrow shaped mark was not polished like the rest of the surface. As a rule Jim was very observant and knew every leaf and could read every sign on his homestead. The mound upon which he sat, he thought, an old ant-hill abandoned by the makers. And Jim went back to his plowing.

Oh, Jim! surely some "influence" was working for you then and if the spirit of old Silas could feel disappointment surely it would be as you turned away from the rock.

Jim had made one round in his plowing and had stopped to remove a large stone his plough share had struck. He drove his pick under the stone, when, like a flash, a thought came into his mind—the arrow pointed to the mound! It seemed as if someone must have spoken and Jim even looked around to see if anyone was near.

Never were horses more astonished than Jim's that sunny day in June. He could hardly wait to unhitch them, much less unharness them. He would see what the mound contained and with pick and spade he quickly revealed what we know lay hidden there.

Jim had never seen gold nuggets, but what else could these possibly be?

"Nance," he cried, "Nance, I've found gold!" and I doubt not that his cry reached the heart of the waiting girl in the far off moorland village, and her songs, as she came from the milking, would have a more cheerful note and her eyes a brighter glance, for her lover had called and was well.

Back to the house rushed Jim for a clean milk pail. "Oh Nance," he sobbed, and then stopped dead, for clear and distinct passing away from the old rock at the back of his barn, and heading south for the old Wetaskiwin trail was the joyous music of a full set of sleigh bells.

"Sleigh bells!" Jim gasped. "Sleigh bells in June!" And then something of awe and understanding came over him and sobered him even in his mad joy; and it was a quiet and thoughtful Jim that presently carried to his house, a two gallon milk pail considerably more than half full of gold dust and nuggets.

My story is nearly done. Jim went home that Fall and he carried to a certain bank in Montreal a rather heavy leather case. I forbear to give the name of the bank, for I am a bit doubtful regarding the Canadian law on treasure trove.

But when Jim came from the bank he was smiling at a new bank book, for on the first clean page, placed to his credit was the sum of \$18,500.

And reader! If by any chance you pass along the main line of the G. T. P. and care to stop at the little town of Edgerton, be sure you pay a visit to that well watered and fertile district which lies some ten miles to the north. And if you wish, I shall be pleased to show you an old flint-lock gun-barrel such as the H. B. Company supplied to their trappers some eighty years ago, and which I value even more than a handful of gold nuggets lying in a case with some well rotted pieces of badger's skin. And also if you wish I shall be pleased to show you an immense buffalo rock upon whose polished surface you may trace the rough outline of an arrow pointing to a hole in the trench around the stone. But somehow I should not like to promise that you shall ever hear the fine music of the full set of sleigh bells that came to the rock in the night, and yet left no track in the snow

Convincing Evidence

Seven-year-old Tommy had so great a capacity for buckwheat cakes, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, that he was a marvel to the family.

"Have you ever in your life had all you could eat?" asked his grandfather one day.

"Yes, sir," said Tommy. "Lots of times."

"How do you know when that time comes?"

"Why, I eat and eat until I feel a pain, and then I eat one more to make sure."

Practical Farming in the Red River Valley

By D. J. Bacon

I am here to relate some of my experiences during the past 30 years and exchange ideas with you along lines of progressive farming. We are all here for education rather than entertainment and I know many of you can give information that will benefit me. Every loyal citizen no matter what his vocation in life, should be eager to grasp information pertaining to progressive farming in order to impart the knowledge to others, for this is purely an educational section. The welfare of every citizen depends almost directly upon the production of the farming community, and our business men prosper only in the degree that we do. Therefore, we should be interested alike in bringing the land of this northern country to a high state of cultivation, in order to make this locality attractive as a permanent home, as they have done in Iowa and Illinois. We can offer the inducement of cheaper lands to those who are unable to afford higher priced lands of older states. No one doubts the fertility of the soil, when properly handled, and if properly managed and cultivated, you could not advance the price fast enough to keep people from coming here to locate permanently.

Let us study the condition of the soil. If we need nitrogen, potash, phosphate, drainage, fertilizer or extra cultivation, let us do the thing necessary. We have robbed our soil for the past 30 years by growing only small grains, but we are no exception to the rule, for Iowa, Illinois and all the middle west did the same, but they were driven to corn and live stock years ago, and the result was, land values jumped skyward. Now, friends, let us be alive to the situation and show that we can accomplish in five years what they have done in 25. Think for a moment of the progress made in other lines, for instance, the telegraph, telephone, automobile, iron mines, Panama Canal, and in fact, the advancement in nearly all business and professional lines, while the farmer has been satisfied to stay where he was instead of adopting scientific and progressive methods. We are facing the fact that we must awaken and do things in order to keep up with the procession, or continue hopelessly in the rear. Will we do it? Will we change our methods or be forced to change our location? A few years ago a trip from New York to Washington meant more than a trip around the entire world to-day. If you wanted to communicate with a friend 100 miles away, it took several weeks to do so. If you wanted to make a trip of 100 miles, you figured on several days' vacation, and to-day such a trip is often made in the afternoon or even after supper.

It is much easier to improve our farming methods and increase our yields than to have done many things that have been accomplished in the way of improvement in other lines. I am informed that one kernel added to each ear of corn grown in the United States would mean a 5,000,000 bushel increase in our yields, or \$3,000,000. Let every one of us put forth our best effort to add, not only one kernel, but many to each ear raised in this valley.

If we are willing to heed the object lessons of the Great Northern Experimental Plots, the International Harvester Company's experimental farms, the demonstration of the Better Farming Association and our agricultural colleges, there will be no doubt in the mind of any one as to the possibility of producing two or three times as much as we have been growing on every acre of land. The old saying is, "The proof of the pudding is in chewing the string." I have chewed at both ends, and have been asleep at the switch, but I feel that I have been awakened and sincerely hope I have energy enough to keep awake and make the most of my opportunities.

I came to Grand Forks at the age of 17 and began growing wheat with good results at first. Year after year the yield grew less, and I tried each spring to do the work better and farm a little more land in order to increase the profits in the fall, but the yield did not improve. I decided to raise stock, and I got into mighty deep water the very first jump by purchasing more than I should until we were better prepared to take care of them, consequently made no money for some little time. I think I experienced most of the ills a farm is heir to, as hog cholera, tuberculosis and fires made it uphill work for me, and many times I felt like giving up, but whenever

that thought came to me I could not keep from my mind a little verse, which has been a great benefit to me on many occasions, namely

'Tis the coward who quits at misfortune,
'Tis the knave who changes each day,
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle
And then throws his chances away.
The time to succeed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire.
The battle is fought on the home stretch,
And won 'twixt the flag and the wire.

This little verse has been an inspiration to me. Each time I think of it I start out with new hope and in order to prove whether I have "made good" and overcome some of the obstacles or not, I invite you to "Lilac Hedge" to see for yourselves.

Instead of raising so much small grain, we are now raising a great deal of corn, alfalfa, timothy, clover, potatoes, hogs, sheep, cattle and horses, also a few chickens and turkeys, but if there are any here, who are growing grain exclusively, and contemplate a change, I want to again warn you about making it too fast. Buy a few head at first, and learn to handle them profitably. Keep all good females, and in a short time you will grow into stock business rather than "go" into it. Since beginning rotation, dairying and stock raising, I have doubled my yields and more than doubled the value of my land. Each year I feel more positive of the crop. Drought does not seem to affect the fertile soil, as it does the worn-out land. You may exhaust the coal, iron and gold mines, or lose your fortune in many other ways, but if you adopt di-

versified farming methods and treat your land as well as you know it should be, you have a mine that is inexhaustible, and the only thing necessary to make it produce abundantly is the proper amount of digging. Even a straw shed will keep your animals comfortable, but as soon as practical, improve your buildings. Make your home attractive so your boys and girls will prefer to stay with you. Give the boy a colt, but do not make it "Bub's colt" and "dad's horse." Give the girl a calf, but not "her calf" and "mother's cow," and when the time arrives for profitable selling, help them to sell at good prices and invest the money in something to keep it increasing and in that way make them a partner in your business and interest them to such an extent that they will feel they are part and parcel of the institution.

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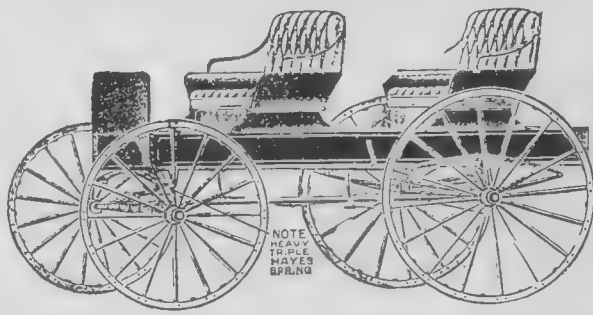
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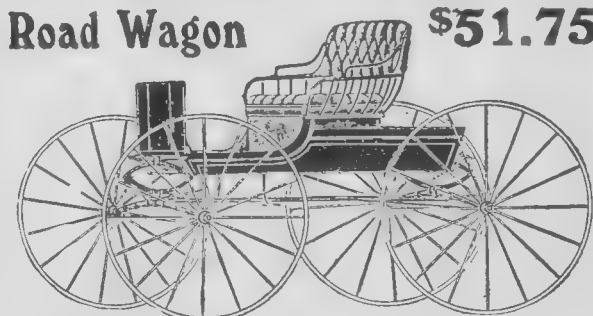


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DEPT. W.H.M.

Cadet Drill in Winnipeg

NOTHING in the educational life of Winnipeg attracts greater interest than the cadet drills in May and June. Companies from all the schools enter into competition and there is the keenest rivalry for the honor of winning the individual and company prizes. The pictures show some of the cadets in action, but it must be understood that if all the school children who take physical drill in some form were on parade they would number some 17,000. Some years ago the whole body then under drill, met at Happyland for review, and they occupied the whole field. Their movements would have done credit to veterans.

The purpose and the method of the drill is well indicated in the following letter, sent by the Superintendent of Schools to Mr. F. C. Wade a former member of the school board.

"The first request for military drill seems to have come from the teachers through Dr. Blakely in 1888, and the report of the School Management Committee for April of that year has the following as its third clause:

"That in reply to the communication of Mr. Blakely and others with reference to the introduction of military drill into the public schools, your Committee would recommend that a trial be made for the months of May and June next, and that a competent drill instructor be employed whose remuneration will not exceed \$40 per month for the above period and that the Inspector and Sec'y-



Mulvey School.

"The work thus begun was carried on intermittently during the months of May and June until 1895, when the time for drill was extended to Nov. 15th, and afterwards to the end of December. At the end of the year again, on your motion, Col. Billman, then Major, was appointed from the first of the year 1896, until the end of June of the same year, and the sum of \$600 was placed in the estimates to cover expense. The fol-

lowing extract from the annual report of the School Management Committee for 1895 gives a brief outline of the aim and scope of the work. "The other subject calling for special attention is physical and military drill. For some years past the boys of the senior classes have been drilled during May and June, and the work, so far as it was possible to overtake it in so

short a time was well done. An effort was made in April to provide for more general instruction in this department and with this end in view Major Billman was appointed for the season beginning May 1st and ending November 30th. As far as time permitted instruction was given to both boys and girls, while in several schools instruction was given to teachers after four o'clock. To put the work thus begun on a perma-

nance of physical and military drill as a means of correcting a tendency to one-sided development and faulty habits of carriage and position, the result of much sitting at school desks, and promoting the general health of the school cannot be over-estimated, while it is a valuable aid to discipline and an excellent mental training in the close attention it demands."

"You will note that it differs from the work of previous years in that it is given to the girls as well as to the boys and was not limited to senior classes, suitable physical drill being given to the youngest pupils. Emphasis, too, was laid on the physical and educational value of the work. "I am of opinion that a great deal of the success that has attended the movement—and it has been successful—has been due to the fact that the work has been pursued for the sake of its value as physical, mental and moral training. All the exercises that constitute the foundation work are designed to promote healthful physical development. Many of the exercises are corrective, the necessity of working in unison to direction is an excellent training in obedience and alert and prompt attention. No other school work shows how the success of the whole depends on the accurate performance of his part by each unit, nothing else shows how organization and order contribute to efficiency. The knowledge of modes of moving large numbers, the general physical training, the correct and easy bearing, the habits of obedience, all are useful as a foundation for military service, but the qualities developed are as essential to the civilian as to the soldier and the line of work through which they are developed would have a place in the education of young people even in a country that had no militia nor anything to defend.



Lord Selkirk School.

Treasurer be appointed to ascertain what competent person can be secured.

The consideration of this clause led to a long discussion. A motion to strike it out was ruled out of order, a motion to go into committee of the whole to consider it was lost, as well as an amendment to provide that the time given to such instruction should be outside the regular school hours and that the taking of such instruction should not be compulsory. In the end the clause was adopted with an amendment empowering the school Management Committee to appoint an instructor for the two months. It is not clear from the records what was done but my recollection is that the late Sergeant Major Watson of the 90th was appointed and that drill was given to the boys of the senior classes.

The drill, however, seems to have been discontinued, for again in 1892, there is reference to a communication from Mr. F. F. Kerr enclosing a resolution from the teachers to the effect that 'It is the opinion of the teachers that the practice of military drill in this school has been the means of teaching the pupils habits of order, regularity, silence, obedience, neatness, attention, steadiness and method, also that military drill should be introduced into the schools of the city and made as indispensable in the daily routine of duties as the other exercises of the schoolroom.'

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"The other subject calling for special attention is physical and military drill. For some years past the boys of the senior classes have been drilled during May and June, and the work, so far as it was possible to overtake it in so

ment basis, the Board of recommendation of this Committee re-appointed Major Billman from Jan. 1st, 1896 to the end of June. It is suggested that all teachers be required to find a place for this work on their daily program, and to take so much instruction as will enable them to conduct general class movements in accord with the system followed by the instructor. The import-



Norquay School.

"That the working of boys in companies and battalions in a sort of mimic soldiering tends to develop a consciousness of the fact that it may fall to their lot at some time to defend the institutions under which they live and that they must carry themselves worthily, cannot be denied, nor do I think that this sense of responsibility thus

drill instructor, which at present is \$1800 per annum. It is felt, however, that our classes have outgrown the ability of one man to efficiently direct the work of this department without assistance, and the School Management Committee have practically decided that they will recommend the appointment of a man to assist Col. Billman.

The Nation's Wealthiest People

by W. McD. Tait

A tribe of aboriginal red men in the Canadian West control more wealth than any other like group of people in the Do-

branch of the great Algonkian linguistic stock. These three bands with their allies, the Gros Ventres, and the Sarcees, formed the Blackfeet confederacy, a powerful combination which, for a century, held by force of arms against all comers, an extensive territory reaching from the Missouri River north to the Red Deer, and from the Rockies east to the Cypress Hills. The protection of their vast territory against invasion imposed upon these Indians a life of almost constant warfare with the numerous enemies who surrounded them on all sides, and developed in the people a proud, imperious spirit, which after thirty years of reservation life, is still the prominent characteristic of the Blackfeet.

The reserves of this tribe are not far apart, but each has its own working equipment and staff of government officials. Moreover each band has its own tribal government and manages its private affairs by meetings called by the chiefs of each band. The Blood reserve is situated between the Belly and St. Mary's Rivers, between Macleod and Lethbridge; the Blackfeet is between Gleichen and Calgary; and the Piegan between Macleod and Pincher Creek.

The three reserves comprise some 622,970 acres, which valued at \$16, which is a moderate estimate per acre, would make a total value of land alone, \$10,000,000. But in addition to land the Blackfeet Indians have live stock amounting to half a million dollars; public properties worth \$87,250; implements totalling nearly \$100,000; private fencing and buildings costing \$150,000; and an average yearly income from several sources, of \$150,000.

The answer to the puzzle appearing in last month's issue is 7½ years. We have answers from several of our readers—some of whom succeeded in sending in the correct solution.

Greenway School.

developed is the least of the contributions that the schools are making to the training of our young people for self-government.

"I have written at such length of the general question that I have almost lost sight of the plan of organization and the practical details which are as follows:

"Col. Billman, the drill instructor, is responsible for all physical work of the schools and gives his entire time to it. A regulation of the Board provides that no less than twenty minutes per day—exclusive of the recesses which are for play—shall be given physical training. The teachers are instructed in this work and carry it on under direction of the drill instructor who visits their classes from time to time. The principal of the school, too, when his own classes are at manual training and household science school, takes a hand in directing this work in the classes below. In this way some 12,000 children, boys and girls, get general physical training for eight months in the year. The months of May and June are for the most part given to company and battalion drill for the boys. This ends with a parade and inspection of the older boys. Each company is under command of officers chosen by the boys themselves, and nothing but efficiency counts in the choice. No one understands better than do the boys that they cannot hope to make a good appearance under an inefficient captain. This parade attracts much attention but, large as it is, it represents only about one-tenth of the work really done in this department. Last year there were thirty-two companies of thirty-eight boys each at the inspection. The inspection has, at the request of the Board, been carried out by the D.O.C. the military district, and the lads have won great praise from such men as the late Col. Evans and from Col. Steele.

The cost of the work is practically nothing outside of the salary of the

"In concluding, I may say that, after fifteen or sixteen years' experience, the teachers are interested in the work, the School Board is in entire sympathy and the public cordially approve, and the place of physical and military drill seems as well established as any of the three R's." I am, yours truly,

D. McINTYRE.

After the formation of the Strathcona Trust the senior pupils of the schools

minion, and are close seconds to the world's richest.

* * * * *

Dotted all over the prairies of Western Canada are lands set apart for the use of the aboriginal inhabitants of this Dominion when treaty was made with the Indians after the North-West Rebellion. On most of these reserves agricultural enterprises have been inaugurated by the Department of Indian Affairs through



Isbister School.

were ranked as cadets, and the work is now carried on under the direction of the military authorities. Lieut.-Colonel Billman and Mr. J. Urquhart act as drill instructors and Colonel Hosmer is examiner for the Militia Department.

The Western Home Monthly, best Magazine value.

their agents resident with the Indians. But apart from any improvements that have been made to Indian Lands and property, the holdings have increased immensely in value, and the inhabitants have in many cases become very wealthy.

This has been the case with the Blackfeet tribe in Southern Alberta. This nation consists of the Blood, Blackfeet, and Piegan bands, and are the principal

The Twins

The Harmon twins looked so much alike as babies that their parents could scarcely tell them apart. As they grew older it became evident that to Grandmother Harmon at least the twins were a unit.

"You were asking me how much the twins weigh," said Grandmother Harmon to a neighbor. "When I went out that afternoon I put one of them on the scales at the grocery, and found they weigh just twenty-six pounds."

"Do they always weigh exactly the same?" inquired the neighbor, and Grandmother Harmon looked quite impatient. "The twins?" she said. "Of course; why not?"

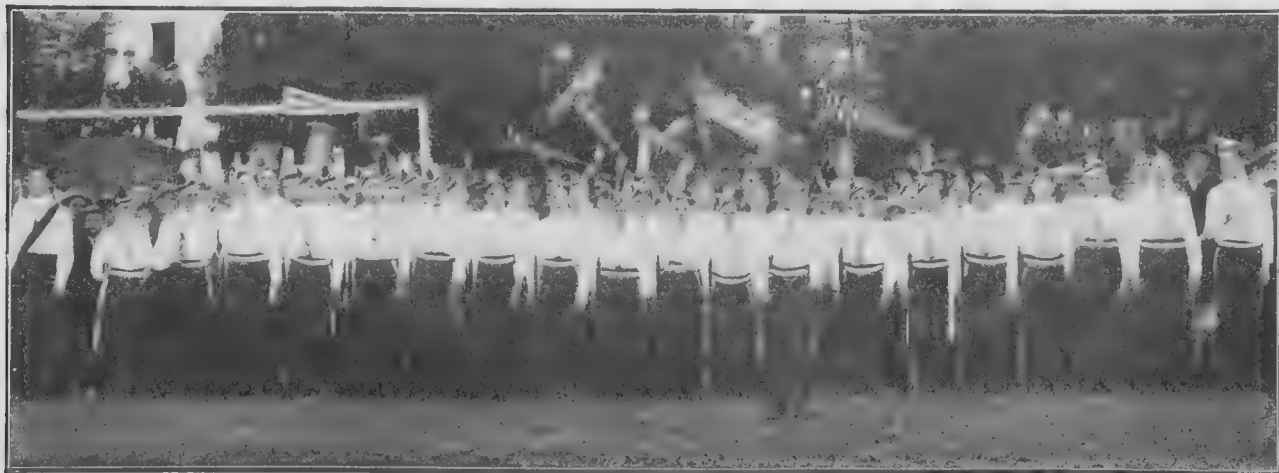
The neighbor had no reason to give, but she rebelled a few days later when in answer to her inquiry Grandmother Harmon said:

"Where are the twins?" Oh, they got a cinder in one of their eyes, and their mother has taken them down to the oculist's to have it removed, they were fussing so over it."

Maude—What is your ideal of a husband?

Beatrice—One who lets me have the last word in clothes and in conversation.—"Life."

Gladstone School.



Three Centuries of Revolt

By William Maas,
in the "Daily Chronicle," London.

I.—The Eighteenth Century.

"Come, come," said Adolphus one day to his sister, a pert little hussy whose name was Rosina; "why will you not be contented and happy as I am in the affection of your parents and enjoy a tranquil cheerfulness which would influence those who are favored with your company? Do you not observe how hardly your ill-habits bear upon me who have not only to suffer your froward disposition, but am deprived also of the pleasure of playing with our toys, which mamma has locked up, lest in one of your outbursts of violence you should destroy them?"

"I am fully sensible of my ill-humors (returned Rosina), and would beg you to tell me how you contrive to be always so merry."

To this Adolphus answered: "My father one day told me that no person could be perfectly happy unless he mixed some kind of employment with his pleasure.

the present age who seek to engage the affections of elegant females are so priggish and lack-witted as to provoke a whole world full of peevish distempers in the most patient and forbearing of my sex? It is because the future promises no greater felicity than may be promoted by an involuntary state of conjugal boredom with such consequential lords of creation that I am vexed to have been born.

"Were it the vogue (she said, after ever so slight a pause) for the wise and genteel to regale themselves with tobacco pipes, I should bid you to add these reflexions to the fragrant leaf which I have observed is pressed into the bowl."

Whereupon Rosina quitted the room, throwing about all the stools and chairs that came in her way, and biting off the bloom of a very valuable flower which her papa was rearing with great pains.

II.—The Nineteenth Century.

The pirate Captain was face to face with a dilemma that threatened to shatter the frail fabric of make-belief on which his very being depended.

Armed to the eyebrows with death-dealing weapons, his left hand clutching

"What d'you want to play at, then?"
"I'll play horses if I can be the driver."
"No, you can be the horse."
"I'm always the horse."
"Of course—girls always are."
"I don't want to be a horse. I want to drive with a whip."
"Oh, you are disagreeable, Lil. Let's play trains, then."
"All right. I'll have your whistle and be the guard."
"No, you can't. You're the passenger; I'm the guard."
"You're always the guard."
"Of course I am. Girls can't be guards."

The outlook for girls was becoming more and more circumscribed. Lily's lip quivered as she announced her dissatisfaction with such an arrangement. Algy wished to know whether she would fall overboard and allow herself to be heroically rescued. The prospect was a romantic one, but she said she had been rescued so often by heroic strangers that it would be something of a novelty if she could be permitted to drown and turn into a glorious mermaid with miles and miles of golden hair flashing in the sunlight that bathed her cave in its splendour.

As this suggestion presented no oppor-

The girl laughed, and drawing upon the accumulated wisdom of fourteen years replied, "That's like you. If I do what you want me to do, I'm a sport. If I don't, I'm not playing the game. Why can't you play by yourself?"

Guy leapt from the sideboard and lolled across the table. "Because I want you to come out, Joan. Come on, don't be a rotter."

Words issued from the bent head. "No, I can't. Don't worry."

The boy turned over on his back and gazed up at the electrolier. "You are a swanky kid. It wouldn't hurt you to come out for half an hour."

"What's the good?" said Joan. "You're such a hopeless dud at games."

"Oh, rot! I can lick you at golf, anyway."

Joan was amused. "The only time you ever whacked me was when I let you, because you lost your temper and began to grizzle. You're a slacker, that's what you are. You're a back number, Guy."

"Oh, come on. I'll take you on at what you like."

"Thanks. I know what your idea of 'taking me on' is—bowling for you in the sun while you slog the balls to Jericho, hunting about in the 'pretty' for your sliced drives. Why don't you go and call for Marchmont or Bridges and make them fag? I want to read. And get off the table and don't fidget."

Guy shook himself into a standing position and regarded his critic ruefully. "What's that beastly, stodgy paper you've got hold of?" he inquired.

"Never your mind. Little boys shouldn't be inquisitive."

"Some rotten suffrage stuff."

The girl laughed.

"I was going to ask Corney Mason to take you out in his side car."

"Don't trouble. Corney has already asked me."

"I'll tell him you're a swank and a—a suffragette."

"That's right be a sneak, just because a girl won't come and play with him. Diddums, then! I'll lend you my handkerchief if you want to cry."

The boy whistled a spasmodic rendering of a rag-time tune before he said: "I don't know what's coming to you kids. You're getting so frantically bucked with yourselves. Got to eat dirt before you'll be even decent."

"Little boys must be taught manners," said Joan.

"Oh, shut up! 'Little boys'—Anybody would think I was ten and you were a hundred. You're only a month older than I am. Yet the frightful side you put on—"

"Go on, Mr. Bully."

"Well, come out, then, and be a ripping little sportsman. You can be when you don't chaff a chap."

"That's much better," said Joan with gleaming eyes.

"Come on, Joey, I'll fag for you and crock myself up, if you'll come. Nippy's the word."

Joan got up and threw the pamphlet across the room. "Now we're talking," she said as she linked her arm in Guy's and one-stepped to the door.

Remarkable Challenge.

ENGLISH CLOTHING FIRM
OFFERS MAN'S SUIT FOR \$4.50

A well-known English clothing company, H. Thomas & Co., 142, Grays Inn Road, London, W.C., Eng., seem bound to become as highly popular in the Dominion as they are in Great Britain. Everybody knows H. Thomas & Co. in England for the remarkable prices they quote in gent's wear. On page 21 readers should note the firm's advertisement. "Gent's suit (jacket, vest and trousers), \$4.50 delivered free to you, no more to pay." Look up the advertisement on page 21 and write for free patterns and fashions to their Toronto branch.

Headache and sleeplessness often can be relieved by a warm sponge-bath and a cold cloth to the head. Pain in the throat may be relieved by an ice bag or hot external applications.



Avalanche on Mt. McKinley

"I have frequently observed (continued Adolphus) that the most tedious and dull days I experience are those in which I do no kind act to my fellow-creatures. It is properly blending the exercise of charity with amusement that keeps me in such good health and spirits."

Rosina felt the propriety of such sentiments, and a sigh unavoidably escaped her.

"If a person touches one of your playthings (said Adolphus, with no compassion in his voice), though it be by mistake, you are out of temper for hours, and murmur about the house as though you had been robbed. If anyone attempts to correct you, though in the most gentle manner, you fly into a rage equalled only by the fury of contending elements and the uproar of the angry billows of the ocean."

"I cannot tell," rejoined Rosina, after a short pause, "how it is I am of such a wayward disposition."

To which Adolphus replied: "Is it not because you are insensible of the supreme happiness that will one day be yours when a serene and sprightly nature would procure for you the loving affection of a kind and elegant mate, that you continue to indulge your infantile faults at a period when the glowing light of reason should have dissipated them?"

On hearing this reproach from her brother Rosina became confused and hung her head. Then perceiving that he was about to continue his wise admonition, that never failed in procuring him the esteem and admiration of his neighbors, she began to discourse in the following manner:—

"Has it occurred to you, my dear Adolphus, that the young gentlemen of

one of the many pistols that protruded from the curtain sash encircling his slim figure, he stood with knit brows on the deck of his dreaded corvette, which a lively imagination had constructed out of the drab horse-hair sofa of a Victorian morning-room. From dreadful menaces the thwarted buccaneer descended to brotherly cajoleries.

"Come on, Lil," he adjured, with a plaintive pipe.

The little girl addressed did not move from the window out of which she gazed moodily.

"Oh, I can't, Algy; I don't want to."

"Why not? It's going to be such fun. I'm the Pirate of Greedy Gulf, and you're the rich and beautiful Indian Queen of the Golden Canon. I shall sail up in my corvette and capture you."

"I don't want to be captured—"

"And after threatening to torture you—only pretending—I shall make you my bride. Come on, Lil."

The little girl half turned towards the Pirate, who was flourishing a weapon on high.

"Why can't I be the Pirate?" she asked.

"Don't be silly. How can you be a pirate? You're a girl."

"But can't we pretend—for once?"

"It would be too ridiculous," fumed the baffled Pirate. "How can I be an Indian Queen?"

"Can't we both be pirates?" pleaded Lily.

The Buccaneer stamped an angry foot.

"No, don't be silly. You must be the Queen. You're a girl."

Lily turned again to the window.

"No, I don't want to."

The Pirate dropped into a sitting posture and fired off his pistols in all directions.

tunity for the display of masculine prowess or mastery, it was pronounced "frightfully silly" by Algy and summarily dismissed. Lily was equally firm in refusing to be hunted across the prairie. Being scalped gave her a headache she pouted.

And, moreover, the window was to understand, by further expostulations addressed to it, that if she could not crash through the brushwood with a poised axe, or be a tram conductor and use the ticket punch (with Algy, for once, as a passenger carrying a baby in arms, about whose age a heated altercation would arise, culminating in a maternal vindication of its right to travel free: See Way Bill), or a guard to whistle the train out of the station, or a Pirate to snap an angry pistol at a mutinous crew; then she would never play at any game again, for the rules were too horribly one-sided.

III.—The Twentieth Century.

From his position on the mahogany sideboard to which he had clambered Guy looked down upon the girl's burnished head, which, supported on two slender bare arms, was bent over a pamphlet of absorbing interest. He had waited for some moments for it to be raised and an answer returned to his repeated questionings. But the girl only cupped her face deeper in her long fingers and became more absorbed in her reading.

"What's that you're fugging yourself over," he asked, swinging his legs noisily, "a novel?"

The girl gave an exclamation of scorn.

"No, it isn't. I wish you'd shut up."

"Oh, put it away and come out. Be a sport."

The Child is for To-Morrow

By Ella Flagg Young

A child does not belong to to-day. It is a gift of its parents, not to the present, but to what all sincere people wish to be a better to-morrow.

What we call civilization, or government, is annually paying out more than one billion dollars for the education of children. Never in the history of man has such a flood of money flowed forth to develop the child.

Where a century or half a century ago China, Japan, the Philippines, the Latin-American republics, and our own continent, were bankrupt of educators and schools, to-day the hand of physical and moral education is extended to every child.

Why? Because educators and those who control the best impulses of government have recognized, much quicker than fathers and mothers, that, if there is to be any future of peace, progressive work, honorable upbuilding of mentality and morality, it must be by training the child now living, and, with proper care, certain to be living for many years to come.

Some great thinker—the name is missing at the moment—said:

"One of the hardest phases of human nature to overcome by those who look forward, not backward, is selfishness. The highest essence of human selfishness is expressed in actions which indicate no belief in a to-morrow."

Thus the parent who leads the toddler at the knee into the belief that its acts of this moment will have no reaping time in a future moment, is a pure exemplification of the selfishness which destroys like a canker at the heart.

What will the future hold in the way of thoughtful, clean-handed work for the child of this hour—the child now romping on the playground or doing the chores in the yard?

At the rate the world's population is increasing, it will shortly be two billions, not one billion and a fraction as now. The railway mileage of the globe will have doubled in less than fifty years, as will also the schools and churches. The demand of the world for sustaining food, for readable books, for lighting, for sanitary living, for improved methods in medicine and its practice, will have trebled.

Those who are to perform this work properly must come from the children of this day, or the progress of the world will halt; and, when humanity ceases to progress, divine purposes are put to naught.

A little woman who had great hopes for the future of her children, even when they were three and four years of age, had a habit of saying to them:

"What you are doing at this moment may have some effect upon what you may want to do one year from to-day."

Her friends would chide her with the comment:

"Why scare the children with thoughts about next year, or the year after? Time will take care of what is to come."

But her invariable reply was:

"Time takes care of no one except to hand him back the fruit of the seed he has sown. We must take care of Time ourselves, or its opportunities will slip away."

Hence in the education of her children, she constantly held up the future to them, noting:

"You are doing very well to-day, but I want you to do better to-morrow; so that next week and next month you will be able to do still better. You don't know, I can't know, what you may have to face later on, but to the best of our abilities we can get ready for it."

"Just think, Charlie: some day the people may want to elect you to public office. Won't you want to be a strong, honorable man then, understanding your duties and always seeking to do the right? And, Alice, you may be a school-teacher. If you don't try to understand little children now, how will you be able to care for them then?"

Even when it was necessary to rebuke or discipline her children, this little woman would bring in the thought:

"By doing wrong you've taken a step backward. You are not as strong for what may be ahead of you as if you had not done the wrong. Now, let's all

pull together, and see if we can't wipe out that black mark and better fit ourselves for the bigger day coming."

Thus between facts and ideals—blessed are ideals!—she slowly, patiently, persistently led her two children into a constant habit of thinking that all they were doing in the present had but a small connection with the past, but an everlasting one with that future into which they were merging as man and woman—workers—citizens.

This woman was a type of parental unselfishness only too rarely found. Educators have met this type, here and there, and then the opposite.

The Contrast

The opposite is this—the parent who, having given a child life, having paid doctor's bills, attendance of nurses, the charge for quantities of dainty clothing, powders and perfumes, assumes, when the wriggling thing called a baby begins to stretch out claws called feet and other claws called hands to sustain itself, and starts to discern that it is part of a new and interesting life, in which it may do something for evil or good (of either of which it yet knows nothing), shirks responsibility.

teacher not comprehending those seeking knowledge, a Congressman derelict to his trust, or a new father or new mother adding new, wanton selfishness to human life.

The sum and substance of it all is this—the child starts, not with the government, not with the church, not with the school, but right back in the hearts, the intelligence, the low or high impulses of the home in which it first saw the light.

Overloaded statute books of men may say much as to the rights of property and of human beings; pulpits may interpret the divine teachings as they see fit; boards of education may elaborate extraordinary rules for the protection of young and old students.

But none of these functions of human life, each legitimate in its place, can save the child who is brought up in a home where he is not taught that he is growing, strengthening, to take the place of the parent, and to improve upon whatever work that parent has done.

The ruin or success of the future is in the hands of the child of to-day, and if it fails, the responsibility is upon the parent-mind guiding it now.

faced your country's foe without a tremor, yet you tremble in every fiber of your giant body at the sight of this blue-eyed woman! "—to ask you to go with me to the fair to-morrow," he continued, feebly.

"Of course, Luke, if you want me to." There was a shade of disappointment in Harriet's voice.

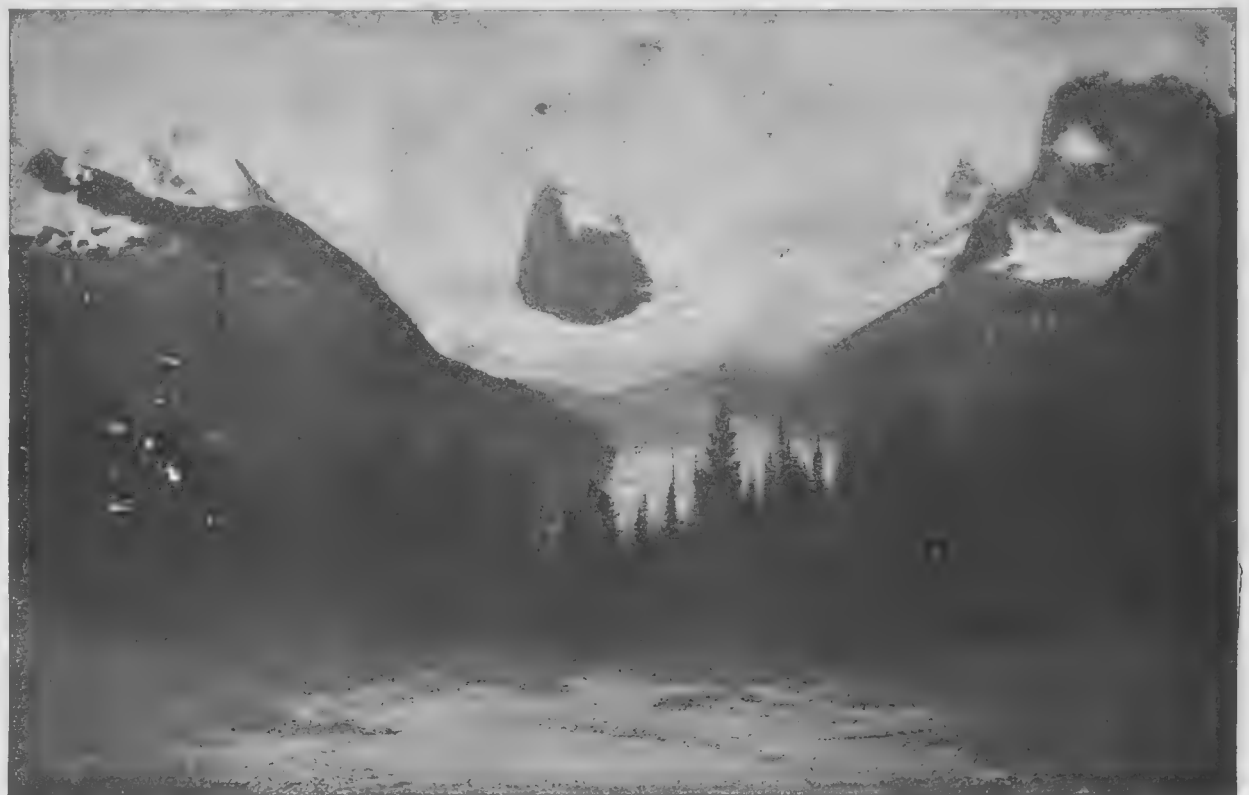
Without another word Luke turned on his heel. He knew now that it was impossible for him ever to express his love. How he cursed the fate that made him love; how he cursed the fate that made him diffident.

The county fair was a tremendous success. Exhibits and amusements were high-class, but they palled on Luke and Harriet. Late in the afternoon they were following a crowd, their hearts heavy with longing and disappointment.

The dapper little man who had attracted and was leading the crowd paused, turned and began a series of hypnotic manoeuvres.

"What's he doing?" whispered Harriet. "I don't know," answered Luke. "We'll wait and see."

O blessed hypnotist, verily thou art a guardian angel! Suddenly he paused, his black eyes snapping and looking straight at Luke and Harriet. With a sinuous



The Higher Peaks rose above the Snowfields of Nunatak.

Responsibility, for the bank cashier, is honest care of the money of other people which passes through his hands. Responsibility, for the pastor in the pulpit, is the sincerity of the life he leads and the words he utters. Responsibility of the government is its honest care, from every point of view, of the people who pay its taxes and live up to its laws. Responsibility, for the teacher, is to do her duty toward the child daily in front of her.

Is the parent exempt? The government cannot bring a child into life. The bank cashier can give to the world only his own, not yours. The school-teacher accepts what scores of homes offer; he can do no more. How about the actual parent?

With all due respect to the thousands of parents in this world who are trying to perform their full duty to the child—the citizen of to-morrow—the government, the bank cashier, the pastor, and the teacher, not saying anything of the police and judges, can do but comparatively little for the child whose home life is built on foundations of selfishness.

Selfishness is a human thought which lives only for this moment. Passed from father and mother to the child, it is aggravated. The child is not led to see that, as it grows, as it passes from the home touch, its career intermingles with that of hundreds of others. The humane, the brotherhood idea—the community-of-interest thought—is never grasped by it. The child so reared by short-sighted parents becomes in itself a destructive and not a constructive atom. It may be a laggard railway engineer sleeping at his post; a postman thieving letters, a

God bless the men and women of noble brain and heart

Who go down into folk-swamps and take the children's part.

—Will Carleton.

Where Faint Heart Won

Luke Maxwell, an awkward farmer with a heart big enough to love the entire world, yet filled to overflowing with love for Harriet Weber, was down in his orchard, miserable and unhappy. Ten years of courtship with a passion still undeclared was a humorous thing to the villagers, but to Luke, lying prone amid the harvest scents, it amounted almost to a tragedy. But for his hated shyness Harriet might now be mistress of the pretty farm house showing white through the trees, might have been there ten years. Now she was going "out West" to live with her brother—one short week and she would be out of his life forever. Ten years of loving, with frequent meetings with his idol, were livable at least, but a lifetime without a sight of her or the sound of her voice was unbearable even to think of.

"What a tongue-tied fool I've been!" he groaned. "And oh, heaven, how I love her! I must tell her! I can't let her go!"

With a courage born of desperation he dashed like a wild thing through the orchard and up to the little vine-clad cottage. Harriet greeted him in her sweet, calm way, and the blush that always appeared when she met him, came into her face.

"Harriet," he began, bravely, "I've come to ask you—to—" He glanced at her, and then faltered. Oh, Luke, you

movement he drew from his pocket a scroll, which he unrolled and held before their wondering eyes. On this scroll, in large red letters, was printed the following:

"ASK HER TO MARRY YOU, AND TAKE HER TO BROWN & GREEN'S FOR THAT HANDSOME PARLOR SUITE. THEY FEATHER THE NEST."

Luke read it, then turned to Harriet, a glorious smile illuminating his features. Her face was crimson.

"Will you go there with me, Harriet?" he whispered, suddenly growing bold. "I've wanted to ask you for years."

"If you want me to, Luke," murmured Harriet, a new, glad light in her eyes.

And the hypnotist passed on to collect another crowd, unmindful and unconscious of the part he had played.—Maude J. Sullivan.

The Quicker the Better

Henry Seton Merriman, whose real name was Hugh Scott, was a rapid writer. Mr. Scott wrote only at long intervals; but when he once had a story in mind he would write several chapters in an evening. The following is reported as a conversation between Mr. Scott and Walter Pater, the scrupulous and scholarly critic:

"Nothing," Mr. Pater asserted, "nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry."

"Nothing?" asked Mr. Scott, with a suggestion of doubt.

"Nothing!" said Mr. Pater.

"How about catching a train?" asked the novelist

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Winnipeg

CREED AND CHARACTER

As a man liveth so is he. It's life that counts. In a religious way you may profess this that and the other thing, but humanity will, ever and always, take you at your life value. What is your life? How do you live? Your character is your creed. "The story goes that a deputation of the usual adherents of the Northfield Conference waited on Mr. Moody and urged him not to allow Drummond to speak. Mr. Moody asked a day to think over the matter; and when the deputation returned, informed them that he had 'laid it before the Lord, and the Lord had shown him that Drummond was a better man than himself; so he was to go on!' This, if true, was like the man who penned the tribute to Drummond, given in the first chapter of this volume, and who once said to the writer, 'There's nothing I ever read of Henry Drummond's or heard him say, that I didn't agree with.'"

LET THE CRITICS TALK

Since people will talk, let them talk. "They say. What do they say. Let them say." Don't worry about what they say; keep your record clean. Everything said about a good man, whether it be good or bad, helps him. A strong character provokes criticism and is helped by criticism. Better be talked about than not noticed. But, as a rule, never answer your critics. The best answer is no answer. "He answered to them never a word." The late Whitelaw Reid seldom if ever replied to attacks made on him; it was pointed out by one of his friends of long standing who attended his funeral at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Early in his career Roscoe Conkling and Mr. Reid parted political company it was recalled, and yet Mr. Reid, it was added, never forgot a saying of Conkling's, "Silence is the only thing that can never be answered."

THE OLD BOOK

The Bible is the oldest piece of literature. It survives because it possesses literary quality. If the Bible did not flash and flame with the fire of literary genius, all the churches and denominations in Christendom could not save it from oblivion. It is the mother book and the mother of books. A student came into the study of Dr. Wayland, when he was President of Brown University, one day, and said: "Dr. Wayland, I have been reading the Proverbs of Solomon, and I don't think they amount to much; I believe I can write better ones myself." "Well," said the doctor, "Suppose you take two weeks and write half a dozen, and, when done, bring them to me. I think I would like to see them." The student said he would, and withdrew. The two weeks passed, but he did not report. The wise old Doctor had not forgotten, and sent for him. When he entered the President's office, Dr. Wayland inquired: "How about those maxims you were going to write for me?" "Well!" responded the student, "I haven't succeeded. I thought it would be an easy thing to do, those in the Bible seemed so simple and common-place; but the more I tried, the more I found that I couldn't do it, and, after boasting as I did, I was ashamed to come to you and acknowledge my failure."

HARD WORK

Hard thinking and hard work make a powerful team. Such a combination of mind and muscle makes a consolidation which is irresistible. When the head and the hand unite in one supreme effort there is neither force nor resistance which stand in the way. The main question in life is: "Do you know how to work?" A certain writer remarks: "I can readily believe now that Froude did not exaggerate when he said that he consulted 400,000 references for his History, and the mind is staggered at the thought of the immense toil which Carlyle undertook in writing his History of Frederick the Great, in which the accuracy of its battle pictures, as of all other details, is so great, that Germany has long since adopted the book as a text-book for all military students."

IDEALS

Worship your ideals, for they are the enthroned convictions of the soul. If you follow them they will bring you peace and happiness. If you forsake them, they will return to rebuke and harass you. Whatever you do or whatever may happen to you, the maiden convictions of your early manhood will ever hover over you. Walter Scott tells us how gypsies stole the noble's child, carried him to a foreign land, left him to grow up in ignorance, and made the heir to an estate and a titled name hew wood and draw water. But all the time some memory burned in the child's heart. The boy awakened from dreaming of a fair, sweet face bending over him, from dreaming of the wide halls of a great manor house.

INSPIRATION

The first lesson of youth is to learn the value of thought. Through thought we link ourselves with the unseen, and spiritual universe. The thoughts you think are not born in your brain. The ideas which stir you did not originate in your own mind. The inspirations which set your soul on fire are not the product of your mental grey matter. Original thought is a spiritual inhalation. Grand old Haydn, sick and worn out, was carried for the last time into the music hall, and there he heard his own oratorio of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience rose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward heaven, and said: "It comes from there." Overwhelmed with his own music, he was carried out in his chair, and as he came to the door he spread his hand toward the orchestra as in benediction. Haydn was right when he waved his hand toward heaven and said, "It comes from there."

CHRISTIANITY

The biggest fact in history is Christianity. The greatest nations are the Christian nations. The best civilization which the world has ever known is our Christian civilization. The perfume of Christianity fills the earth. You may not be a professor of religion or a member of a religious organization but, whoever you are, you cannot afford to sneer at Christianity." Matthew Arnold was an agnostic but he said: "Show me, ten square miles outside of Christianity where the life of man or the virtue of women is safe, and I'll throw over Christianity at once."

PRESENT JOY

Extract your joys from the present moment. Vacations which are well planned seldom bring us the joy which we had dreamed of. Those, too, who wait until they are old to enjoy the results of their toil and labor, very often, find their teeth gone and their digestion impaired. Be a dreamer but live in the present. Study the stars but keep your feet on the earth. And, remember, the present moment is the only one you are absolutely sure of. We are told that Cineas the philosopher once asked Pyrrhus what he would do when he had conquered Italy. "I will conquer Sicily." "And after Sicily?" "Then Africa." "And after you have conquered the world?" "I will take my ease and be merry." "Then," asked Cineas, "why can you not take your ease and be merry now?"

GREAT BOOKS

The great books are the cheapest. You can purchase for a shilling, books which only the aristocrats of a former generation could possess. To-day, the poorest young man is he who does not possess a well chosen library of his own. Think of how a past generation toiled and struggled for the possession of a great book. The Countess of Anjou bought a book of Homilies, paying for it two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. Henry V., King of England, borrowed a book from the Countess of Westmoreland; and not having returned it at his death, the Countess petitioned the Privy Council that it might be restored to her by an order under the privy seal, which was done with all formality.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

The first thing to do—is to decide to do. The mind must act before the body moves. Decisions is a prophecy of achievement. Mental resolution is the mother of every social revolution. It is a great thing to know how to "make up your mind" when that is done, you clear the decks for action and all things are ready. "I am resolved what to do," said the perplexed man in the scriptural parable. Decide to do. Professor Peabody, of Harvard University, used to say that a firm decision to be an educated man is itself half an education.

PURITY IN SPEECH

Purity in speech is the master mark of a gentleman. Only the low born or ill bred stain their conversation with impurity. The young man who works filth and slush into his conversation must be poverty stricken in mental furniture and intellectual bric-a-brac. It is related that General Grant was once sitting in his tent with officers around him, when a general came in in much glee and said: "I have a good story to tell; there are no ladies present, I believe." "No," said General Grant, "but there are gentlemen present." The man's countenance fell; the good story was never told. Some Christians could learn a good lesson from the great commander's remark.—Christian (Boston.)

YOUR BIRTHDAY

You should celebrate your birthday. Your birthday is a good day for self inspection. On that day you should review and anticipate. On that day you should conjure up your soul with great thoughts. It should be a serious day for you and will be if life has any real meaning. Could you not on your birthday follow the example of Charles Kingsley who wrote these words: "June 12, 1841.—My birth-night. I have been for the last hour on the sea-shore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God; a vow never (if He gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled."

CUT IT OUT!

When coffee gets on your nerve, cut it out, when tea affects your digestion, cut it out. When tobacco acts on your heart, cut it out, when the motion picture takes up too much of your time, cut it out. When baseball becomes too fascinating, cut it out. Whatever interferes with your chances of success should be instantly rooted out of the soil of your life. Dwight L. Moody, remarks, "I once heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied; they wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. When the gray dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never loosed the mooring line, or raised the anchor. And that's just the way with many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world. Cut the cord! Cut the cord! Set yourselves free from the clogging weight of earthly things, and you will soon go on toward heaven."

STUDY YOUR DEFEATS

A wise man will get as much out of a defeat as out of a victory. He will ask the question: "Why was I defeated?" He will review the incidents and events of his life to ascertain why defeat was possible. He will cross question himself, to ascertain if his last defeat can be turned into a speedy victory. Every defeat brings a lesson. Study your defeats. It will, at least, put you in sympathy with those who have been defeated. "This defeat at Leipsic," says St. Amand, was for Napoleon a combination of grief and surprise. Of all the battles he had fought, this was the first that he had lost. Up to that time he could boast that if he had been conquered by the elements he had never been conquered by man; and now he was to know for himself the sufferings he had inflicted on others.

EVERYTHING COUNTS

We are living in a universe where everything counts. Every thought contributes to the fabric of the mind. Every word, uttered by you, strengthens or weakens your intellect. Every act is the incarnation of character and the guarantee of the quality of a man's personality. Everything counts! Exercise lubricates. Laughter expands. Deep breathing enriches the blood. Proper associations brings culture—and everything counts. "Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never-so-little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well! he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less."

FRIENDSHIP

It is the law of friendship which holds society together. The man who can make friends holds a strong position in the social circle. He has an influence which is potent in its character and increasing in its power. In the hour of emergency a man's friends gather around him and for the sake of friendship refuse to submit to his dishonor or dethronement. Many a time an average man with strong friends has proven mightier than a strong man without friends. Make friends, man, make friends!

YOUR DESTINY

It is a great thing for a man to believe that he is a child of destiny. To believe that in the plan of God there is a place for him. This makes life worth living. How poor we should all be without such a confidence. It is ours to believe that the place where we live, the time of our existence on this planet, and all supposed limitations of our surrounding circumstances have been permitted in divine purpose. Booker T. Washington has said: "I am proud to be identified with the Negro race. If I could re-enter the spirit world and be asked what race I would prefer, I would ask to be made a Negro again."

Moderate Cost Tractor Service is a Necessity on Every Farm

The Highest Type of Such Service is the Auto

By Olive Lanier

POWER on the farm; power for all purposes; economic and reliable power, is not supposed to be one of the things that "every woman knows" and yet the application of the modern motor to practical farming and farm industries has proven so desirable, its benefits are so many and apparent that a woman of any discernment can understand why it has displaced the horse and the ox and put old devices in the junk yard.

light a frame and put in so cheap an engine that the utility of his tractor is doubtful. In plowing, when the soil is heavy, the machine stops and it is of little service in other work because he has sacrificed power for economy. Yet a low priced tractor is so much in demand that it is said hundreds of these little machines are being ordered which may never pay for themselves in real service.

There is however a machine of mod-

used as a tractor for doing seeding, discing, harrowing, etc., as well as hauling grain to market, making roads, operating a small threshing machine, feed grinder, ensilage cutter, saw mill and performing every service usually found on the medium sized farm, requiring an always reliable machine of this nature. One might say truthfully that the Hackney Auto Plow is the highest type of all purpose power farm machine.

The men behind the Hackney Plow, who have built up the great establishment where it is manufactured, have had practical experience in the problems of farm life. They started with an idea based on the well recognized principle that power is the chief factor in the world's progress. The three Hackney brothers were born and raised on farms. They were trained practically as well as technically and they believe that a power plow, a gasoline plow was a necessity of modern farming. For years they studied every phase of tillage, every condition of soil and every economic need of successful farming. They were familiar through long use, with traction power farming and they realized the necessity for highest efficiency at modest cost and the Hackney Auto Plow is the happy result of their united skill. They have reached a point of efficiency that will not be attained by other manufacturers for years to come.

For over five years now the company has manufactured and sold farm tractors of their peculiar type, of different sizes and has supplied not only the demand of the small farmer who is running a quarter or half section farm, but has also furnished the man who operates a farm of several thousand acres with a tractor that has proven a great economy in his farm work.

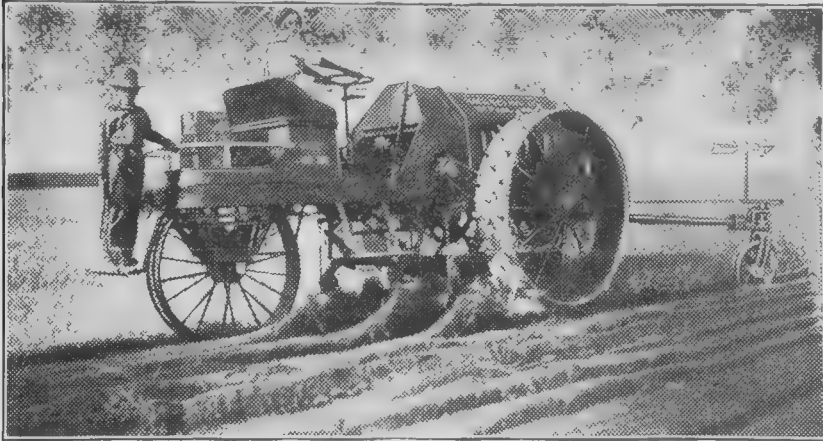
The works of the Hackney Manufacturing Company are located in the mid-way district St. Paul, between the twin cities. I was surprised to find such an enormous industry and so many busy workmen. From this establishment Canada is now being supplied with the Hackney Auto Plow Tractor through

the well known Sawyer Massey Company with its branches in the leading towns of all the provinces. It is becoming a very popular machine on Canadian farms because of its light weight, substantial finish, perfect control, absolute reliability and reasonable price. It's especially adapted for breaking prairie sod, doing practically an acre an hour. The machine can be backed up or run forward with the attachments raised. It does discing, harrowing and leveling at one operation. It does not pack the soil as much as horses doing an equal amount of work.

In plowing each plow is independent and should one strike a rock or any other obstruction, it raises out of the ground without interfering with the work of the others and as soon as the obstruction has been past, the plow goes back to the natural depth at which it had been working. The Hackney Auto Plow Tractor is more suitable for road work than any tractor built. It is so light as not to injure bridges or culverts and has in it the proper material to withstand the heavy and hard work of road building and caring for roads after they have been built.

The Hackney Auto Plow Tractor will be exhibited at the Canadian Industrial Exhibition at Winnipeg, July 10th to 18th, where it can be seen by the farmers of the western provinces, and I know they will use good judgment in placing their orders for this graceful, easily operated practical and many service machine.

While there are many reasons why the farmer of to-day should use a power plow on his farm, the most important one is that he is enabled to plow his soil and put in his crops at the time when the ground is in condition to best receive the seed and the Hackney Auto Plow enables the medium sized farmer to do this quicker than he could with horses and much cheaper. The long hot days when horses must be rested at frequent intervals are the days when every moment counts and when the Auto plow shows vast superiority over the old method of handling the crops.



The Hackney Auto Plow.

These thoughts were in my mind when I visited the great shops of the Hackney Manufacturing Company. Chaperoned by one of the officials I was shown through the various departments and saw hundreds of the wonderful Hackney Auto Plows in process of completion. I had already seen a field demonstration of this tractor which had so excited my interest by its perfect mastery of the soil, its simplicity and the ease with which it was operated, that I wanted to know more about it. When I left this huge institution these reflections came to me:

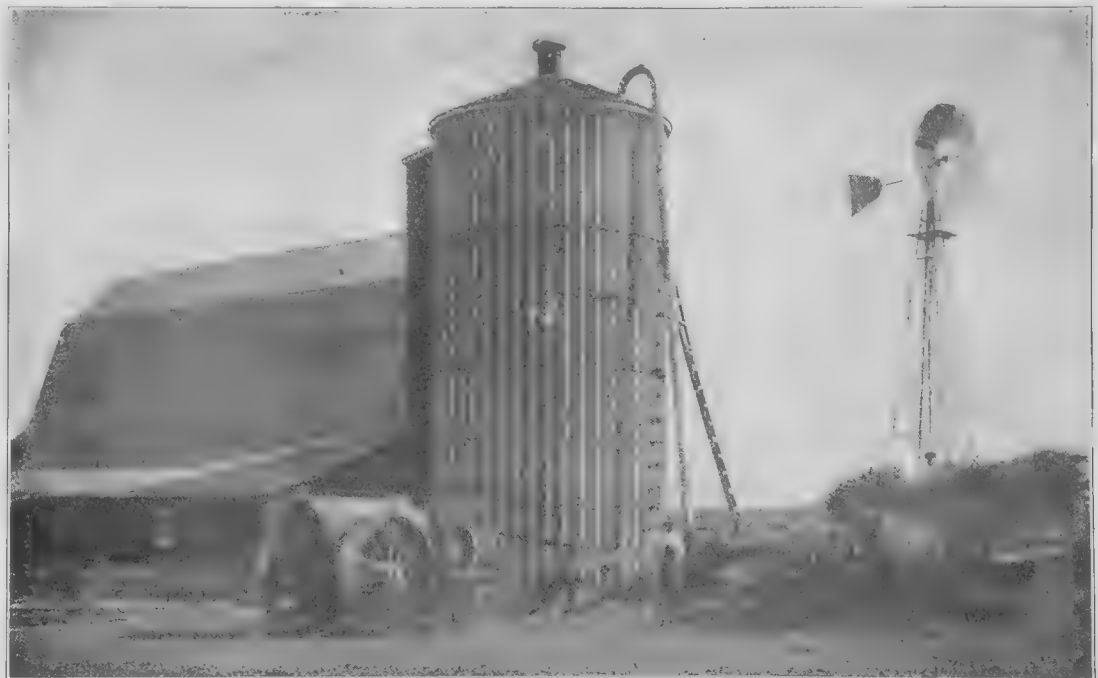
Modern horse-power in the shape of the Auto plow and the traction engine, has superseded the power horse, lusty, reliable and efficient animal, almost to the point of elimination on large farms and the inventors are striving to do away with him altogether by making tractors at a price within the means of the smallest farmer.

The evolution of the farm engine has been very interesting but the farmer has paid dearly during experimental stages and for ponderous machines the cost of which has caused him to mortgage a good many crops. The heavy tractor costing from \$3,500 to \$6,000 has been the undoing of hundreds of men on the farm. Families have stinted and deprived themselves, season after season, in order that the tractor notes could be met. While the inventors have struggled with the problem of reducing the cost the country has suffered from "tractoromious."

A motor plowing device of moderate price, capable of doing a good deal of other work such as discing, harrowing, road-grading, threshing, pumping, hauling etc., is now as necessary to good farming as the land itself. A great effort has been made to produce a cheap machine that would do the work but the cost has been reduced at the sacrifice of strength. One inventor has claimed to build a tractor for less than \$500 that would do the work of two good teams of horses but he has had to build so

erate price, practical, economical, dependable, ready for any service, graceful and easily handled by any slip of a girl on the farm, that every farmer can well afford to own and good farmers ought not to be without. It is a machine that has stood every test as a one man, power outfit for general purpose farm work; in other words, it is the Hackney Auto Plow Tractor which is built with a view to reducing expense on the farm and doing work quicker, cheaper and better than other tractors. Your troubles are all over when you equip your farm with a Hackney outfit. The Auto Plow Tractor has qualities which make it peculiarly the tractor of the prudent and thorough farmer. The Hackney Plow is legal tender in the coin of common sense. Priced within the means of the small farmer, it is the handiest friend of the patrician land cultivator.

The Hackney Auto Plow is a self-contained plowing outfit that can be



The Hackney Tractor in Operation.

CLASSIFIED PAGE FOR THE PEOPLE'S WANTS

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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ELLIOTT BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, gives superior training for choice business positions; graduates eminently successful; open all year; commence now. Write for new prospectus. 2-15

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WANTED—to hear of good farm or unimproved land for sale. Send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn. 7-9

REAL ESTATE WANTED—Sell your property quickly for cash, no matter where located, particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., Dept. 82, Lincoln, Nebr. 8

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property. Free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 12

FOR SALE—640 acres 2 1/4 miles from Lanigan, 310 acres 3 miles from Moose Jaw, 1,280 acres near Gainsborough, 160 acres improved near Carievale, 1,280 acres near Borden, 320 acres near McNutt, 640 acres improved near Paynton, 160 acres improved near Rama. These lands are offered at right prices on the following terms: 1-10 cash, balance 9 yearly payments at 6 per cent. For list and maps write Canada Lands, Limited, 400 Northern Crown Bank Building, Winnipeg, Can. 7

NEW BRUNSWICK FARMS—Offer tremendous advantages to settlers chief of which are very remarkable land values and first-class markets, a combination of favorable conditions unheard of elsewhere. Beside having a delightful climate, free from all extremes, summer frosts, hail storms and crop failures are unknown. Beautiful picturesque country. Mixed farming possibilities unsurpassed. Splendidly adapted to fruit, irrigation absolutely unnecessary. Great dairy, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry opportunities. Our potato yield 1913 best in Canada, also finest watered province. Where the sportsman's paradise is realization. Only six days from England and the world's best markets. Good roads, low taxes, religious, educational and social advantages splendid. Here a farm yielding a good living may be purchased with a small capital on favorable terms. We guarantee the above indisputable facts. Write for our free illustrated farm catalogue. Correspondence invited. Alfred Burley & Co., 46 Princess St., St. John, N.B., Farm Specialists. T.F.

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This Beautiful Ring with any initial, 12c hand engraved for 10c extra. Catalogue free. W. H. Gross Onard Co., 2147 Arthur Ave., N. Y. 7

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Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek.

IT IS interesting to note the formation in Winnipeg of The Manitoba Co-operative Poultry Producers United recently, and this organization has applied for incorporation under the provincial statute.

The aim of this body is a most excellent one and deserves hearty support viz., "A proper co-operation market for poultry products, particularly fresh eggs, that is, guaranteed eggs."

Winnipeg consumers will give such a market a lasting welcome without doubt. Now we are having long, hot days "eggs off flavor" are too common by far.

Eggs are now going up in price as is only to be expected. Dated eggs are in demand at 35c. per dozen and the Farmers' Central Market does a good business in this product.

It is most necessary, during the heated term of June, July and August to have only infertile eggs laid on the farm. This is a gospel I am always preaching "ye farmer folk," but surely the time is ripe for reform, when we learn from Ottawa that the Dominion Poultry Division officers claim a million dollar loss annually in Canada because the roosters are not killed off after the breeding season is over, but allowed to run with the hens all summer on the majority of Canadian farms.

So do get busy and kill off the male birds as soon as possible, then gather the new laid eggs at least once a day, then you are in a position to place a guaranteed fresh egg on the market. Get in touch with this new company, or some other good firm and furnish dated eggs to the best trade. The parcels post is a useful medium for shipping to market.

The male birds that you kill off now, make an excellent Sunday dinner or will command a fair price shipped into town. July is a good time to sell off the old hens, also before they begin to moult. All the wholesale firms will give a better price now than later on, when the spring chickens are marketable.

All the poultry breeders report a very brisk trade in eggs for hatching from pure bred strains of fowls as well as the sale of pure bred birds, this past spring. This all goes to show how the poultry industry is increasing throughout our Western provinces. The man or woman on the farm can raise chickens much more cheaply than any one else, should be our main producer of poultry and eggs.

The baby chick business too, is fast increasing in this country. Many people prefer to buy day old chicks hatched in an incubator, to taking the risk of hatching out eggs at home. The Delamere Baby Chick Farm is the largest plant in Canada, situated in Stratford, Ontario on an ideal location for the purpose. This season Mr. Delamere has hatched no less than 2,500 chicks for his immense trade. White Leghorns of the best strain in Canada, is the only breed he keeps. Egg production and the most fertile eggs obtainable are two important points on his plant.

No doubt the white Leghorn scores very high when egg producing and fertility are the main factors. But the little Leghorn is such an indifferent market bird. I should never advise a farmer to go in for this breed unless he cares to keep two breeds. One breed of the utility class, such as the Barred Rocks, Buff Orpingtons or Wyandottes will prove the most satisfactory and profitable bird on the Western farm.

During July and August the question of proper shade for growing chicks is important. I wonder how many farmers who cannot place their flocks under natural shade trees, have planted a nice lot of sunflowers for this purpose? The sunflower will grow almost anywhere and gives splendid shade as well as a valuable food later on, when the seeds ripen. Sunflower seeds is simply an ideal food when the moult is on. All

fowl are very fond of the seeds and will refeather in capital form if given at least one feed a day.

It is very important to keep the young flock growing all the time. When the pullets are two months old they can use plenty of skim milk or curds made of skim milk and butter milk. If gradually introduced to milk food they suffer no bad effect and there is nothing else so beneficial to induce laying in the autumn. Hopper feeding is easily managed for them when at this stage of growth, and give them all the range possible or failing that, try and feed plenty of garden stuff such as lettuce, onions thinned from the patch and many kinds of weeds, such as fat hen chickens will eat with relish. Young beets and spinach are often available for them also. Don't forget cool clean water a couple of times a day, that is an essential in the heat of July and August. Speaking of shade reminds of an ideal home for growing chicks, just an ordinary yarded enclosure of fair size, with a colony house in the middle. At first there were half a dozen trees and some shrubbery and some little rose bushes. After 5 years the roses have spread and grown so some of them are five feet high and such a tangle, rich in color and delightful in sweetness. A bower of beauty indeed. Of course the secret is that the chicks have fertilized the ground and with constant scratching have made the roses unusually fine and darker in color than the ordinary wild rose. The photo pictures another fine place for growing chicks, a real Manitoba apple orchard at my old home "The Hermitage," Headingley. I used to keep some coops under these trees. This photo was taken in June, 1914.

The work of the experimental farm at Ottawa in poultry matters has been most valuable as I, myself, and many others can testify. Mr. A. G. Gilbert spared no trouble in giving knowledge to beginners when ever called upon in the past. I have no doubt, now that a new up-to-date plant is being established at Ottawa, still greater benefit will be given to farmers throughout Canada. S. C. Elford, poultry husbandman, seems a most capable man and able to pass on splendid advice in these proposed leaflets. The old fashioned annual bulletins were certainly somewhat bulky though containing so much useful knowledge for the poultryman and gardener.

Poultry House Must Be Dry

Proper ventilation of poultry houses may or may not be reasonably well understood. Certainly many are careless of practising it. The one real test of correct ventilation is whether or not the interior of the house is sufficiently dry in all kinds of weather and the floor perfectly dry throughout the entire year. Hundreds of reasons are offered for colds and roup in flocks. Usually almost every reason is suggested but the right one. Fowls will live in farm buildings, roosting on the roof beams of a wagon shed, the handles of ploughs and the tail boards of waggons, if driven from these places they will take to trees, living, prospering and suffering nothing from colds. Force these same fowls to roost in damp poorly-ventilated coops and nearly all of them will become infected with roup.

The open front house, with open spaces enough to guarantee good circulation and healthful ventilation prevents this. By healthful ventilation is meant ventilation that will keep the interior of the house dry, the floor free from dampness and the atmosphere untainted with odors. The type of house best for laying hens is the open front house with glass windows between the openings. The glass windows will admit light, and on a sunny but windy day the cloth curtains may be dropped so as to close the openings. No matter how cold it may be, if the wind is not blowing the cloth windows should be open to permit the free circulation of air both day and night. Pure air will not work harm. Dampness will.

"Or anywhere," he said, emphatically. "Ay, and she will be that dawdled by him. He's right daft over them a', for-bye the bairns, the ducks and chickens." Almost unconsciously she had fallen into Mrs. Campbell's way of speech.

"You have the gift of tongues, Beatrice," said he, absently.

"Being a Latin teacher—why not?"

He did not start, as she wished him to do; only leaned forward with an unbelieving smile.

"You—a Latin teacher?" he scoffed.

"Yes, Mr. John," she cried, with a touch of temper. "Oh, I haven't degrees and letters and things like yours; but you never so much as asked me whether I knew Latin!"

"No," said he, slowly, "I didn't think it an important or interesting question."

"It is to you," she flashed.

"That's different."

"O-h!" she exclaimed in helpless anger. "I'll reconstruct my ideas, and begin to look upon you as very wise—" he began.

"Don't tease," she said.

"Am I teasing?" He laid his hand gently on her wrist, looking down into her eyes.

Her glance wavered away, and fell upon his forehead. Foolishly she began to mark how the fine, brown hair was wearing thin and gray at the temples; and, so doing, forgot to answer.

"Why did you come over here this summer?" he demanded, irrelevantly.

"I was dreadfully bored, and Mrs. Campbell's niece, whom I knew in New York, told me about this place. I wanted to get away from everybody!"

"Exactly. So did I. And we found each other. What a pity!" said he, gravely; and she had no reply.

"You are going back?"

"Yes."

"Soon?"

"Very."

"To teach Latin?"

"In a boarding-school."

"You like it?"

"Hate it!"

"Then why—?"

"One must live," said she, and developed little lines about the mouth.

"If things were different," said he, quietly, "and I intended to marry—as I do not—I might tell you about a certain house in London, which has only begun lately to think that it needs a mistress."

"What foolery!" she exclaimed, trying to withdraw her wrist.

"Of course. That is why I didn't say it."

"Your point of view is," said she with a slight quaver, "that nothing in life amounts to much, except Latin editions." She would not let him interrupt, but continued, "If they are so all-absorbing and all-important, I think I shall go in for them myself—if I know enough."

"I'll look you up some nice, dry chronicles, shall I?" said he, with a chuckle.

"Thank you—I may get to be a professor myself, some day," said she, rising.

"That will be jolly," he assented; and as she reached the door he spoke her name.

"Well?"

"Do you suppose the precentor and his wife speculate about what is worth while?"

"No. They only quarrel—when he's had a drap—she's just home, wet from the cockle-gathering, and the fish are no cooked—whatsoever," said she, grimly, and went out into the twilight, now clear but windy.

He came out at once, and stood by her on the step. Her hair and cape blew fiercely about her. "I'm going to the shore," said she.

"Steady! I'll have to come to keep you from keeling over."

No more was said until they found shelter beneath an overhanging rock. The breakers thundered just below, with an occasional swish of spray past them.

"Dear," said he, suddenly, "we don't know how to live—you and I."

"Does anybody?" she began; but he sprang to his feet, his whole attention given to the sea.

She, turning with him, saw a fishing-boat rounding the point of rock opposite them in a little bay. It was driving swiftly shoreward; and the next moment Beatrice closed her eyes, faint, for the disaster had happened.

Harding clutched her arm.

"Mrs. Campbell—a rope—run!" said he, sharply, tearing off his coat.

When she stumbled down the rocks again, looking first along the shore, she saw him, drenched, clinging to the outermost rock, knee-deep in water, his eyes fixed steadily on a black object rising and falling with the frothy waves.

He caught the rope from her, without removing his gaze. She could look no more; but covered her face and heard him throw the rope again and again, shouting above the waves, in Gaelic and in English, "Rope there—catch!"

Presently, with averted face, she helped him pull ashore the body of a fisherman. He had managed to twist and knot the rope about himself, but now lay motionless on the shingle.

"Is he—?" she asked.

"Stunned—cut a bit on the head; rock perhaps—or in the wreck. It's the precentor," said Harding.

"A-h!" she breathed. And then they worked together until the fisherman was able, with their assistance, to stagger to the house. Only once did they exchange speech while she was helping him bind his handkerchief about the cut head.

"How did you get so wet? Did you swim out?"

"Waiting for you," she said, humbly. "I was wrong. The precentor knows."

"How to live? Other people might learn—if they tried," he observed.

"Do you know your bit lesson?" she asked, smiling a little. "Say it, and I'll see."

"Latin is good, Beatrice, but love is better—and best—is you!"

She slipped away to a second landing, and leaning over—he could see her hair softly outlined against the light of an open door—called down, half under her breath.

"You are wrong, John. Latin is only incidental, and love—love—love is very well; but best isn't I—it's—it's you!"

In this way began a new chapter in the lives of John and Beatrice Harding; even though, as to wooing—you see, there was none.

Fellow Sufferers

As the commuter who always boarded the train at Paradise Hills seated himself, he was conscious that the young man next him looked at him with some curiosity as they exchanged good-mornings. For the

first few minutes neither one spoke. Then the young man broke the ice. "You have a delicate throat, I see," he said commiseratingly. "I used to be bothered that way myself."

The commuter hesitated. There was something about his seatmate which invited confidence.

"Have you been married long?" he asked with apparent irrelevance.

"Not so very," admitted the young man. "Why?"

The commuter cautiously loosened the bandage round his throat and turning toward his companion, displayed an absurd looking, polka-dotted tie.

"We've been married less than a year," he muttered, "and she gave me six for Christmas."

The hand of his seatmate grasped his in a cordial, sympathetic grip.

"I thought so," he said. "It's only a year since I had my attack of throat trouble."

A new social class or a new name for an old one has been invented by the punster of the *Washington Star*.



A Smart Company of Winnipeg School Cadets.

He nodded, "No use."

Later, Beatrice peeped through the half-open hall-door into the lighted sitting-room. She saw the precentor, bandaged and swathed in blankets, but philosophical; saw good Mrs. Campbell busy with bottles and glasses and a steaming kettle; saw, in front of the fire, Harding, coatless, dishevelled, cheerful. A scrap of conversation came out to her.

"This one of your 'fine days,' Peter?" Harding asked.

"Dear, dear," said the fisherman, "the weather's no so bad, whatever; it will be the rope—she will be getting away from the sail."

"You were a fool to set out," said the other, bluntly.

"The storm it was ofer when I set out, and my wumman—she will be greeting aye—" He stopped and pulled his beard distressfully; and at this point Beatrice slipped away.

Harding, going upstairs a little later to change his clothes, found her in a heap on the dusky landing.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

NOTICE

Save \$50 to \$300 on Engines

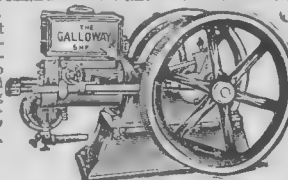
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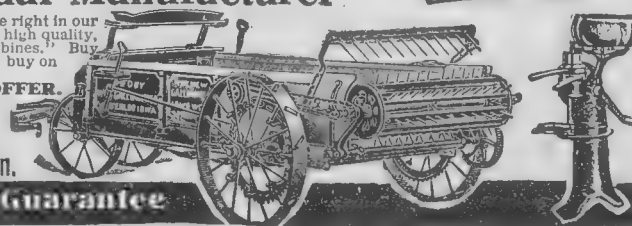
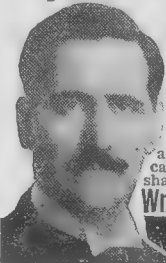
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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By Miss E. Cora Hind

The Beauties of June—For many, many years James Russel Lowell's famous "What is so rare as a day in June" has been one of the most frequently quoted descriptions of the queen of months, but recently I have found in a magazine in a poem by William Vaughn Moody, some lines on June which I think are quite as beautiful. The poem is called "Gloucester Moors" and the first verse runs:—

A mile behind runs Gloucester town,
Where the fishing fleets put in;
A mile ahead the land dips down,
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free,
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and
flee,
On the flying heels of June.

Jill o'er the ground is purple blue,
Blue is the Quaker maid,
The alder clump where the brook comes
through,
Breeds cresses in the shade.

This is a most exquisite description and the June we have just lived through fits it admirably. It is many years since June has been a month of such splendid beauty. The rains came early, and the growth seemed as if it fairly leaped forward. Year by year, in the city and in the smaller towns and villages as well as

to these men was by boat, and the boat must be a hospital, a dispensary, and have facilities for religious services, and a part of the mission must be to establish hospitals at strategic points. The first hospital was built also in 1905; in 1907 another hospital was built at Vaneda. In 1909 St. George's Hospital was opened at Alert Bay. The Mission was incorporated under the Benevolent Society's Act of British Columbia, and is governed by a Board formed of two Committees, one from the diocese of Columbia, and the other from the diocese of New Westminster. The Rev. John Antle is the superintendent of the whole work, but there are now a number of other ministers and medical missionaries associated with him. The work receives some grants from the Government. It requires \$25,000 a year to finance it, and the great bulk of this must be raised by voluntary subscription. The Lumber companies, whose men are benefitted by the work of this mission, especially in the erection of Hospitals, have been moderately liberal towards it. It is difficult to think of any more practical form of Christian endeavor than this mission. The great number of cases which are treated in the Hospitals in connection with the mission are the result of accidents in the lumber camps, many of them incident to the getting of the logs down the rivers. The Columbia II, which is a larger and more adequately



Cathedral Mt. in distance.

in the farm home gardens, the number of flowering shrubs increase. Every month of the year has its own particular claim, but I think everyone's heart goes out to June. The green is just a little greener and the blue skies just a little bluer in that month than any other in the year. July is apt to be a bit faded, and August is something of an overripe beauty, but June is perfect, and if we appreciate it rightly we should carry forward with us a beauty of spirit to last throughout the rest of the year.

The Columbia Coast Missions—While at the Coast in May, I spent part of a Sunday afternoon on the Columbia II, the little vessel which is all of Church, Library and Hospital that many men along the Columbia River ever know. I had a chat with the Rev. John Antle, the superintendent and founder of the Columbia Coast Missions. He opened the mission in 1904. In a 16 foot boat built by his own hands, he made the voyage from Vancouver to Alert Bay and back, calling at all the lumber camps and settlements, travelling in all 500 miles. From that modest beginning a very great work has sprung up. When the mission first opened, there were three thousand men living along the Coasts, chiefly in Lumber Camps,—men who were cut off from civilisation and destitute of medical or surgical aid. The year following Mr. Antle's first trip, the Columbia I was built, because Mr. Antle realised that the only way in which aid could be brought

equipped boat than the first one, makes constant trips up and down the rivers at the time of the moving of the logs, and not only has been the means of saving many lives, but also of saving many men from being life long cripples, which is really more important. In the little hospital section of the boat is an X-Ray machine, which has many times proved effective in the work of setting shattered bones. A surgeon travels on the boat and renders first aid wherever an accident occurs. Then the patient is taken by boat to the nearest of the hospitals.

Chatting with Mr. Antle, he told me some very amusing and one or two rather sordid tales of the work. He laughingly said that it was not a business in which anyone should engage who was looking for gratitude, and he cited an instance of a Russian who had been caught in a terrible log jamb and had sustained a compound fracture of the thigh. The bone was not broken straight across, but on an angle, and it was exceedingly difficult to hold it in place, especially as the accident had happened some little time before the Columbia arrived at this camp. The Russian was taken to one of the Hospitals and received the best of care. Finally it was found necessary to put a screw through the bone, and all this was done for him free of charge, as he was a poor man, and in addition, during the year that he had to spend in hospital he was taught English, not a word of which he could speak on entering the Hospital. Imagine the surprise therefore, of Mr.

Antle and his colleagues to find that on the suggestion of a shyster lawyer, this man was bringing a suit against the Hospital where he had been taken care of because the injured leg, when he was able to use it, although strong and sound in every other way, was half an inch shorter than the other leg.

Fortunately for our faith in human nature, cases of this kind are rare. The majority of the men in the lumber camps and lumber woods appreciate very highly the services of this mission, not only from the standpoint of the physical comfort and safety given them through the Hospitals, but also on account of the opportunities of religious observances furnished them on the boat, and also at many points in their camps along the rivers. The mission is an Anglican one, and therefore the room in the boat devoted to services is fitted with an altar. This folds up into a little cabinet on the side of the wall that can be released and let down by the touch of a spring. As can be imagined, every inch of space on the boat is in use.

It seemed to me that to readers living so far inland as the majority of the subscribers of the Western Home Monthly would enjoy reading something of the working of a mission which depends entirely for its means of transportation on water. I was much struck with Mr. Antle's broad, clear outlook and his tience with the ignorance and ingratitude of men. He is doing a fine work and doing it in an exceedingly fine way.

The Colonial Intelligence League—

I said something about this league in these columns almost two years ago. The object of the league is to find in Canada and in other parts of the Overseas Dominions, work for educated Englishwomen who are trained, or to put them in the way of training out here. The leader of the movement, the Hon. Mrs. Grosvenor, passed through Winnipeg recently on her way west to look into the success of their first farm undertaking, which was begun at Vernon, British Columbia, and which consists of a small fruit ranch, 15 acres in extent, the land of which is under irrigation. On this small fruit ranch they hope to train women who are fond of out-of-door life, how to earn their living on the land, the officers of the League being convinced that there is a genuine opening for women in fruit farming in British Columbia.

The experiment will be watched with very much interest. In the meantime the League is sending out workers in other lines. Western hospitals are finding it exceedingly difficult to secure probationers, and all of those who have been sent out and placed in hospitals for training under the auspices of the League have given a good account of themselves. There are five in the General Hospital at Winnipeg, and quite a number of stenographers have been brought out under the auspices of this League and positions secured for them in Winnipeg or in the larger towns West, they also have been very satisfactory. There are a number of women in the old country who would be valuable additions to the Canadian West. A great deal of the trouble in the past has been that there was no real connecting link between the people who needed trained and educated service in this country and the women in England who were capable of furnishing it. The League will no doubt make plenty of mistakes, but I think it is the right idea, and it is specially valuable in this way, that old country women applying to it in England, can come out under auspices that are absolutely safe, and so far it would seem that the Canadian employer who applies for assistance through this league, may be reasonably certain of securing somebody who is capable and intelligent.

What the Farmer Owes His Wife—

This is the title of a very bright little paper read by Mrs. Archibald Campbell at an Institute meeting in Ontario. I am going to quote one or two paragraphs from it.—

"In comparing a woman's work in her sphere in the home and a man's in managing a farm, we will need to bear in mind that much of a farm's success is due to nature's forces—rain and sunshine—and that a woman has not in as great a degree these agencies to help her.

"We have all known farmers who did not use improved methods of doing their work and who expended very little effort on tilling their land, yet, because of the natural fertility of the soil and favorable weather they reaped fairly good crops.

"Full credit has not always been given the farmer's wife for her share in her husband's success as a farmer. If he is one of the few who specialize in horses or cattle, her responsibility is not so great, but where he is engaged in mixed farming, it is the active, energetic, frugal wife who looks after the butter, poultry and garden, and makes these a thriving asset of the farm. Naturally, women are better fitted than men are for looking after details, and life is made up of little things. Often a man fails when a woman succeeds, just because she has a way of looking after the small, and to him, unimportant things in business. Man has no department of his work which requires the same qualities as those required for a woman who is a good mother. In managing your farm, if you are willing to learn, you profit by your mistakes, and make them stepping stones to a better method; but a mistake made in training your child can never wholly be overcome."

"A woman who successfully manages her home must be resourceful. She must know the value of time; she must know the right time to do certain kinds of work; she must know how to cook and put upon her table a balanced meal in an appetising form. To do the latter requires more skill than to feed stock, for a farmer, after considerable thought, mixes what he thinks a good ration for his animals, stores it in bins, and feeds it as it is required without much variation."

When Mary Writes a Letter

When Mary writes a letter, there is something doing then!
Of course before she writes it she has got to find her pen;
So she searches all compartments of her desk, and in between
The volumes in the bookcase, and her scrutiny is keen.
Next she pokes around the mantel and up on the clock shelf, too;
Then she goes into the bedroom and she has to rummage through
Bureau drawers and also fumble on the dressing table, then
She must stop awhile and wonder where she could have left her pen.

Then she goes and finds the children.
First she rounds up little Ben,
And she says: "Tell me this instant what you did with mamma's pen!"
But Ben straightway pleads not guilty, and he goes back to his play;
Then she asks the girls about it, though she knows what they will say.
When they've said it they go gladly off to play at skipping rope,
While she stands there disappointed and almost deprived of hope.
But a sudden thought comes to her of an upstairs closet shelf!
"That is where it is!" she says, and goes there, smiling to herself.

But it isn't there. She goes on searching high and searching low,
On the floor and the piano—keeping up a ceaseless flow
Of conjecture as she searches; next she sits down on the floor;
For she finds a stock of papers just inside a closet door.
Then she reads of tailored garments, certain to suit every taste;
Reads, too, of the latest level fashion's chosen for the waist;
Reads of crepe, brocades, and linens, and of new things in moire,
And she puts her letter writing off until another day.

—St. Paul "Pioneer Press."

Many there are whose thoughts of service are far greater than the bodily strength which is given to them; many to whom life seems a failure because they cannot accomplish the purposes so dear to their hearts, because of weakness or hindrances which they cannot overcome. But in some way or other not one such life is a failure. In other lives, with the strength of other hands, God brings it to perfect fruition.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Mrs Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Prize Problem

The prize offered in this department for the most serious problem is awarded to the writer of the following:

"My home is on the farm. I live with my mother, father and one brother. I like farm life very much as I like to study nature, but lately I have found it lonely. I am now twenty-six years of age and I have always desired to have a trade or profession. My father does not like me to go away but my brother is quiet and I find it quite lonely. I think every girl should have a trade and be able to earn her own living for one never knows what may happen. I feel I am at the age for definite decision. My question is: What am I to do?"

This is a problem that concerns many daughters in rural places. A letter came to this department from an unmarried daughter who had spent her life working at home. After the death of her parents, her brother took possession of the farm and sent her out into the world—alone and penniless. She wrote me asking my assistance. While it is well to remain with the home people, it is more necessary to plan for a future and when a girl is at the age of twenty-six, it is time for definite decision.

Perhaps an opportunity may be made on the farm and reasonable parents would be willing for the daughter to work up a profession if convinced of the necessity of future protection. Apiculture—or the bee keeping industry is a work that is receiving a great deal of attention just now. It is especially interesting to women.

The Ontario Agricultural College is conducting a series of experiments in apiculture, in conjunction with apiarists all over the province, that are very instructive. The work is being done under the direction of Prof. Morley Pettit, provincial apiarist.

A young Canadian woman apiarist last year ran fifty colonies of bees for comb honey and made a profit of over \$20 per colony from sales of honey alone.

Miss Aileen Coombs of Berkeley, Cal., is paying her way through the State University of California by keeping bees. In this work she is assisted by her sister, who is also a university student. The two girls pay their entire way by the sale of honey produced by their own bees.

The scientific study of seeds is a new opening for women. When the United States department of agriculture deemed it necessary to establish a seed laboratory at Berkeley, Cal., Anne Maude Lute was put in charge. The laboratory is considered a part of the agronomy department, which concerns itself with the production of crops from seed thus protecting the farmer from poor seeds. At the customs houses in California samples of all seeds entered at the customs houses in California and neighboring States are examined and reported upon before they are released. Such a laboratory is valuable to consumer, producer, commission merchant and broker as well as the farmer.

Miss Lute loved botany and was first appointed scientific assistant of the bureau of plant industry at Washington, D.C. and after a year was promoted to the state laboratory of California. There must be a future in Western Canada for women seedologists.

A lonely girl on a farm studied the woods about her—she is now at the head of the department of forestry in a state university.

Miss E. Cora Hind, during her girlhood, became interested in the stock on the farm. She is today the only woman commercial editor on the American Continent.

Miss Alice Brown of Boston has won the \$10,000 Winthrop Ames prize for a play entitled "Children of the Earth." During her girlhood she wrote stories of the people about her. She lived on a farm during her girlhood.

Books and magazines on every subject can be procured at little cost thus making it possible for any girl on a farm to learn a profession at home. Every young woman should learn a trade or profession. If it be not possible to learn it at home then it must be elsewhere.

The Expression of Inspiration

In a noisy subway station in Boston in the busiest part of the city a ticket seller's booth is occupied by a girl—Miss Paeff.

She is a slim, black haired girl about twenty years old. Miss Paeff attends strictly to her work but she wastes no time between the sales.

Underneath the ticket ledge an improvised shelf has been made to hold modeling clay and Miss Paeff picks up a lump and begins to pat it into human shape. She has so far overcome environment as to create objects of art. She sculpts, plans, rough moulds and finishes during the odd moments when no one is demanding a ticket. She has in this way won half a dozen scholarships at the School of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. She has won a purse of a hundred dollars and the commendation of such sculptors as Bela Pratt and Cyrus Dallin.

She is the second daughter on a large family of Russian Jewish children and her parents could not afford to send her to school. Obstacle after obstacle rose in her way but obstacles never troubled Miss Paeff. She had no money so she earns it and with the money earned in the subway station ticket booth, supplemented by prizes and scholarships, she is paying her way.

Miss Paeff does not allow art to interfere with duty. A proof of her conscientious application to business may be found in her assignment to the Park Street Station, for this is the most exacting and hurried station in Boston.

When asked—"How can you do it?" she replied:

"If you don't feel things you can't express them even in the calmest spot on earth, and if you do feel things, you've got to express them—no matter where you are."

The Teacher In the Country

Out in the dingy one room country school house, cold in winter and hot in late spring time, the teacher's heart aches for better equipment with which to guide the young minds waiting for the direction of her leadership. Our men and women of the future are molded at this age and hours are wasted and brains lag into laziness as days drag out their monotonous programme of daily class recitation. They count the classes until recess, then till noon—from noon to recess and on to four o'clock—long, weary, tiresome hours that might be made so profitable. This is the reason John Jones devises mischief and Mary Smith cancels her name with the letters in the name belonging to the boy across the aisle: "S" cancels with "s"—"l" with "l"—"m" with "m" and so on through the "love, hate, courtship and marriage" roll until Mary Smith knows the actual condition of affection concerning every school boy in the room. I know because I have been there. I have spent hours in the little country school house—idly dreaming of nothing while waiting for "my class time." Then later I had to make up those lost hours by studying hard into midnight. The hours wasted in the country school may determine a nation's destiny.

Twenty-five restless boys and girls—thirty-five classes in a day—are enough to drive any teacher into nervous prostration.

Miss Grace Wyman, principal of a unique rural school at Mendota Beach, Wisconsin, determined to change conditions in the tiny one-room school house where her boys and girls wasted surplus energy in trying to be good because they liked their teacher.

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She with her pupils convinced the school board of the need of a modern, well-equipped building. If you could step into her school room today, this is what you would see—a boy thumping his language exercise on a typewriter, next to him a girl is cutting a dress on a table. Near by another young miss is at the sewing machine. In the rear an older pupil conducts a primary reading class. A boy at the blackboard is doing a problem. In the hall, another lad is sweeping. The teacher herself is hearing a recitation. Behind a screen, a lad at a work bench, busy with tools, is making a book rack or mending a chair. On Fridays the girls come to school with raw food and prepare a luncheon in a fireless cooker and oven. Once a month the parents are invited.

About twice a year there is a district exhibit of the things that the children have made, with the whole neighborhood in interested attendance. Miss Wyman has accomplished this, and men and women are being developed in this school. No time is wasted, boys and girls are ambitious and fascinated with the work and there is little need of discipline.

Girl Guides

A request has come to me asking for information regarding "Girl Guides." Women from the towns in the west tell me they want to organize girls' clubs in their home communities as they believe it would help young girls who want a good time.

Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, sister of Sir Baden-Powell, is the originator of the "Girl Guides" movement in England which has spread to many other countries. There are already 12,000 of these handy girls at work and at play in Great Britain. They learn cooking, camping-out methods, nursing, making bandages and splints, and saving life from fire, drowning or poisoning.

The Baden-Powell Girl Guides held a rally recently in Richmond Green, and Princess Lichnowsky wife of the German Ambassador was present. General Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B., made an inspection and Miss Baden-Powell addressed them. Five hundred "Girl Guides" were present.

I think a "Girl Guides" organization in every town in Western Canada would not only develop character in girlhood

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but would be of great assistance to the community. I like the name "Guide" when applied to girlhood. It means responsibility and ambition—character.

My Sister's Keeper

From time to time in rural communities girls suddenly drop out of existence and for a time people wonder where they are. Forty of these girls left Saskatchewan country homes last year and come direct to a hospital that would shelter them during the saddest period that can come into a girl's life. Forty more girls came last year to the same hospital from Manitoba rural places. Eighty country girls directed to this one hospital at a time when there is no one to befriend them in their penniless despondency but the dear christian women of Grace Hospital. The majority of these girls are young—very young. Many of them have no mothers while others never had the motherly companionship they needed. The women in this hospital give their entire time to help these girls and their lives are a continual self sacrifice. A girl remains there from three to nine months and under the loving guidance of these Salvation Army women most of them leave the hospital determined to be useful christian women. I believe western women do not realize the assistance they might be in helping this institution. In the first place, it is difficult to find places for the mother and her little one. One of the most splendid accomplishments in this hospital is the training of these girls into home-makers. They are taught every branch of house-work, hence can leave the hospital prepared to do house work. All through western Canada farmers' wives need help. Why cannot western home makers take these young mothers into their homes when they require help? They need not be afraid of the girl's influence in the home. Some of the most beautiful christian girls I know are these young mothers that have developed into good young women under the influence of Mrs. Payne, the matron, and her staff of christian women.

No living girl stands still. She grows in one direction or another, and untrained, grows according to her strongest inclination—and along the lines of least resistance.

I have looked down deep into the hearts of girls who have come to me in despair and I have felt their prayer to the Heavenly Father. Listen! "Great spirit of God, guide a friend to me. Let me have one companion who will help me in this desert of desolation. I am hungry for the pulse of human hearts, send me a friend."

Why is the heart of a fallen girl of so little value? If I have erred in paths of right, I am but a worm for polished boots to trample on and crush. There is no hope. Those diamonds that flash on that protected woman's finger were bought with dollars dipped in my blood.

Guide me, O God, into the light of Thy love. The world is through with me and I turn to thee. Reveal thyself to me as a friend, I pray.

Ah, what is that I feel wrapped so tenderly about me—it is a cloak of love and my heart throbs with a sweet strange strength, and hope breathes a new message, in my being. I see! I feel! I know. It is the birth of the Christ in the heart of a fallen girl. Amen." Over in Grace Hospital are sixty of these girls who today mourn the loss of a friend who has brought into their hearts the peace of the Christ love. In every corner of our city, out on yonder prairie, in little houses

dotted here and there about our great Dominion of Canada, are christian girls and wives who first saw the light of salvation from the dark abyss of sin, through the efforts and love of that noble woman, Adjutant Beckstead of Grace Hospital. She was one of the noble Salvation Army women whose life ended so suddenly when the Empress of Ireland sank into the St. Lawrence. Today there are hundreds of girls and wives in Canada who remember her love and helpfulness that encouraged them to reform and become useful young women and godly wives and mothers. This week I received a letter from one of these girls in which she refers to the influence of Miss Beckstead. This is what she says and she voices the feeling of scores of others.

"The girls in the hospital must be broken hearted over Adjutant Beckstead being taken so suddenly. I feel so sorry for the inmates of Grace Hospital from dear Mrs. Payne and officers down to the girls and babies. I miss her away out here. I think every day it cannot be true that she is gone. Her kindness and sweet smile will remain in my heart and mind as long as I live. Just a short time before she left Winnipeg she wrote a beautiful letter to me. The last time I saw her she held open the door of the hospital as I left and kissed me good bye as she handed me a present. I can never forget all she did for me. She has lived and died for others. I must strive to be good for her memory. God guided me to her in my trouble and in that hospital I learned the true meaning of life. I want to help others as I have been helped to a brighter and happier life. The happiest days of my past life were spent in Grace Hospital among women who live for the highest and best in life."

Only the week before she passed on to her heavenly home she led me to the clean white bedside of a girl whom she rescued from the depths of sin. As I listened to her sweet, beautiful, tender words of love to this suffering girl I thought—"Dear Miss Beckstead, you are very near the Christ—a genuine sister of mercy." I have been with this beautiful woman from the corner of suffering girlhood to the places where help is employed and I have watched every face brighten as she passed. The nine months old babe of a crippled mother reached out his little hands as soon as she entered the room. I remarked about it; "Yes"—she replied. "He always wants to come to me when he sees me." She knew every babe, every girl, every one who is employed in the hospital and every one there was blessed by her personality. Her great work on earth is finished and a memorial to her memory must appeal to all who honor womanhood. Over in Grace Hospital they can never turn a girl from the door and this year Winnipeg and the West have sent more than usual down the dark lane for these good women to care for. They have denied themselves of more than people know to look after these girls and financial aid is badly needed. Would it not be a pleasure for every one who reads this to send a donation to Grace Hospital in memory of this splendid Canadian woman who did so much to inspire wrecked girlhood? Were she with us today her greatest wish would be that this work increase its possibilities for those who seek shelter in time of need. I have watched the good work in this hospital and have seen girls go out full of hope and desire to be women—christian home makers.

Rahab of the Bible is a notable example of a woman rescued from shame to become the mother of a world's salvation. With our eyes on Rahab, hope springs up for all the lost and outcast world. Her life story reminds us that God would have us revise our hasty judgments about a forlorn sisterhood of fallen women. Am I not truly my sister's keeper? When she has erred should I trample her in the mire?

Growing into Womanhood

Letters come to me frequently from young girls asking for advice that mothers should give. I am grateful to know that my girl readers place such confidence in me and every letter of this kind shall have prompt, serious and confidential attention. Closer companionship between mother and daughter would prevent hundreds of tragedies in the lives of Canadian girlhood.

The Detention Home

Young girls are picked from the streets occasionally and sent to detention homes, and the feminine public weeps bitterly at the harsh decision of the magistrate. Where shall these girls go? Shall they be allowed to roam the streets to steal young, innocent school girls from their homes, and then disgrace some of our best fathers and mothers. Reporters did not write up the incident of the morality officer kindly returning a young sixteen-year-old girl to her parents—a young girl who had been coaxed away by a poisonous girl of the streets, young in years but old in vice—a girl who roams the streets in silks and jewels ready to drag the young home-girl down to destruction. This girl of the streets, methinks, is dangerous and needs to be placed in a school of detention.

In the five-penny shows where girls swarm like flies and are caught in human traps, the girl of the street fascinates the headstrong girl with her books under her arms and quickly does this power work. She runs away from home. Shall we censure the authorities for placing some of these girls of the street in detention homes? Do not think me hard-hearted. I love our girlhood and try to see the soul in the most degraded, but at the same time I shiver when I see innocent school girls—home girls—enticed by the low-minded girl free from all responsibility. I think we need detention homes.

Country Girls

Girls in the country have even more opportunities. Miss McGlashen in California is making money raising butterflies. One woman sells thousands of jars of honey every season. Bee culture gives very quick returns for the capital invested. Neatness and order are essential; and energy is necessary. Poultry raising is also a paying occupation. The most successful poultry raisers are women. Land which is too barren for anything else serves the purpose of poultry raising.

Miss Irene Hartt said in a talk to girls: "A girl who sets out to earn her own living must bear two things in mind: The first is that in every department of life she requires a great deal of push. To succeed, she must be energetic and persevering; she must not allow herself ever to be discouraged; she will be knocked down time and again as she fights her way up in the world for fame and bread. That is to make no difference. She must rise up fresher and stronger after every battle. If she takes reverses in this way she cannot help grow stronger at each one. She must never forget that no man or woman ever rose to the top without fighting every inch of the way up. Victory is always at the end of a determined fighter through life. Secondly, a girl must always remember that there's room at the top. When you choose a profession, make up your mind that you will rise to the very highest point in it. Down on the level it's jammed. The higher you go, the more breathing space you can have. In other words, the better skilled you are, the better price and position you can demand."

Doing Things Graciously

He was a busy man, and had enough to do without dealing with book-agents, but he said that he lost less time in meeting the people who came to see him than he would lose in wondering whether he had turned away some one whom he ought to see; and so it was not difficult to get into his office. Some persons imposed upon him, but most persons respected him enough to make their errand short. Moreover, he could be firm when necessary; and he got quite as much work finished in a day as did some other men who fretted more over interruptions. "It is a part of my religion," said he, "to try to help when I can. I can't help every one, but what I do I want to do graciously."

One day an odd-looking little woman came into his office. He was relieved when he learned that the little book she offered him cost only seventy-five cents.

"It is your own book?" he asked, as he glanced at the title-page.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"I will take a copy," said he. "Will you honor me with your autograph on the fly-leaf?"

She was very glad to do so, and accepted the pay with thanks.

She rose to go, but the purchaser had become interested in her, and he asked a question or two which prolonged the conversation, and made it easy for her to tell her story.

"It is so pleasant," said she, "to have some one show interest. I do this to support myself, and to help my son through college. He knows that I earn the money by literary work,—he is proud of my work,—but he does not know that I sell my own book in this way. It does not sell through the stores, and—I would just a little rather he should not know that I have to canvass. He is doing all he can to help himself along. I'm afraid he would not wish me to send him money if he knew that I have to sell the book in this way. But he is such a good boy, and will make such a good man! I'm glad to do it. But it is a little hard sometimes. I don't mind it that people do not buy, but it is hard to have them refuse rudely. I don't know but it is harder to have them buy and do it ungraciously. But I bear it for my boy's sake."

The little book showed native ability, but little knowledge of what would make a book succeed. It was no wonder that it did not sell well. And the purchaser did not wonder, as he looked at it, that people refused it abruptly, or bought it with ill-concealed reluctance. The poorly printed page glowed with a new beauty when he thought of the mother working for the son; and the uninviting cover attained new dignity in the light of her sacrifice.

A week later a business acquaintance hailed him at luncheon.

"I have heard good things of you from a mutual friend," said he, laughing. "A literary woman, who called, selling books. Do you remember her? She called at our house, and my wife kept her to supper. My wife is always good to people. Well, she said it was the kindest thing that had happened to her lately except what you did. She said you bought her book, but that you said some things that had done her good ever since. She told of it with tears in her eyes. What did you say to her?"

"Nothing that I remember. But I find that it costs no more when one is doing a little thing like that to do it graciously and heartily."

The Union Bank in London, Eng.

The Union Bank of Canada, who opened a branch office in London, England, some three years ago, having found their business has grown to such an extent that their premises on Threadneedle Street have become too small for requirements, arrangements have been made for new and commodious premises at No. 6 Princes Street, in the heart of the financial district, which will give them sufficient accommodation to handle a larger volume of business. Owing to the number of branches which this bank has in Canada, their London office has proved to be a great convenience to its large clientele, and last year, for the convenience of the travelling public, a second branch was opened in the West End, on the corner of Penton Street and Haymarket, which has proved of great benefit to Canadian visitors.

CLOTH THAT WEARS LIKE LEATHER

Remarkable Discovery by English Firm

A remarkable holeproof cloth that will not tear or wear out and yet looks exactly as the finest tweeds and serges has been discovered by the Holeproof Clothing Co., 54 Theobalds Road, London, W.C., Eng. They make from these wonderful cloths a well-cut Man's Suit for only \$5.50, Breeches for cycling, riding, or walking, for \$2, or a pair of well-fitting, smartly-cut Trousers for \$1.80, and if the hole appears within six months, another garment is given absolutely free. See advertisement on page 16 and write for patterns, &c., to the firm's Toronto Branch, 173 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dick's Dilemma

By Percy M. Westerman

"HOW is she, pater?" Mr. Croxton shook his head sadly.

"Very bad, Dick, I'm sorry to say. Dr. Welsh is here now. But I want you to go on a very important errand; I would have sent Jenkins with the car, but the wretched thing is out of gear, as it always is when it's wanted in a hurry. Take your bicycle and ride over to Solbury as hard as you can; call at Rose's, the chemist, and ask him to let you have a flask of oxygen. Don't attempt to ride back with it on your cycle, but take a cab. You understand?"

"Yes, pater."

"Then off you go, and don't waste time. It's a matter of life or death."

Dick Croxton needed no second bidding. His sister's life was in great danger, and, as Dr. Welsh had announced, the administration of oxygen was of extreme importance.

It was a good ten miles of hilly road to Solbury, and to make matters worse there was a hard wind accompanied by a drizzling rain, while the short autumn evening was already beginning to draw in.

black expanse of country was there a friendly light to be seen, although far away, beyond the dark outlines of a pine forest, he could just distinguish a faint light in the sky that indicated the town lamps of Solbury.

Suddenly the powerful rays of Dick's lamp fell upon a sinister patch in the miry road.

"Stone-breakers have been at work here, worse luck," he grumbled, and, riding towards the left-hand edge of the road, he sought for a possible path by the side of the track of sharp flints.

Yes, there was a narrow track, barely a foot in width, and, save for an occasional displaced stone, comparatively even. This state of things continued for another quarter of a mile, till, with a sigh of relief, Dick found that the road resumed its former muddy appearance.

"What's that?" he muttered anxiously, as the rim of the rear wheel appeared to bump on the soft road. "Not a puncture, surely?"

But it was. A few more revolutions of the cranks revealed the unfortunate fact.

bridge a foot-path followed the railway line, thereby cutting off a good mile and a half of the distance to Solbury. True, there was a notice board warning trespassers that they would be liable to a fine of forty shillings under the company's by-laws, but, in the circumstances, Dick ignored the prohibition.

"The bike will be all right till I come back in the cab," he said, as he placed it behind some bushes. "I may as well take the lamp, though."

A slippery path led from the roadway down the steep declivity to the railroad. Here Dick was comparatively sheltered from the wind, that howled dismally through the pine trees on either side of the cutting; but, on the other hand, the rain had increased from a steady drizzle to a heavy downpour.

Keeping the lamp shining on the permanent way, Dick broke into a steady trot. Well it was that he had brought the lamp, for its light was of immense service, since the path was beset with signal wires on one side and the ends of the sleepers that supported the gleaming metals on the other.

"There's one blessing," thought the lad; "I'm on the right side of the railway. Consequently there's no danger of being overtaken by a train, and I can see ahead all right."

On and on he ran, his breath coming in quick, labored gasps, for though he was in excellent training Dick found that the

For one brief instant the object of his errand flashed across his mind.

It was a matter of life and death to his sister; but, on the other hand, there was also the appalling fact that the lives of possibly two hundred people were in direct peril.

"It can't be helped," he muttered grimly. "This must claim my first attention. The train must be stopped."

But how? Dick looked at his lamp. The brilliant white light would be visible for a considerable distance, even in the rain; but would the driver pull up for a white light? Like most cycle lamps, it had a small red diamond-shaped glass on one side and green on the other; but the red light would not be sufficiently strong to be observed except at a very short distance.

Had Dick known, there was a signal box at less than two hundred yards' distance round a curve in the cutting, while close to where he stood was a signal-post used only to pass the trains from Solbury. An alarm there could be telephoned to the next box, a couple of miles away, and the signals would promptly be set against the train. But being ignorant of the existence of that particular signal-box, Dick resolved to retrace his footsteps and endeavor to attract the attention of the driver by waving his lamp.

Lurching breathlessly, Dick regained the bridge from which he had descended to the line. On the other side the rails



Canadian Alpine Club holding Divine Service at the Camp Fire.

Yet the prospect of a long, cheerless ride did not enter into the lad's mind. He had to go, he wanted to go, and that was enough.

"It's lucky I charged my acetylene lamp this morning," soliloquised Dick, as he donned his poncho, and wheeled his cycle past the ponderous body of the, at present, useless motor-car. "But what a beast of a night!"

Swinging easily into the saddle, Dick pedalled down the path, through the wide-open gate, and into the main road.

Here he encountered the head wind, and, bending low over the handle-bars, he was compelled to pedal his hardest, the icy-cold rain streaming down his face and collecting in shallow pools in the folds of his poncho.

Soon the wooded country gave place to a bleak undulating moorland, across which the wind swept with redoubled violence, while the surface of the road, already ankle-deep in mud, was of so greasy a nature that once or twice Dick's tyres skidded. Only by the utmost good fortune was the lad able to keep his saddle, and setting his teeth tightly, he slackened his pace, realizing that a side-slip would prove the truth of the proverb "More haste less speed."

It was indeed a desolate scene. Five miles of bad road were already covered, but since leaving the outskirts of the village in which he lived, Dick had not met a single human being, nor in all that

Dick jumped off and felt the wet rubber cover with ill-concealed despair, then looking around he saw a stunted bush against which he could place his cycle while he pumped the tyre.

"I'll get it up as hard as I can," he exclaimed. "Perhaps it will last me another mile or so. Thirty-nine, forty—that's enough." Hastily he unscrewed the connection, replaced the pump and sprang into the saddle, so as not to lose a second. But ere another hundred yards were covered the ominous bump again became evident.

The lad once more dismounted. Now he could distinguish the gentle yet appalling hiss of the escaping air.

Repairing the inner tube in the existing circumstances was quite out of the question. Much valuable time would be lost, and in addition there was a chance that the puncture would, after all, be undiscoverable in the darkness.

"Over four miles to go," groaned Dick—then suddenly a brilliant idea struck him.

"I'll ride it on the rim!"

Alas for his idea! His resolution was not equal to the physical strain and the adverse conditions of the weather and the road. In spite of his utmost efforts the cycle gradually came to a standstill, the flabby tyre skidding hopelessly in the slimy mire, as the road began to ascend a long and steep hill.

Then he remembered that only a short distance away was a bridge across a railway cutting. On the other side of the

weight of his saturated poncho, the slippery state of the path, and the additional task of carrying the lamp were beginning to tell.

Suddenly the lad came to an abrupt halt, and gazed with wide-open eyes at a sight that filled him with consternation.

Across the left-hand pair of metals was an enormous piece of timber. Closer inspection showed that it was a telegraph pole, its thickest portion lying upon the rails, while its tapered end was supported by the bank of the cutting.

At first Dick thought it had been displaced by the gale, but the absence of the cross-bars and insulators proved otherwise. Then the truth flashed across his mind. Someone had made a deliberate attempt to wreck a train.

Even as Dick bent over the ponderous mass of tarred timber he fancied he heard footsteps crashing through the brushwood, but reasoning that it might have been the noise of the wind amid the tree-tops, the lad took courage.

"If the rascals are up there they won't know who it is, so long as I keep the light turned in their direction," he thought; and setting the lamp on the ground he sought to remove the obstruction.

He might as well have tried to lift a ton weight. Not the faintest impression did he make upon the heavy pole.

"And the seven forty-five is about due," he gasped; then, thinking for a moment, he exclaimed resolutely, "It must be stopped."

ran in a perfectly straight direction for nearly a mile. Dick listened, but above the moaning of the wind he failed to distinguish the rumbling of the London express.

A slight manipulation of the water supply and the light of his lamp increased in intensity. Then the haunting doubt again reasserted itself, "Would the driver pull up for a white light?"

"It's too risky," thought Dick; then setting the lamp on the ground he muttered determinedly, "Yes, I'll do it."

Out came his pocket handkerchief; out came his knife. Unflinchingly the lad opened the sharp blade and applied it slowly and deliberately to his thumb.

In a minute the handkerchief was sufficiently saturated with the crimson fluid to form a red screen for the lamp, and to the lad's unbounded satisfaction he realized that his experiment was not likely to be in vain.

At that moment the distant rumble of the express caught his ear, and, a few seconds later, the glare of the furnace thrown upon the trailing cloud of steam became visible against the dark rain-laden background.

Standing by the side of the permanent way, Dick waved his red light with a vigor that the keen, alert driver could not fail to notice, and ere the express thundered past the spot where the lad stood the speed was rapidly decreasing, the sparks flying in showers from the brakes.

The train came to a standstill, its tail light barely a hundred yards beyond the bridge. Startled passengers thrust their heads out of the windows, making anxious inquiries of the guard and fireman, who, descending from the train, ran to meet the giver of the danger signal.

"What's wrong, governor?" asked the guard.

"There's something on the line," gasped Dick breathlessly.

The man, finding himself answered by a boyish voice, stepped forward and grasped the lad by the shoulder.

"What's this?" he repeated. "Something on the line, eh? Come along of us, youngster. How do we know that you didn't put it there yourself, eh? I've heard of such things being done before to-day."

Dick stood dumbfounded. He had not bargained for a reception like this. To him it seemed base ingratitude.

"Now then, young man; step it out!"

Dick obeyed, there was no help for it; so without saying another word he walked towards the spot where the obstruction was placed, the stoker and the guard escorting him.

As they passed the stationary train the chorus of anxious inquiries was redoubled, but in the midst of the volley of questions a familiar voice exclaimed:

the line for another hundred yards or so to make sure that no other obstruction existed.

"All aboard, please," he exclaimed. "Train's twenty minutes late already."

"Jump in, Dick!" said Mr. Cole. "You can tell me all about it when we are on the move."

"Yes, I can quite understand you were on the horns of a terrible dilemma," he remarked, when Dick had concluded his story. "But I think I can set you right. My motor is to be at the station to meet me. We can call at the chemist's on the way, pick up your bicycle, and be home in far less time than you would have taken had you not met with this fortunate mishap."

It all happened as Mr. Cole had suggested. The oxygen was delivered in time to save Dick's sister's life, while Dick became the hero of the hour, though he modestly asserted that he had only done what any other British boy would do in similar circumstances.

But though great was his delight when, a fortnight later, he received a handsome gold watch from the directors of the railway company in recognition of his valuable service in saving the express, he can never think without a shudder of that anxious time when he was confronted by "Dick's Dilemma."

Rose Lorenz was a little catalogue girl, and she studied her work until now she is an authority on the art world. She is one of the highest salaried women in the world. On the twentieth anniversary of her work in the establishment she was presented with a purse containing \$20,000. The greatest millionaire collectors of America rely on her judgment, and she has a part in the buying and selling of more art treasures than any other woman.

Bella da Costa Greene, the head of the Morgan library—made a specialty of books—all her life she has read helpful books. She was chosen by Morgan as his advisor in collecting books. She shaped her life for definite success along the line that suited her. There is hardly a librarian in civilization who does not know her. Her characteristic is good judgment.

Mollie Netchor was a shop girl in Chicago. The other girls laughed at her for studying her customers and her line of goods. Her growing improvement won rapid promotion. She now owns the store, and is planning to build a twenty storey departmental store in the heart of Chicago. Where are the other shop girls to-day who called her "all business" while they gossiped about nonsense!

Last year the manager of a large Winnipeg plant was suddenly called to Europe. He had only an hour to arrange with his stenographer or secretary. During his absence she managed the business carefully, and when he returned he said that the buying, selling and distribution of work was as wisely handled as he would have done.

Success of this kind requires a clear head, cool judgment and accurate work, difficulties, for necessity creates opportunity.

Being Neighborly

When Mrs. Calloway met Mrs. Deeson in the market one morning, and inquired for the news of the people in her block, it came to light that the Carolsons, who used to be neighbors of the Calloways, now held that relationship to the Deesons. Naturally, the character of the Carolsons as a family and as individuals was shortly under discussion. Mrs. Deeson, who admitted somewhat grudgingly that she supposed that the Carolsons were "pleasant enough," then turned confidential, and recited a story which the Chicago News prints:

"Mrs. Carlson is at Shadow Lake now, isn't she?" Mrs. Calloway had asked.

"Yes," said the other woman, "and she never said a word to me about it before she went. I saw Mr. Carlson wedding the pansies the other morning, and I called out, just to be neighborly, 'Your wife gone away?'"

"He grunted something that might have meant either 'yes' or 'no'. 'I went on:'

"You'd better go away, too, and stay over Sunday with her. I'll look after your house. He gave another grunt."

"Why not stay until the following Monday?" I asked.

"Thank you!" he growled. "I wish my firm was as generous as you are." Then he went into the house.

"A little while after that my daughter met him on the street carrying a suit case, so I knew he had taken my advice."

"I suppose he won't be home for ten days. He must have gone in a hurry, for he didn't tell me a thing about his going," I said to my daughter.

"I had so much work to do that I could give little time to their place. Still, I like to be neighborly, so early the next morning I went over and picked all their pansies. Then seeing that Mr. Carlson hadn't stopped the milk or his paper, I helped myself to both. Afterward I telephoned to the milkman not to leave any more milk."

"I ran to the door every time I heard their bell ring, and explained to the caller that the family had gone away for ten days. It was a lot of trouble, for I had to keep watching all the time."

"You always have such a sense of responsibility when your neighbors are away, Mrs. Deeson," said Mrs. Calloway.

"Well, I try to do my duty by everybody. Late in the afternoon a boy came with a suit case. I called to him that there was no use ringing the Carolsons' bell, as they wouldn't be at home for ten days."

"I had special orders to bring these clothes to-day," said the boy. "Won't you take them in—dollar to collect?"

"I don't meddle with Mr. Carlson's clothes," I said. "Bring 'em back in ten days." Then I shut the door. You have to be firm with boys like that. They'd argue all day if you'd let 'em, and I had my dinner to get."

"We had just sat down to the table when my daughter said, 'Who's that picking the Carolsons' pansies?'"

"Here, you!" I called. And if it wasn't Mr. Carlson himself, looking madder than a hatter

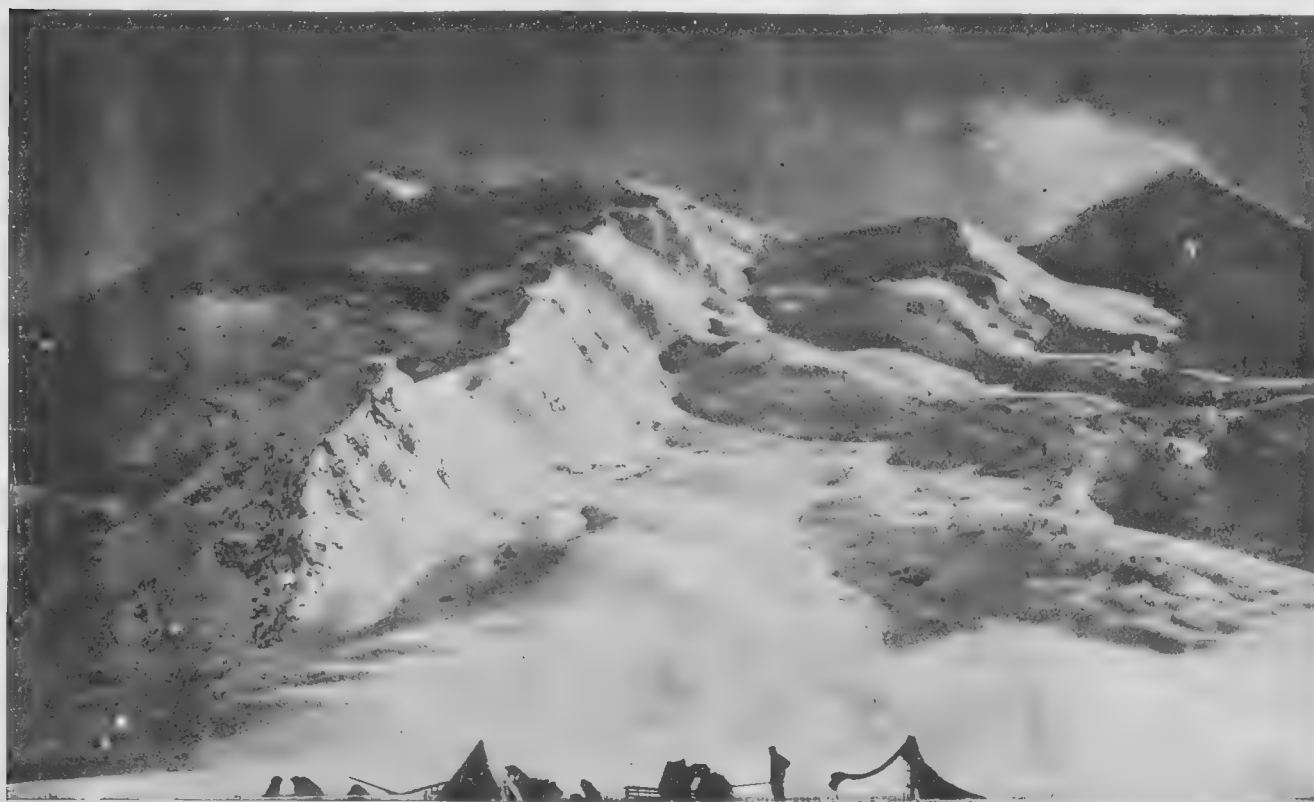
"Some one has picked them all!" he snorted.

"I thought you were away," I said.

"That accounts for the milk and the papers, I suppose. Perhaps you've the clothes that I am waiting for?"

"I sent them back—I began; but I didn't get a chance to finish the sentence. If I told you what he said—I could hardly believe my ears! Some people are hard to please, aren't they, Mrs. Calloway?"

Save the good brood sows and thus prepare for litters in the coming spring. You cannot afford to sacrifice a desirable sow because feed is high or even when pork is high.



A Camp Crossing the Alaskan Range.

"By jove! It's young Croxton. What are you doing here?"

Dick looked up. Silhouetted against the open door of the lighted carriage was a gentleman whom he knew very well; in fact, he was an intimate friend of his father's.

"How do you do, Mr. Cole?" he replied politely. "These men have accused me of placing something on the line to wreck the train."

"Indeed, sir, I didn't mean it," said the guard apologetically, realizing the turn events were taking. "But the train has been stopped by this young gent, and it's but right that he should prove his reason for doing it."

"Quite so, quite so," replied Mr. Cole. "I'll come with you." And descending from the carriage—an example that several of the male passengers followed—he proceeded with the party of investigation.

"Lumme, what an escape!" ejaculated the fireman, as they were brought up by the sight of the formidable obstruction. "She'd a jumped the track, and played Old Harry with every man-jack aboard!"

"Young gentleman, you've saved the train," said the guard. "I apologize most deeply, sir."

"You see it's too heavy for me to move," said Dick.

"Quite so," replied Mr. Cole. "But with these men duty is duty, you see."

"Now, all together!" shouted the guard, and, aided by willing hands, he succeeded in moving the telegraph pole clear of the rails. This done, the official patrolled

Women and Salaries

The reason humanity is interesting is because every person is different from every other human being. A bit of originality is a birthday present, given to every girl. If she develop it she will be astonished at results.

In great offices on this continent women of keen mind, cool judgment and executive command, manage large business enterprises. They draw salaries of from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year. Others reap from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year.

Miss Durkin, of New York City, was a wage-earning girl in a contractor's office. While other girls were engrossed in theatres, dances and light novels, she studied plans, specifications and contracts—the machinery of the office where she worked. She had vision, taste and business ability. To-day she can pass one hundred buildings that she has built. She is among the big money earners of New York. She was not afraid to work, and studied conditions in her environment. Elizabeth Marbury is the head of a big play brokerage business—she has launched a thousand plays. Her establishments are in a dozen European cities. She is an inspiration to the stumbling girl who fails, and points many to the road to success.

The annual income of Julia Marlowe, Ethel Barrymore and Maude Adams is equal to that of a big railroad president.

Mrs. A. H. Taylor, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, realises \$50,000 a year from her business. When she was a girl she showed good taste in making her own dresses. Soon women of her town asked her to design dresses for them. From that little beginning she started a mail order business. To-day she has 24,000 customers who respond to her catalogues, with their measurements for clothes. She has a standing offer of a million dollars from a Chicago business with a salary of \$10,000 a year for the rest of her life.

In Kentucky a girl of twenty-three judges cottonseed oil. Kathryn Ballon gives expert advice to modern planters. She has discovered some of the uses of cottonseed oil, and has studied every branch of it.

Mary E. Evans, when fifteen years old, was left without a father. Her mother and sisters had no resources. She could make home-made candy, and decided to make candies for a living. Her particular brand of candy became popular. The quality of success is in making one's work a little different from that of any one else. Mary Evans made a different kind of candy. She now owns a manufacturing plant in Syracuse, a store in Boston, and lately she astonished the business world by taking one of the largest business corners in New York at an enormous rental.

These women did not fall into good luck—they made it.

In Lighter Vein

Wise Silence

He had studied by himself, and came up for examination to college with inadequate preparation. He approached ancient history with fear and doubt, for he had had little time to stuff himself with the history of the Caesars.

The paper contained a question at which the young man looked with dismay. "What can you say about Caligula?"

He did not remember that Caligula was the worst of a long line of mad and bad Roman emperors.

But a witless inspiration came to him, of the sort that often saves the young and ignorant. He wrote:

"The less said about Caligula, the better."

He passed.

A Partly Good Egg

Hal had just sent his dish of cereal back to the kitchen. "It's not half-cooked!" he said disdainfully. "When I was a boy," began his father, "children were taught, in fact, made, to eat what was put on their plates."

"Would you have eaten raw oatmeal?" demanded Hal.

"I would," said his father, virtuously, "unless I'd been lucky enough to slip it to the dog or on my sister's plate."

"I am not so sure of it," retorted the officer.

"But I am Doctor Clifford, and I am due to preach in another minute and a half."

"Oh, are you?" said the incredulous policeman. "I have let in two Doctor Cliffords already."

An Unexpected Promotion

Benny's intellectual achievements were far from notable, but in the eyes of his small sister he was nonetheless a wonderful personage. She keenly resented allusions to his lengthy stay in the last desk row at school, although Benny himself took quite a cheerful and philosophic view of the matter.

One afternoon the little girl appeared, flushed and panting, in the library doorway.

"Daddy," she exclaimed, "you promised Benny a dollar when he got moved off the bottom bench, and now he's up in the next row with me and—" Benny himself entered just then, in his usual unconcerned way.

"Why, what's this I hear, my son?" his father welcomed him. "I'm very glad you've worked your way up—" The boy stared uncomprehendingly. "Elsie says you're in the second row now," his father continued, in explanation.

nacle, which my eyes have been aching through all the weary years to see once more before I die. My longing has been satisfied at last, and I thank you from the bottom of a grateful heart!"

Again lifting his hat, he stepped forth into the pouring rain and strode rapidly down the street.

New Caste

Two men were discussing the social station of a lord who had married an American girl.

"You say his social position has improved since he married her?"

"Yes, indeed. Formerly he was only a nobleman, but now he belongs to our heirsstocracy."

Harder Work, Higher Pay

Mrs. Blank was trying to decide upon a new cook. "You say you have not had much experience?" she ventured, as she looked doubtfully at the applicant.

"No'm."

"Well, I like your being truthful about it, but—it seems to me you're asking rather high wages for an inexperienced person."

"Well, ma'am," returned the applicant, "you see, it's just that much harder for me, not knowing how to do the work, and having it on my mind how I might be making you all ill any minute with a misstep."

Not a Favorite Breed

Lovers of good, plain dogs, which have been allowed to grow naturally, will ap-



Winnipeg School Boys at their Cadet Inspection.

"Nearly always," he went on, "we took what was given us without a word. Children were not supposed to condemn, criticize or otherwise assert themselves."

"It made for heroism, if not for truthfulness," he continued, in a glow of pride and reminiscence.

"I remember being at Aunt Martha's at Thanksgiving-time. She was an excellent soul, but her fetish was economy—in just the wrong things."

"At breakfast one morning, while I was struggling with an egg, she said she was afraid it wasn't very good, but without offering a substitute."

"Oh, it's all right," I said, manfully, for mother's eyes were upon me. "Some parts of it are very good."

A Well-Supplied Pulpit

There are various morals to this story of Doctor Clifford, the eminent English clergyman. One is that it is wise for public speakers not to put off their appearance at the meetings they are to address till the last moment. A writer in *Woman's Life* tells the story.

Doctor Clifford was once conducting a series of services in Birmingham. Arriving a few minutes before the commencement, the doctor was refused admission by the policeman at the door.

"I want to go in," said Doctor Clifford.

"Are you a seat-holder?"

"No, I am not."

"Then you can't go in."

"I think," remarked the famous passive resister, "that there will be room for me in the pulpit."

"Course!" returned the youngster, imperturbably. "We're all in the second row—the bottom bench's being painted."

What Moved Him

The extravagant hats which the ladies have been wearing this year have little to recommend them, but they have at least proved a boon to the comic artists and the funny men of the newspapers. Here is a *jeu d'esprit* taken from the *Chicago Tribune*:

The rain, which had come suddenly and unexpectedly, was falling in torrents. Among the persons who had taken shelter under a friendly awning was a fashionably dressed woman.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said a plainly attired man considerably past middle age, stepping up to her and lifting his hat, but I want to offer you my sincere thanks."

"What do you mean, sir?" she said. "Thanks for what?"

"I never expected to see it again," he went on. "It has been nearly thirty years since—"

"Since what, sir? What are you talking about?"

"Pardon my emotion, madam, but I used to live in Salt Lake City and—"

"I have nothing to do with Salt Lake City, sir. I never was there in my life."

"But I was. That was my home for many years. And when I saw—"

"When you saw what?"

"That hat of yours, madam. It brought back the old thrill. It's an exact reproduction of the great Mormon Taber-

ner's dog."

"Hi wants a kind of dog about so 'igh an' so long. It's a kind of gry'ound, an' yet it ain't a gry'ound, because 'is tyle is shorter nor any o' these 'ere gry'ounds, an' 'is nose is shorter, an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind o' gry'ound. Do you keep such dogs?"

"No," replied the dog man. "We drowns 'em."

Not Epicures

A city woman who had decided that she would keep some hens as profitable amusement during her long summers in the country asked the farmer of whom she bought them what they could eat.

The man looked at her in silent amazement for a moment before he replied.

"It would take me the rest o' my days to tell ye what they can eat," he said, at last, "but it won't take long to tell ye what they can't. You avoid feeding 'em with salt fish and cobblestones, and I guess you won't have any trouble."

For a Remote Future

Mr. Green looked with a calm but not unkindly gaze at the simple-minded young man from Vermont who aspired to be his son-in-law.

"What preparations have you made for the future?" he asked, gravely. "You know how my daughter has been brought up."

A Temperance Question

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NON-ALCOHOLIC

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10 parts Flavor. NO ALCOHOL.

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W. J. QUINLAN, District Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

"Yes, sir," said the young man, with equal gravity, "but up in our little town there's not so much difference between the Orthodox and the Methodists as there is in some places, and I'd be willing to go to the Orthodox Church if 'twould make any difference. I'm not what you'd call narrow, sir."

He Knew His Worth

A gentleman calling on a member of Parliament one day, while waiting in the reception-room, was attracted by the manner of the small attendant, and started a random conversation.

"And how much do you earn a week, me boy?" he inquired.

"Ten pounds," said the youngster, with avidity.

Being shown into the member's private office just then, the visitor's surprise found vent in words.

"Mighty bright youth you have, to be getting ten pounds a week," he remarked.

"Why," said the member of Parliament, "he gets only twenty-two shillings."

"But he told me just now you were giving him ten pounds a week," persisted the gentleman.

"Nonsense!" said the member of Parliament, and he touched the bell.

"Billy," he said, "did you tell this gentleman I was paying you ten pounds a week?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't? Well, what did you say?"

"I said I earned it," was the prompt and stout rejoinder.

Temperance Talk

A Terrible Question

The outlook is dreary and certainly queer,
And in terror the problem we face—
If people decide to abolish the Beer,
What, then, will they put in its place?

For many a year it has ever been near,
A blessing and boon to the race;
So if men are determined to sweep away
Beer,
Ah! what will they put in its place?

Like beef and plum pudding, 'tis old Eng-
land's pride,
Her strength in the field and the chase;
Oh, what will men do with this pleasure
denied,
And what can be put in its place?

No wonder we drinkers look gloomy and
glum,
Too often the Beer brings disgrace;
We know it develops both sorrow and slum
But what shall we put in its place?

And still more we swallow, and seldom we
think
Of its power to degrade and debase;
But where shall we find such a "glorious"
drink,
And what can be put in its place?

Czar to mitigate the miseries of his fellow-countrymen. He has also been called the modern Buddha because of his abstemious life and his renunciation of sensual pleasures.

One morning at his far-famed home Yasnaya Polyana, he summoned to the house all of his hundreds of serfs. They met under a wide-spreading tree, where Tolstoy always held conference with his people. It reminds us of Buddha's broad Banyan under which he found the essentials of wisdom.

Tolstoy had set out a table and a bench and then he took a roll of paper out of his pocket and a pen and bottle of ink and put them on the table. Everybody was curious to know what was going to happen. Then Tolstoy talked to them in plain, simple, peasant language on the evils and dangers of drunkenness. He related examples from real life which had happened among the serfs themselves, and by homely anecdotes convinced the simple people of the terrors of the cup of vodka.

Then he picked up the paper from the table and read this pledge:

"Realizing the great evil and sin of drunkenness, I, the undersigned, decide never to drink any alcohol, vodka, wine, or beer; not to buy or offer it to others; with all my strength I will convince others,

And from that time on Tolstoy raised his voice time and again against drunkenness in Russia. The celebration of the anniversary of the University of Moscow generally ended in much drunkenness and debauchery, and Tolstoy reprimanded the authorities so severely that protest was heard all over the empire.—American Issue.

She's No Good

There was a crash and a splash on the sanded floor of the saloon. Then a distraught woman exclaimed, "I can't stand any more of it; I'm one of the devil's own!"

"Take no notice of her, guv'nor," said another woman addressing an elderly and earnest-faced man in semi-clerical attire, "she's no good—she's on the streets."

Overwhelmed with shame, the first poor creature passed out without a word. Meantime the city missionary, pity in eye and voice, reminded all and sundry that there was once a Mary Magdalene who, having sinned grievously, fell at the Saviour's feet, and afterwards became a saintly woman; what about our own faults?

More than a week later the missionary was in another district, and noticed a woman cleaning the steps of a large house. As she looked up, there was a half smile of recognition, and when he momentarily paused, she rose from her knees and rushed to the gate. "Oh, sir, can you wait five minutes?" she asked in a beseeching tone; "I should so like to speak to you."

A Spacious Platform

This is a question above party lines. This is a question aside from the matter of a man's personal habit as to drink. This is a matter above religious differences, one on which people of all faiths and of none have already united. This question is vital in every department of civic life.

Drinkers can consistently unite in the movement because it is simply against the open saloon as an institution.

Temperance workers and total abstinents can consistently unite because the banishment of the saloon means much less drinking.

Citizens, interested in civic welfare, can unite because no-license means a safer, cleaner, a more moral city.

Employers can unite, for it means larger dividends for legitimate business, more trustworthy employees.

Professional men can unite, for no-license helps to realize higher ideals.

Philanthropists can unite, for it means less debauched manhood, degraded womanhood and defrauded children.

Rich men can unite, for it means safer investments.

Poor men can unite for it means more money in the pockets of their class.

Religious men can unite, because it means less sin in the city.

Working men can unite, for it means a great help to their fellows and larger chances for success.

Republicans can unite, because it is in accord with those ideas of liberty for which Republicanism stands.

Prohibitionists can unite, for it means the sale of liquor prohibited from a larger part of the country.

Socialists can unite, because it offers the best working solution for one of the most serious social problems.

Nonpartisans can unite, because the movement is itself nonpartisan.

Making Good

Alice Eames walked into the library, an open letter in her hand.

"Tom has written to ask me to go to the Junior Prom at Hillsover, mother," she said, and there was a queer little catch in her voice.

Mrs. Eames looked up from her book. "How delightful, my dear!" she cried, enthusiastically. "You've looked forward so much to going, I know, and now you shall have the prettiest gown we can plan together."

"But I'm not going," answered the girl, and the little catch had turned into a genuine sob.

"Not going!" exclaimed Mrs. Eames, in astonishment. "Why, what is the matter? Tell me! I thought you and Tom were such good friends."

"We were, mother!" cried Alice. "And it was something more, for at Christmas Tom told me he cared for me, and I promised—" her voice broke again. "But he's in with the swiftest set in college, Ted Lanham and Joe Grover and all those rich boys that were in prep school with him. I told him that he would have to break with them if he wanted me."

"Don't you think that you're a little hard on Tom, girly?" asked Mrs. Eames, wistfully. "Aren't you going to give him another chance?"

"Yes, mother," replied Alice, firmly, "but not the chance of the girl who sells her forgiveness just for the sake of a good time. He'd despise me if I was like that, and I'd despise myself, too. I'm going upstairs to write him that I can't go!" And she walked out of the room, her head still nobly erect.

"When do you expect Miss Eames?" Professor Lee inquired, pleasantly.

For answer Tom held out the letter in silence; then, when his uncle had finished reading it, he said:

"It's all that fool Lebanon parade. No glad rags for mine this prom! Alice is great, I know, but she's the sort of girl that's dreadfully hard on a fellow."

"But that's just the kind of a woman a man wants," answered his uncle. "It's the woman who sets standards almost out of our reach who makes us grow." The professor's eyes softened as he looked across his study to the picture of a woman who had at once made life hard and very, very beautiful for him. "If Helen of Troy set the world at war, she made men heroes," he quoted, slowly. Then he added, with a quizzical glance at his nephew, "Tom, it's up to you!"



A Cadet Company from Alexandra School, Winnipeg.

Come, cheer up! ye drinkers, 'tis not as
ye say,
Teetotalers now set the pace—
Good houses for hovels and night turned
to day,
This and more may be put in its place.

Bright laughter for curses, glad sunshine
for tears,
'Tis coming, 'tis coming apace;
The end of the toil and the struggle of
years,
The joy we will put in its place.

This is a Fair Sample

A certain man was in a bar-room, complaining loudly of the high cost of living. Among other things he mentioned milk. "Just think of it," he said, "milk costs nine cents a quart! How is the poor man to buy milk for a family at such a price as that?" And yet shortly after he began to inquire of the bartender the price of different grades of whisky. Well, the best grade was \$1.50 a quart, another grade could be got for \$1.25, while a cheaper one was only \$1.00 a quart. The customer thought a few minutes, and finally settled on that at \$1.25. Milk nine cents a quart, whisky \$1.25 a quart. No doubt the milk is high, and wages are low enough, but we venture to say that the man who pays \$1.25 for a quart of whisky, when his children could get fourteen quarts of milk for the same money, is a poor father.—Dundas Star.

Tolstoy and Temperance

Count Leo Tolstoy has been called the modern Isaiah because he stood as a prophet in Russia and called upon the

especially young people and children, of the evils of drunkenness, and the advantages of a sober life; and I will gain members for our society. We beg all agreeing with us to keep this form, to write down on it the names of new members, and to communicate with us. If any intend to give up this pledge we beg him to communicate with us."

Tolstoy himself was the first to put down his name. And then he asked those who would agree to drink no more to sign the pledge. And then the peasant women began to urge their husbands to sign it.

"Do you consent?" cried Tolstoy. Then an old peasant stepped forward and said:

"I want to speak a word about temperance. I want to call your attention to the fact that at weddings, births and baptisms, it is impossible to get along without vodka. It is necessary, it is indispensable. Our fathers always drank it; we must do the same."

And Tolstoy replied, "You can substitute sugared rose water. In the south rose water is always served with sherbets thick as honey."

"Doesn't that make men drunk?" asked the peasants.

"No."

Then the other peasants shouted to the old man who had come forward, to put his fist in his mouth and keep still and sign it.

And the Count said, "Do you then agree?"

"Yes, yes," cried they lustily.

Then the muzhiks, the peasants, crowded up to the table. The women and wives were jubilant. The spirit of the occasion even took hold of the little children and they remembered that great day and spoke of it for many years. During the first year a thousand peasants signed Tolstoy's pledge.

A few minutes later, the steps finished, the woman was pouring out her story. "That night," she said, "I heard through the half-closed door what you said about Mary Magdalene, and it gave me a bit of heart, and I determined that instant that if I could earn a crust of bread in any other way I would change my mode of life. On the following Monday morning I was walking down a street, thinking what I should do, and where I could go to get work, when a respectable person came out of a house with a pail and flannel and commenced cleaning the steps. Something prompted me to offer my services, and they were accepted, the woman being just then without a servant. Afterwards she asked if I could wash plain things, and in this way I earned a good dinner and half-a-crown. The lady also recommended me to two other places, and I felt this was a better life than the one I had been living. Now, mister," she added earnestly, "will you let me know a bit more about Mary Magdalene?"

The whole beautiful story was again told, and a little New Testament presented to Mary's twentieth century sister. Up to that time she had had no home, except the lodging-house or the cold street; now her ambition was to earn a little shelter of her own where, away from drink and vice, she could redeem her soul from death and her life from shame.

It is a noble crusade in which over practically the wide area of the Metropolis some twenty-three faithful London City missionaries are all the time engaged; a crusade against alcoholism and vice conducted in the very strongholds of "the Trade." And from the latest records of truly wonderful results is extracted the above touching story.

The Home Doctor

The Child and the Dentist

Anne Builbert Mahon

"If mothers only realized how important it is to prepare children in the right way of going to the dentist's, they would spare themselves and the children, as well as the dentist, untold trouble," said a specialist in the treatment of children's teeth.

"You have no idea how some of the children carry on," continued the dentist. "They scream and kick. Some of them go into regular nervous paroxysms even before I start to touch their teeth. One little girl actually fainted the moment she got into the chair, before I had even examined her teeth. Most of the fear is all in their minds. They have the idea impressed upon them that they are going to be hurt and it works them up into a perfect frenzy of nervousness. It is chiefly because of what they have heard from older people at home.

"Such remarks as these are made before them: 'I have to go to the dentist's and, oh, how I dread it!' 'How that dentist hurt me!' 'I would rather do anything than go to the dentist's!'

"Is it any wonder that the children look upon a visit to the dentist as an unknown terror? If older people were only careful not to make such remarks before sensitive little children and so imbue them with a horror of the dentist and his work, much of the child's unreasonable fear of the dentist's chair would be done away with."

It is absolutely necessary that children should go to the dentist in order to preserve their teeth and to prevent suffering with toothache. As it is something which every child must undergo, the mother should prepare for it reasonably, sensibly and tactfully. Not only will she make it much easier for the child as well as herself and the dentist, but she will also help to instill into the child that strength of character which recognizes that certain evils must be met with in life and borne with courage.

"You are such a brave boy," said a mother to her little four-year-old on the occasion of his first visit to the dentist, "that I know you will not mind even if it should be uncomfortable, even if it should hurt a little bit. You don't want to have toothache, nor to have ugly, black teeth, so I know you will open your mouth wide like a little man and help the dentist all you can—show him how brave you are. It will only hurt for a minute, anyhow, and then you will have no more toothache or trouble."

She was not without misgivings, for the child was an exceedingly sensitive, nervous little fellow, but she did not allow him to realize her doubts, nor to feel that "going to the dentist's" was a bugbear.

After the first allusion to the matter she did not dwell too much on the prospect, but when the time came, took him quietly and cheerfully, as a matter of course.

The little lad responded to her suggestions beyond her highest hopes. He sat as still as a mouse in the chair and allowed the dentist to fill several really large cavities without uttering a sound, and even allowed the separator to be put between his crowded little teeth and the gum pushed back without comment—an operation which many an older person can not stand without wincing.

"It hurt me terribly, mother," he confided afterwards, "but I wasn't going to let the dentist think I wasn't brave."

In her heart the mother gave thanks, for she knew that the little fellow had begun to learn the lesson of bearing necessary pain bravely and that his courage in the dentist's chair was indicative of the strength and self-control which in after life would help him over many hard places.

It is easy to prepare a child sensibly and tactfully for visits to the doctor or to the dentist, to guard against any unnecessary childish fears and nervousness, if the mother will only make a little

effort and call to her aid the mighty power of suggestion, and appeal to the child's courage and bravery to help him bear what is painful but necessary.

A Home Medicine Chest

Every home, however large or small the family, should have a medicine chest containing the helpful agencies for the cure of minor complaints. These need not be merely drugs, says Miss Morell, in the Brooklyn "Daily Eagle," for the habit of indiscriminate drugging is one of the most injurious possible to any human system. It is much less dangerous to health to pay no attention to one's ills than to dose one's self for every little thing, and to take anything but the simplest and commonest remedies without the advice of a physician. Drugs do not work alike on all individuals. Morphine, which is a very strong sedative, affects some persons so that they appear to be insane. The rushing to headache powders every time one's head feels uncomfortable has been written up many times as a most dangerous course. The writer knew one girl made so ill by following the advice of a friend as to a remedy to cure her cold that for two months her life was despaired of. A safe rule to follow is: "Never take any drug not advised by the physician," who knows your temperament and what is best suited to your needs.

There are many simple curative mediums that may be kept at hand for the slight indispositions that need some attention to keep them from becoming serious. There should be rolls of cloth ready for binding up sprained limbs, mustard for baths and for plasters, peroxide of hydrogen for cuts or torn surfaces, tannic acid, to be dissolved in water as a gargle in cases of sore throats; menthol preparations to be rubbed on when there is external soreness; camphor and salt. Salt is good in many ways, as a gargle, dissolved in water and drank before going to bed, to regulate the bowels, to stop a hemorrhage, and for many other things.

There should be a hot water bag, or a bag of sand that can be heated, which is as effective as the hot-water bag, but heavier. Bands of thick flannel are the best thing to be used for applying hot fomentations. Flax-seed meal for poultices is also a standard remedy to keep at hand. Each family has its own special favorites in remedies. All poisons should be in three-cornered bottles or be provided with corks that

have pins in them, or are so cut that the instant one takes them in hand their dangerous nature is known. These things should be kept always together where not a moment need be lost when one requires them. Old handkerchiefs and napkins should be preserved for this purpose, for they are most valuable at times when applications are to be made, or tender places wiped. Of course, absorbent cotton should be added to the stores. The medicine closet should be put too high for any childish hands to reach it, even with the help of a chair. The chest may be simply a box with shelves, all painted in keeping with the room where it is placed. All prescriptions should be preserved in a book for use when again required. A druggist will always give a copy if requested, unless

some such drug as morphine is specified in it. In some places he is required to keep the original, so I am told. A medicine chest proves its merit after a very short trial.

Keeping Warm

Many persons who suffer from cold extremities accept the discomfort as a condition which is natural, and therefore beyond their control. The remedy really lies with themselves, and does not consist in hugging the stove or staying indoors, or in any other artificial protection.

The reason one feels cold first in the extremities is not alone because they are the remotest points reached by the blood

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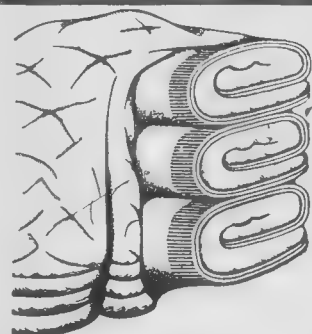
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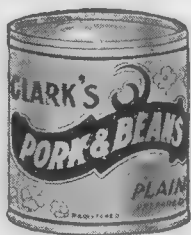
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in its circulation, but also because they contain a network of the minute blood-vessels known as capillaries, in which the blood current tends to stagnate. When this happens the nerves, unwarmed by fresh blood ache in consequence.

The small boy who leaves a warm house on a cold winter morning usually starts on the run, or romps about for a while in the snow. This activity gives such an impetus to his circulation by the rapid breathing which it necessitates that the boy is soon in a glow. Not every one can imitate the boy's activity or enjoy his fun, but all can imitate his breathing.

Breathing completes the circulation. The heart pumps the blood out through the arteries, which become smaller until they are microscopic. This may be in the wall of the heart itself or in the great toe, but wherever it is the blood current there becomes almost stagnant. It is as if a river had debouched into a broad lake. On the other side of the lake are the venous capillaries with which the arterial capillaries connect, and which carry the blood back to the heart. The question whether the blood shall stagnate here or be frequently renewed is, then, a matter of providing

Accidents of Athletics

Games and athletic sports may, first and last, be responsible for so many kinds of bodily injury that it would be impossible to enumerate them; but they may be divided, for convenience, into two groups.

There is first the kind of injury that results from external violence or from incorrect use of the body in the immediate game. Under this head would come all cases of bruises, sprains, contusions and strains. The second group would include all functional troubles, such as heart-strain, insomnia, or impairment of function in any of the organs of the body.

In the first class, where the bruises and sprains are the direct result of the inevitable rough-and-tumble of the game, as in football, there is nothing to be done about it except to draw up and abide by rules which eliminate unnecessary violence, and then meet the fortunes of war. On the other hand, there is an immense amount of bruising and spraining which might be avoided by proper training and proper care.

Proper training—gradual training—means as much as anything else. Muscle



After the Story was Finished

for its speedy entrance into the venous capillaries and its subsequent movement through the larger veins to the heart. This in turn is a matter of breathing, because breathing by its suction-like action, —the so-called aspiration of the thorax,—accelerates the speed of the blood on its return to the heart. A deep breath thus makes its influence felt at those distant points where blood is halting and nerves are tingling.

The rule for keeping warm is, therefore, first to clear the nose and then to breathe well, both deeply and rapidly.

Indigestion

When the food does not digest properly the fowls become very thirsty, so that they will drink water until it runs out of their mouths, if they put down their heads to peck up some corn from the ground. When birds are observed to be in this condition they should be caught and held downwards and their crops gently squeezed with one hand, when the liquid will come away.

When all the liquid is removed, give them some salad oil, as there is always an amount of inflammation in cases of stoppage; the oil relieves it very much, more particularly in the gizzard.

Sweet peas set under the shade of trees are sure to disappoint the planter.

and tendons will not submit to insult with any better grace than the rest of the body, and when they are called upon to perform tasks they have had no preparation for, they will almost certainly rebel.

A physician who speaks from the enormous experience in this line of work gained in a large college town, makes the interesting statement that, in his experience, there are more strains and sprains occurring in the first few weeks of the October term than at any other time of the year. He argues that in the long vacation the average undergraduate is not calling upon his muscles for any very violent exercise, and that on his return to college he demands too much of them too suddenly.

Temperature also makes a great difference to the athlete. In warm, damp weather, movements may be made with impunity which would result in trouble in dry, frosty weather.

The trained athlete will take care to have his limbs sponged with warm water before he starts, and the sophomore who stands round the field half-dressed and getting chilled through is doing a foolish thing.

The other group of cases mentioned—the dilated hearts, irritable hearts, and so on—is usually the direct result of overdoing. They are generally only temporary, if discovered in good time and properly treated, but they may lead to much trouble, and materially shorten life, if ignored. Rest will always form the basis of their treatment.

Young People

Nimrod and Buffalo Bill

By G. W. Bartlett

It was an ideal spot, the camp at The Gap. Cheyne and I congratulated ourselves over and over again, on our rare fortune in getting in a week before the summer rush of campers, and pre-empting this idyllic summer home. We lost no time in staking our claim, but before our last tent-peg was driven, Charlie looked up with a laugh and said, "Geordie, I'm afraid we're trespassing. Here comes the owner to put us off."

I glanced up to see the market-gardener whose cabin clings to the hillside at the north end of the island; but following Cheyne's gaze I looked into a spruce tree,

an ugly scar on the jaw. It plowed diagonally across the throat under the jaws, left a deep mark on the shoulder and a long line down the flank. It was an obvious bullet mark, yet what a strange attitude the squirrel must have been in, and what an extraordinary escape. No wonder the squirrel was suspicious of man-creatures.

We soon made friends with the larger squirrel, by tossing him a few crumbs from our hasty luncheon. Next meal he was back again, and the next, bolder on each return. When we spread our supper next evening on the flat rock before the tent, the big squirrel plucked up courage to come to the feast, after two or three nervous runs and balks, he snatched a small crust and made for the tree, with



A Fine Type of the Prairie Baby

to meet instead the inquiring gaze of a big red squirrel. The squirrel was choking with bottled up excitement, which found vent in a series of short half suppressed "chucks," but as he caught my eye he broke into a torrent of abuse. "Chirrr-twit - twit - ku - kechuk - kechuk kut-kechuk!" What eloquence! It was real talk; you could not mistake its meaning. Indignation battling with curiosity, and a tinge of suspicion and fear, were in the tone.

"How dare you come here! Who are you anyhow? What do you want? What are you doing with all this stuff? You are a crazy pair! Well get to work and show us what it is all about."

As we got to work, at his bidding, he hovered around, now peering down from a branch above and dropping a bit of bark to draw our attention, then peeping at us around the trunk of a birch; occasionally making frantic dashes from tree to tree, passing within a few yards, with no other apparent purpose than to make us move and exhibit new phases of our mysterious nature. I soon spotted another squirrel rather smaller than the first, which exhibited close interest in our movements, but took great care to keep a tree between us and herself. We soon discovered the cause of this reticence, in

the bashful one on his track. Soon he was back. He made two or three races over the spread, gathering crumbs as he ran; then when he thought we were not noticing, he seized a huge slice of bread and began dragging it toward the tree. The sight of this huge harvest was too much for the caution of the mate, who came running to assist.

It was very amusing to see the two squirrels trying to haul their burden up a small tree. They would get it a foot or more up, when one would miss his footing, and hanging like grim death to the prize would drag it and the companion to the ground. Nothing discouraged, they would set at it again, chirping and scolding each other after each mishap in a manner which indicated that the honeymoon was over. At last, one of these tumbles parted the slice into two nearly equal pieces, whereupon each made off with his portion to a different tree.

We called the pair Nimrod and Buffalo Bill, in spite of chronology and gender; for Buffalo Bill was evidently Nimrod's wife. They were truly the mighty hunters of the east and the west. Nothing happened in the wood that they did not investigate. Then they came and told us all about it. What lore of the woods

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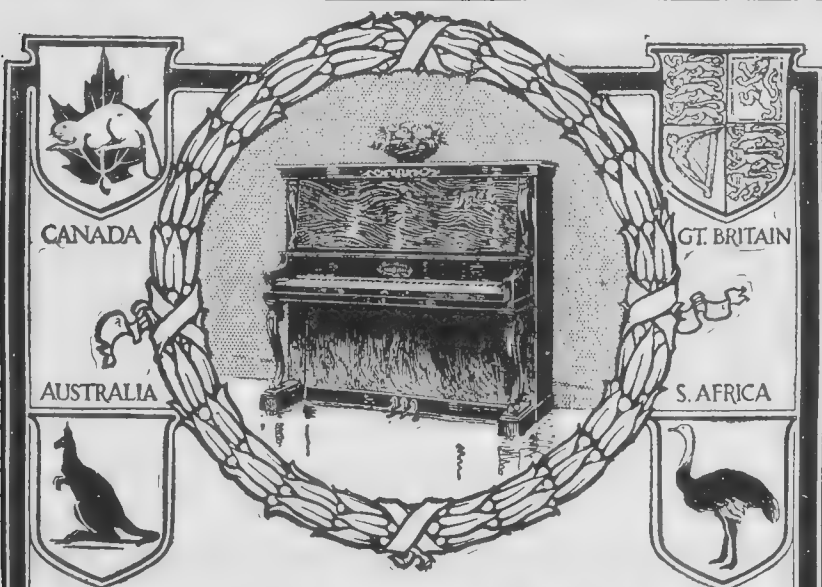
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might we have gathered, could we have understood a quarter of the news they imparted to us.

Some crows which had nested in the woods a short way up the hill, were their pet aversion. A sound or sign of the black thieves, set them off at once into a stream of chattering, storming profanity. The big fish-hawk across the gap made occasional visits to our shore; and his advent imposed a silence of terror on our little chatterboxes, though he would never do them harm nor take the slightest notice of them. A pair of noisy meddlesome jays from a thicket down the shore, made frequent visits to the camp when we were not in sight. Then the excitement began in earnest. Our virtuous little guardians protested vigorously against any such violation of the sacred rights of property. The jays talked back; and the noise usually continued until the birds had satisfied their hunger or until our appearance drove them away.

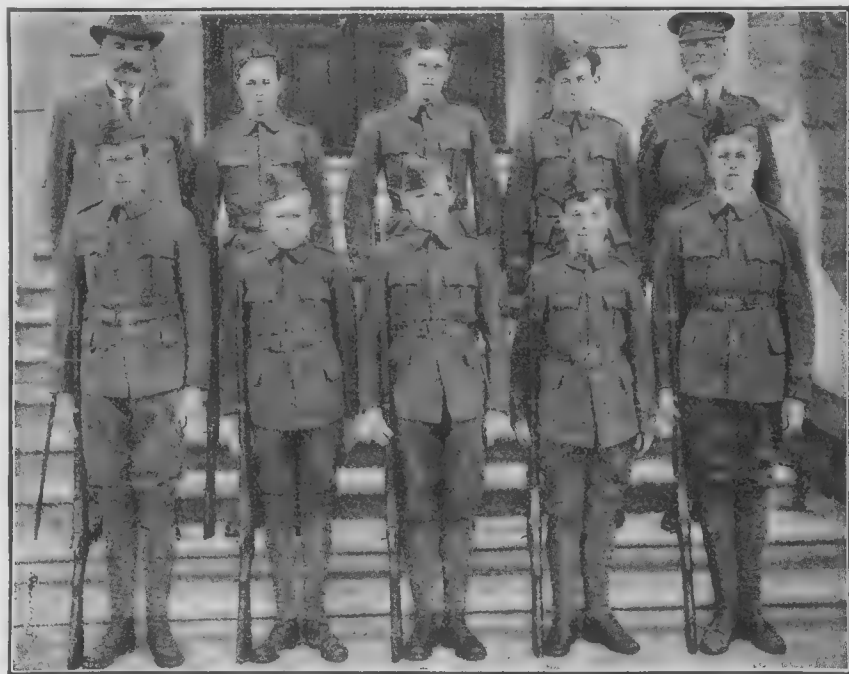
We had come to look at many matters from Nimrod's view point; but strict intellectual honesty would not let us close our eyes to the fact that our new friends were, in some respects, rather shady characters. They roamed the woods constantly in search of birds' nests with eggs or young birds—they cared little which. We looked on with indifference

manner of a flying-squirrel. But she could not recover herself, as she dropped headlong toward the rocks. Only an intervening spruce bough averted a forest tragedy, as it was, she bounced from the branch striking heavily and lay with bleeding nose, stunned on the rocks.

While we examined her, discussing what medical aid we might render, a slight tremor seized her, and we lay her down to await developments, she opened her eyes, and seeing us in dangerous proximity, she bounded into a hollow tree and was gone.

Possibly the fall drove all memory of the bird adventure from the squirrel's mind. Perhaps she blamed us for her accident. Whatever the cause, her former aloofness seized her once more; so that not the whitest bread, not the most delicious lump-sugar, nor even cheese or butter, could entice her to our table again.

Nimrod still came. He came unbidden, the day of our first visit from neighboring campers. Jackson and his wife had been very kind to two lone bachelors during the winter, and we took some pride in entertaining them in our sylvan retreat. Cheyne excelled himself in the lightness and whiteness of his fresh biscuits; while I scoured the woods for trailing arbutus, linnaea, and arctostaphylos vine to festoon



Calgary Boy Scouts, who won many honors in England this year

when they rifled a jay's nest, with some amusement when a pair of king-birds gave Buffalo Bill a sound drubbing for prowling near their quarters; and with a certain degree of mild approval, when they harried the shrike's nest in a black poplar on the shore. But when a pair of belated orioles began to build near the tent, and the furry rascals manifested a deep interest in the work, our sympathies went out to the songsters, even to the extent of armed intervention if need should arise.

Given a fair chance, the oriole was well able to look after his nest. The neatly woven pendant pouch was too far out on the end of a slender twig for the squirrels to approach, but the male oriole took no chances. On occasion he proved a royal good fighter. Every time the mischievous rodent ventured out beyond a firm foothold, the oriole darted at him. More than once had he driven one or other of the squirrels back to the bigger branches, and once he had tumbled Nimrod to the ground.

Nimrod grew discouraged; but Buffalo Bill tried again. Six feet above the nest, was another bough by which that enterprising female stole out until her prey lay directly beneath. It was a shaky business, but she managed it, probably because Mr. Oriole was down at the lake. The alarm calls of his mate brought him headlong back, just as Buffalo Bill launched her bright idea. Gauging the position to a nicety, the squirrel dropped, hoping no doubt to catch by the nest or tear it down in her descent. But just as she dropped, a red streak cleft the air and sent her spinning helplessly earthward. Had Buffalo Bill taken the leap as planned she would, if she missed the nest, have tobogganed down the air-way and landed safely somewhat after the

the spotless linen which we had reserved for just such an occasion as this. Nimrod had scented some special occasion, and was dodging about barking, choking and chirping his excitement.

The dinner, we modestly confess, was an unqualified success. Jackson enjoyed it in his quiet way, but his lady was ecstatic. Our bright aluminum dishes, Cheyne's improvised fireplace, our birch-bark trays, all came in for their share of admiration; but the lion's share went to Nimrod.

She fed him on cake and bread till he refused to carry away another crumb. Yet the saucy little fellow scampered about over the cloth, across our feet—everywhere, enjoying the sensation of which he was the centre.

Supper over, Mrs. Jackson insisted on helping Cheyne "redd-up" the table. As she drew off a brilliant solitaire diamond ring and laid it beside her hand bag on the ground, Jackson and I strolled up over the hill to enjoy the view of the lake on the other side. When we returned, the camp was spick and spotless; everything had been neatly stowed away; and Charlie was trying to improvise a hammock out of some cords and a piece of tarpaulin.

The lady turned to put on her ring; but to her dismay it was nowhere to be seen. Everyone had seen her lay it by the hand bag; it was not there now. No

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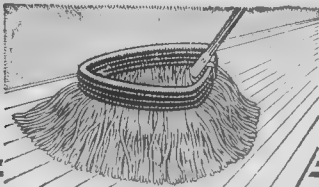
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chance for pilferers of the human kind; where it had gone was surely a puzzle. The only possible culprit seemed—Oh naughty Nimrod was it possible!

The squirrel had left the ground and was dodging in and out of a hole in a tree ten feet from the ground. Something interested and excited him immensely. Presently he sat up on the branch and began investigating with teeth and claws, something he held in his mouth. As he turned it, a ray of white fire caught my eye. It was the ring.

How were we to recover it We might slay the mighty hunter; or we might scare him into his den and then chop him out. We were loath to do either. I stole into the tent and bringing out a 32 calibre revolver drew the lead from the cartridge. Nimrod sat chattering and chirping. "See what I have found" he brazenly boasted. After all how could squirrel ethics, if such exist, be expected to discriminate between taking a piece of sweet white bread, and picking up a hard shiny tasteless thing that no one knew how to make use of!

I waited for the instant when Nimrod took the ring from his mouth for another wondering look. Then the weapon went off with a bang.

A chirp and a jump; and Nimrod was in his den. As he leaped, something dropped from the branch. Charlie leaped forward and pounced upon the plunder. The ring had marks of teeth, and the solitaire was loose at one of its settings.

Nimrod was either short of memory, or very forgiving. In less than a quarter

She was right. It was Mrs. Gummy, who was fully as talkative as ever. She began with a long story, and when fairly in the middle of it the clock on the wall of the room began to strike.

"Wait a moment," interposed Mrs. Benham. "I can't hear you until this noise stops."

"What made that noise?" asked Mrs. Gummy, after it had ceased.

"It was only the clock," answered the patient Mrs. Benham. "You know it always strikes once or twice when we get to talking."

The conversation did not last long after that.

Tommy to the Rescue

Remedies are unfortunately sometimes worse than the diseases which they are made to cure. Tommy's mother, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine, had made him a present of a toy shovel, and sent him out in the sand-lot to play with his baby brother. "Take care of baby, now," said his mother, "and don't let anything hurt him."

Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand-lot.

"For goodness' sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.

"There was a naughty fly biting him on the top of his head, and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.



Yaks in the Siberian Altai

of an hour he was scurrying all over the camp and even down along the hammock and over the lily hand which wore the glittering solitaire.

One of the New Streets

Everybody who rides on trains, trolley-cars, or other public conveyances, is annoyed by the fact that the names of streets, called by the conductor, are rarely pronounced either as spelled or as uttered in ordinary conversation. It seems to be true that a peculiar kind of enunciation, termed by some one "megaphone oratory," has sprung up. It would be an amusing thing to see if, in private life, the conductor of the following story would stick to his guns. It is quoted from the Cleveland Leader.

"Billkwz Street!" cried the conductor. The modest little man touched his elbow.

"Excuse me," he apologized, "but I'm a little hard of hearing, and I confess that I wasn't giving you my undivided attention as I should. Would it be too much to ask you to repeat the name of the street?"

"Billwjkzp Street!" growled the conductor, with a savage glare.

"Oh, thank you so much!" said the modest passenger, gratefully. "I wasn't quite sure whether you said Jllkzwpb Street or Kwplzlpb Street. I get off at Willson. Will you ring the bell?"

The Clock's Annoying Habit

Mrs. Benham had just seated herself to work at a bit of embroidery that required particular care and attention, when there came a ring at the telephone. "I just know that's Mrs. Gummy," she said, as she laid down her work and went to answer the call. "Whenever I am unusually busy and haven't any time to spare, she rings me up and talks to me by the hour."

Country Boys

That boys reared in the country are the hope of the world was never more clearly illustrated than during the past winter by a fourteen-year-old boy who lives five miles from the city, and walks in for school, starting often at half-past six, to be on time. One stormy morning having to help do the chores before starting he forgot his undercoat until coming to town, when on taking off his overcoat he missed it, but determined to go to school in his shirt sleeves rather than be marked down for absence. A friend finally borrowed a neighbor's coat which was several sizes too large, but better than none. Of course the school boys made sport of him, asking if he had a "corner on coats," and other foolish questions, all of which were trying, but the boy kept his temper, only replying that he "didn't come to school for a beauty show." His moral courage in thus braving public opinion, will be a valuable lesson to him.

His character is being developed by the trials endured in getting his education. Beds of "flowery ease," which are usually enjoyed by the city boy can never give him the vim and stamina acquired by country boys in their experience of hard work and little play. Country boys may appear unprepossessing and unfashionable for a time, but the future holds for them premiums which are only paid to experience gotten by hard knocks on the farm, and overcome only by faithfulness and industry. The lasting impressions on the heart by country life are so deep that they can never be effaced and are creative forces on the character of individuals.

"My plate is damp."

"Hush," whispered his wife. "That's your soup. They serve small portions at these fashionable affairs."

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

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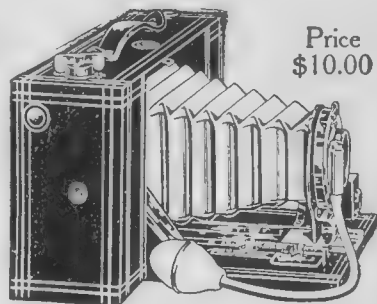
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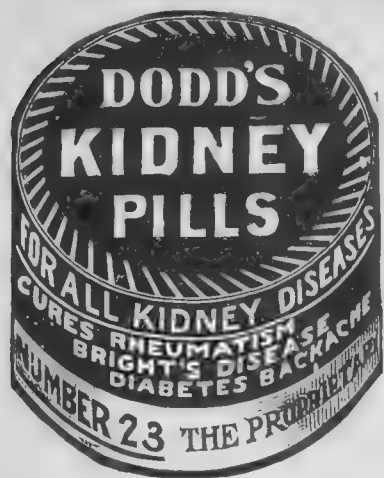


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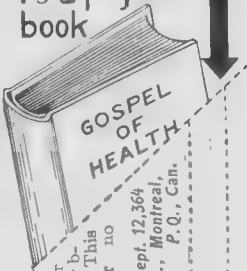
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Dec. 16, 1913.

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Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

Information Required

Wiltshire, England.
April 25th, 1914.

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your excellent magazine for some time. I have a sister in Saskatchewan who sends it to me every month. She has spent three months in England this winter, and I have heard such a lot about life in Western Canada, that I feel like trying it. I am a school teacher, twenty years of age. I would not go to Canada unless I could take up my own profession there. Perhaps some of your readers could tell me whether English certificates are of any use in Canada, or must one pass another qualifying examination out there. I am immensely fond of teaching. The school in which I am engaged at present has 196 girls in it, between the ages of seven and fourteen. Besides this, there is an Infants' Department and a Boys' Department. If ever I made up my mind to leave this country, I would go to the Province of Saskatchewan, as I think I should like to live on the prairie.

I wonder how many Wiltshire readers in Canada will read this letter? Here's my best wishes to all of them. Anyone wishing to correspond will find my address with the Editor. I hope someone will be able to furnish the information I require. Wishing The W. H. M. every success, I will sign myself,

Moonraker.

Good Sensible Advice

Manitoba, May 29, 1914.

Dear Editor,—I am interested in every department of The W. H. M., but the correspondence page of the May issue is, I think, worthy of special notice. Many writers touch on the suffrage question, and I think there is lots of room for discussion here. Honey Dew asks all members to give their opinion, and I hope they will.

I notice that many of the young ladies are against votes for women. Take Turvy, for instance; she suggests reforming the suffragettes by shipping them to Western Canada to cook and mend for the bachelors there. A very bright idea; but it is not necessary to import them. We have them right with us already, although they are not the bomb-throwing and window-smashing kind. Neither do they go about shouting, "Votes for Women!"

Many of them are the wives and mothers in our Western homes, who for many years have been trying to realize some of their girlhood dreams of a bright and cheerful home, where their work would be so pleasant that they would not think of looking for better conditions, and where life would be one grand sweet song. Some have succeeded, and others, yes, many others, after years of hard work, can see nothing in the future but more hard work, without even the right to help direct in domestic affairs. These are looking for a change, and are in the ranks of Canadian suffragettes, and I think that their cause is a good one.

Honey Dew—I would like to talk with you for a minute. You seem to think that a woman's chief duty in life is to keep her house clean and tidy, and have a hot meal ready for her good man. Now, we men do enjoy these things, the hot meals especially; but we do not live for it alone. If this would keep any woman from voting, some of us at least would be willing to go without for once. It is not necessary for the women to go to political meetings unless

they wish to go. They can keep well-informed by reading their newspapers at home. Now, if you ever get the chance to vote, which I think you will, you had better saddle your broncho, as you like riding, and go and vote, which you can do quite as intelligently as anyone. You can be home in time to have that hot meal ready for your good man too. Now, don't think that I am a suffragette. Oh, no, I am a voter, and this is my opinion of the suffrage question.

With best wishes for the success of The W. H. M.,
Thistle.

P.S.—Oh, say: has anyone found some good homesteads for that well-to-do crowd from Ontario?—T.

A Nurse in Alberta

Alberta, May 23rd, 1914.

Dear Editor,—Having just finished reading The W. H. M. for May, I decided to write a few lines. We have taken your paper for a few years and would not be without it. I have my friends send it to me when they finish reading it, and it is pretty well worn by the time the next number is out. I am in training for a nurse and like my work very much. I did some private nursing before deciding to take the course, but prefer this to the private work. We get regular hours, no matter what is going on. There are about thirty-five girls and we sure have a jolly time together.

This is my first few months away from the country. I like the city for a change, but think one would tire of it quicker than the country. The country is so fresh and free—God's handiwork. The city is man's. I go to church Sunday evenings. They have some grand churches here, but I can't approve of such things with so many poor people living or merely existing just a few blocks away, not able to attend on account of the grandeur. Were it more plain and humble they would feel more like attending. Things seem to be very one-sided, and one notices this so much more in the city than in the country. There is a day coming when riches will not be counted.

I have been sitting at the window watching the sun set. It has been such a lovely day, and just cool and lovely this evening. I hear the frogs now and I must close. My address is with the Editor. Best wishes to all. From another
Nurse.

Topsy Back Again

Killarney, May, 1914.

Dear Editor,—I hope you will pardon me for writing so soon, as it's such a short time since my other letter was printed. However, I hope this one is just as fortunate. When I saw "Turvey's" letter in the paper, which came in last night, I thought I would reply. Say! "Turvey," you must have some brand new ideas on religion. Did any of the readers ever hear of it being reckoned by the mile? I never did. Even if my home was fifty miles from a church, I would awfully hate to give that as a reason for not having any religion. Are there many people living around you, friend "Turvey"? If so, some minister who reads your letter will surely take steps at once to build a church nearer you. It would be too bad for very many people to lose their chance of getting to Heaven because there were no churches handy; or make that a reason for not having even the least speck of religion. Now, just as a favor, look over your epistle—if you still have it—and then let us know if you meant exactly what you said.

Your plan to punish suffragettes is a very good one, only I hope there are none shipped to Elm Springs until there are a few more churches built. Never mind, "Turvey," your letter was pretty good for the first attempt. You can criticize mine if you like, for turn about is fair play. If "Lonely" received as many letters as I did from readers of the correspondence columns, he never need be lonely again. It would take a small fortune to keep me supplied with postage if I tried to answer them all. I certainly enjoyed reading them, though. There is nothing I like better than corresponding. Thank you,

Was Badly Run Down. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Built Her Up.

Mrs. Frank Blough, Sarnia, Ont., writes:—"I embrace the opportunity to write you saying that I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and found them very helpful to me. I was very badly run down, and was taking doctor's medicine. My son, out West, wrote me saying, 'Mother! you use the Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, they will be better for you than doctor's medicine.' This I did with good results. I often recommend them to other people. My doctor did not know I was using them, he used to say 'Why! I never saw any one's heart gain up like yours has. You do not need any more medicine.'"

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



If you are making less than \$50 a week you should write us today. We can help you to wealth and independence by our plan; you can work when you please, where you please, always have money and the means of making plenty more of it.

JUST LISTEN TO THIS. One man traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He stayed at the best hotels, lived like a lord wherever he went and cleaned up more than \$10.00 every day he was out. Another man worked the fairs and summer resorts, and when there was nothing special to do, just started out on any street he happened to select, got busy and took in \$8. a day for month after month. This interests you, don't it?

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"Flora Dora," for the compliment. I did not think the letter was very good and it was a pleasant surprise to me to see it printed. Someone was asking the girls to give their opinions of an ideal man. Am very sorry that I cannot give mine, for as yet I have never seen or heard of one. Well, as this letter is getting rather long, I must close. Hoping to see it in print soon, I remain,
Topsy.

A Good Investment

New Westminster, B.C., May 14, 1914.

Dear Editor,—We subscribed to your paper last October and since then I have been an interested reader of your correspondence column. As I have not seen any letters from this city, I thought I would write. New Westminster is on the right bank of the Fraser River. Port Mann is on the opposite shore, and about one mile above New Westminster. In the April issue of The Western Home Monthly, "Bruno" asks if it would be a safe investment to hold lots in Port Mann and Liverpool, B.C. I think Port Mann would be a good investment, as it will be a great place in the near future. The town is growing fast and many people are settling here. Several industries are starting in Port Mann and it is to be the terminus of a railway. But of Liverpool I am not certain. It is a little further down river from Port Mann, and at the present time there is a wharf there and a few scowhouses along the waterfront, where the fishermen live. I think Port Mann would be the best investment at the present time. But I am only a girl, so perhaps my opinion don't count much. New Westminster is called the Royal City because Queen Victoria named it. So I will sign myself,
A Royal City Girl.

It "Can't Be Beat"

Vancouver, B. C., May 15, 1914.

Dear Editor,—Would you kindly allow a little space for a young enthusiastic reader. I enjoy reading the letters in this column and always turn to it first. In looking over the May number I do not see any letters from British Columbia, so I am writing to let you know that there are a great many readers out here as well as in the other Provinces. We have been taking The Western Home Monthly for two years and all enjoy reading it. I have lived in Vancouver for eight years and think it "can't be beat," especially in the summer. Before coming here we lived in California, and although I liked it there, I think I would sooner live here. We always lived on a farm before, but I like the city the best. In the May number, "A. N. S. Lassie" says that everything is a study of nature in the country. Of course that is true, but here we have a large natural park in which those who love nature may study it as much as they wish. Although I am only a young girl I would be pleased to receive letters from any who care to write and would gladly answer and give all the information I can, so I will leave my address with the editor, and will close, signing myself,
"A School Girl."

Wants Some Good Books

Crozier, Ont., May, 1914.

Dear Editor,—Although a new subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, I must say it is the best paper all round for the home I've seen for a long time. It has good stories that are helpful, and also gives sidelights on the farm that all go to help young as well as old to get the best out of life. Your correspondence columns are fine; I do so enjoy reading them—it seems to me it brings people into closer touch with each other. I am on a homestead here, and am one of the so-called lonely bachelors. I am just starting to work on my own place for good. I got burnt out three years ago by a forest fire, and have just saved up enough to build a house 16x20, two stores, also rebuild my stable. It is 16x30 with a hay loft. Up till last fall I was working at my trade as a machinist. I like it fine as in that trade a young man has such great chances of working up to higher ideals. I started to serve my time at 75 cents per day; the hours were long and the work harder than the farm by a good deal, but I studied hard and in a little over a year I got a raise to 90 cents a day. Then I took a course in a correspondence school, and inside of three months I was raised and now I get \$3.50 to \$3.75 a day. The school helped me along with hard study. I put my money into my farm, and it has repaid me for my

toil, for I like to feel now that I have got a house of my own. I can feel for young men just starting out, especially when they have to hew the home out of the forest like it is here. I think there is no vocation in life like the farmer's—he is so independent. I would like to know where I could get some good books on farming if some one will kindly inform me. Time's up—must report for work.
W. A. B.

Banking Accounts

Bowman, Man., May, 1914.

Dear Editor,—Once again I write to your columns to tell you of a rather unusual experience it has been my lot to pass through during the past week. I had a birthday. This may not interest you much, but it is quite an event with me, as I am allowed but one a year. To me it seems a time peculiarly fitted to balance our books and see how we stock up, so to speak. In striking this trial balance we should use no terms such as "Cash," "Merchandise," "Bills Payable," etc., in the ordinary sense. Our trial balance should show not whether we have stored up enough "merchandise" or possess sufficient currency either on hand or credited by the bank, to stem any panic or stringency after meeting our "bills payable" and other liabilities; but if we possess strength to weather any temptation that may overtake us. When we take over the Business of Life every evil tendency is a liability brought forward. Every time we sin, stretch the truth a bit, or do any little mean or miserable action we sign a Bill Payable. Nor do we have to wait till the hereafter to meet these Bills—they fall due right here on earth—nature charging big interest and allowing no days of grace. Every day we are paying these in the form of bodily ills, disease and pain, to say nothing of accusing consciences, discontented spirits and warped souls. Ever—"night before" surely brings a "morning after," when Nature calls to collect. We cannot be out of town, we must shell out, and generally the Bill nature presents looks mighty big. On the other hand, when we assume this business, every strength, bodily or mental, besides education, advice etc., constitutes "stock." We may, if we so will develop such items of stock as we are short on, thereby increasing the general stability of the business, and making more certain its success in the event of panics or temptation. Every time we do a kindly deed, great or small, we secure a Bill Receivable; every time we resist temptation in any size, shape or manner, we are "credited by bank," thereby building up a reserve and attaining that stability referred to above. These Bills are also payable right here on earth in the form of health, strength, content and happiness. The power to resist our bank balance inspires confidence in us. Now each of us have outstanding faults or weaknesses, every year we allow these to secure countless bills and notes against us. Would it not be good business to go after a single one of these faults and strangle it for good and all. A strange sort of bookkeeping this, but in Ruskin's words "the only real sort there ever was, or indeed ever can be"; infinitely more important to each and every living soul than all that is done in banks or elsewhere—failure meaning disease of body and soul, and bankruptcy—death. Well, so long folks, and remember that a merry heart is better than a big bank account.
Northonia.

Recruiting Officer—"I'm afraid you are not heavy enough for a cavalryman. We want men who can ride right over everything whenever necessary."

Applicant—"That's all right, captain, I've been a chauffeur for seven years."

Boss—"Where's Jones? His vacation was up this morning."

Fellow-Clerk—"It was, sir; but he telephoned that he would have to ask for a few days to rest up before he could possibly go to work."

They Cleanse While They Cure.—The vegetable compounds of which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are composed, mainly dandelion and mandrake, clear the stomach and intestines of deleterious matter and restore the deranged organs to healthful action. Hence they are the best remedy for indigestion available to-day. A trial of them will establish the truth of this assertion and do more to convince the ailing than anything that can be written of these pills.



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It is a sale Catalogue—it tells only of bargains—of savings—a wonderful tale of economy in just the things you need for summer. Things to wear—pretty, stunning little summer dresses—some real wonders—in waists 39c up to \$2.98—the most fascinating of lingerie—some charming millinery conceits that will delight the heart of every woman, and prices seem incredibly low—Paris has outdone herself in the new—novel—fashionable neck fixings and dress accessories.

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FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

CATALOGUE OF LATEST FASHIONS

THIS is a finely printed and illustrated catalogue, showing about five hundred up-to-date styles for Misses, Women and Children. A copy will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

\$5.50 Baby's Outfits \$5.50

Containing 50 Articles

Robes, Gowns, Flannels, etc. Everything necessary, good and durable, and ready for instant use. Sent return mail. Carriage paid for \$5.50. British P. Order. Lists Free. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England.

Fashions and Patterns

Any pattern mentioned on the following pages will be sent. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Dainty lingerie frocks, charming in line and detail, show how cleverly such fabrics as Pompadour taffeta, printed crepe, voile, and net may be combined with lace and embroidery. Clever draperies, bustle effects, flare tunics and peg-top skirts are among the popular styles of the season.

A new Eaton jacket is cut in Directoire style. Flaring jaunty coats, and Neapolitan capes are much favored.

The simplest wardrobe may obtain variety by combining separate waists and skirts.

used for a neat little dancing frock made with a blouse waist, finished at the fronts with a tiny vest of handkerchief linen embroidered in white. The skirt has a gracefully flaring tunic.

Delft blue linen was used for a pretty porch dress. It has a collar, cuffs and girdle of blue and white dotted crepe.

For morning and outing wear the simpler and severe styles prevail. Simple practical blouses, loose fitting and comfortable, are made with the Japanese collar that stands away from the neck. A "four in hand" tie forms a suitable finish.



A Leading English Authoress with her Two Best Volumes

A pretty waist, made of white handkerchief linen, embroidered in self color, is cut with a deep plait over the shoulder, and a "set in" sleeve that is finished with a new pointed cuff. With this waist is worn a skirt that shows an entire new style feature, the spiral effect. It is a model cut in sections and joined under a deep tuck that encircles the skirt. The material of the skirt is a new checked worsted in blue and green.

A new coat has loose raglan sleeves, a wide belt over the back, and a flaring lower edge, deep cuffs, and slash pockets. The back is in two sections, the one being part of the sleeve, with the joining covered by the belt.

The new Neapolitan cape is a modification of an army cape worn by Italian officers. It is suitable for afternoon wear in broadcloth or serge, and for evening in the light colors, in cloth charmeuse, Chutodo, moire, and taffeta. In velvet these wraps are charming over light evening gowns.

A pretty frock of pale yellow voile has a raglan shoulder and "V" neck edge, with the body of the blouse cut on loose lines. The skirt is in peg-top style with puff effect over the hips.

Sometimes a little novelty in trimming will transform an otherwise entirely plain gown. Peach colored crepe was

Long sleeves with neat cuffs and patch pockets complete this practical style.

A good skirt for an outing or business suit is a four gore model with panel front and side belt and a slash pocket.

A pretty dress of Dolly Varden crepe was made for a young girl in her teens. The waist has raglan sleeve and a smart diagonal closing. The two piece skirt is gracefully draped in front.

The up-to-date costume for the young girl is marked by soft effects in plaits and fullness.

For afternoon wear, cascade or bourne draperies are very popular on dresses of foulard, crepe, taffeta and charmeuse. The cascade may be over the side or front of the skirt.

Gay middie blouses in various combinations of colors and seasonable materials are ever popular for warm days.

The new Dutch suits for boys, sometimes called the "Oliver Twist," are much favored for boys, especially in such combinations as tan, rose or blue and white. There is also a new romper style for boys and girls with blouse to be slipped over the head. Soft voile, batiste, chambray, gingham and crepe make pretty summer frocks for children.

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

Coughed Almost All Night

With That Dry Tickling Sensation in the Throat.

A bad cough, accompanied by that distressing, tickling sensation in the throat is most aggravating.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup heals the mucous surfaces, relieves oppression and tightness of the chest, removes accumulated mucous or phlegm, quiets even the most obstinate and distressing coughs, securing sleep and rest at night, not only to the sufferer, but to others whose rest would otherwise be broken.

Mrs. Duell Marshall, Basswood Ridge, N.B., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for me. I took a severe cold, coughed almost all night with that dry, tickling sensation in my throat. The first bottle did me so much good, I thought I would try a second one, which I am pleased to say resulted in a complete cure. I can strongly recommend it to any one suffering from a cough or any throat irritation."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25c. a bottle; the large family size, 50c.

It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark, and is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

COMPLETELY CURED OF DYSPEPSIA

By Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets

We are continually hearing from grateful people who have had experiences like that of Miss Alice E. Cooper of Niagara Falls, Ont., who writes:

"I wish to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I received from your most wonderful Dyspepsia Tablets. Having taken other medicines without having received the slightest relief, I heard of your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and thought I would give them a trial. I have been completely cured of dyspepsia. I will be only too pleased to advise any one troubled with dyspepsia to give them a fair trial."

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets not only give the immediate relief from heartburn, flatulence, acidity of the stomach and biliousness, which is so much needed, but if taken regularly for a few days or weeks they completely cure the most aggravated cases of stomach trouble. When for 50c. you can get a box from your druggist, why go on suffering? National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 144

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are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, Can.

9958—Ladies' Shirt Waist with Long or Short Sleeves. — Madras, crepe, linen, batiste, cambric, silk, poplin or voile are all suitable for this style. The sleeve extends over the shoulder to the neck edge. The closing of the waist is under the plait in front. The long sleeve is finished in regulation shirt style. The short sleeve has a turn-back cuff. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. Pattern 10c.

9947-9946 — A Graceful Dress. — White crepe was used to make this pretty gown, which is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 9947, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 9946. White net embroidered with a touch of green makes a dainty chemisette. The cuffs are of crepe embroidered in a delicate shade of green. The waist is cut low at the chemisette outline, and finished with rounded tab extensions. The skirt is caught up in two cross folds in

draped in a deep fold over the front, has plaited fulness at the back. The right waist front crosses over the left diagonally, to correspond with the skirt. The sleeve is cut in one with the shoulder portions, and has two seams. It may be finished in wrist or elbow length. This design in chiffon or moire taffeta or in voile will be equally effective. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44 inch material for a 14 year size. Pattern 10c.

9678—Child's Rompers with Long or Bell Sleeves and High or Square Neck Outline. — Galatea, kindergarten cloth, linen, linene, percale, gingham, or khaki cloth may be used for this design. The closing is at the left side, and the sleeve may be finished with a band cuff or in shorter length as illustrated. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years.

9952 — Child's Dress with or without Tucker.—This simple, but none the less



front, and plaited at the back in panel style. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44 inch material for a medium size, for the entire dress. The skirt measures about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the lower edge. Two patterns 10c.

9957—Ladies' Bungalow Apron.—Percale, gingham, seersucker, drill, cambric, lawn, chambray or kindergarten cloth may be used for this style. The fronts are fitted with darts. This model affords ample protection for the dress, and is cool and comfortable. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

9945—A Charming and Stylish Model. Costume for Misses and Small Women.—White linen was chosen for this design; with frills of embroidered batiste at neck and sleeve edges. The design is unique in its shaping. The skirt slightly

desirable model may be finished with the right front lapped in a small revers, or with straight front outline. The dress has shoulder and underarm seams, and the sleeve is cut in one with the body. A long sleeve tucker is provided in the pattern. Lawn, dimity, challie, cotton crepe, voile, tub silk, linene, gingham, chambray, and galatea are all suitable for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material for a 4 year size, with 1 yard for the guimpe.

9943—Boy's Play Suit with Knickerbockers.—This presents a cool and comfortable garment for warm days. The sleeve is cut in one with the yoke portions. The closing is at the centre, under the tuck. This design is good for linen, linene, chambray, galatea, percale, crepe or seersucker. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44 inch material for a 3 year size. As here shown kindergarten cloth in a khaki shade was combined with brown and white striped percale.

SUMMER CATARRH

Free Advice on Its Cure



CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE
Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.

Who Will Give Free Advice on Curing Catarrh to All Who Ask For It.

Now is the season of Summer Catarrh—the most dangerous form of Catarrh because it's the most deceptive.

Perhaps you have it and are making the great mistake of thinking it only a stubborn, sneezing, nose-running, head-cold—an ailment that comes with mid-summer and that you'll be rid of a while later on.

Don't deceive yourself about Summer Catarrh. It's far more than a simple ailment—it's a dangerous one. The very fact it troubles you at all in warm weather proves it's deepseated Catarrh of the worst kind.

Don't take any chances with such a treacherous disease. Start to cure it at once. It's the best season of all the year to get rid of it—the season when you can clear it out of your system with the least time and trouble.

Take your Catarrh in hand now for what seems to-day a harmless ailment may be a very dangerous one when Winter sets in. Remember, neglected Summer Catarrh is too often the cause of that run-down, diseased and weakened condition that opens the gate to Consumption.

Don't neglect your Catarrh any longer. Don't meet the cold weather with your system undermined by this insidious, poisonous trouble. Write to me to-day and let me give you the most helpful and valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

on just what to do for it. It shall not cost you a penny and you'll find my counsel and information of genuine aid and benefit.

Don't hesitate to ask for my help. For twenty-five years I've been studying and curing Catarrh and I know it in every form. My advice has already cured thousands who now are free from Catarrh. I'll send you names and addresses of people living right near you, who'll willingly tell you of all that I did for them.

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW—DON'T DELAY ANY LONGER! Tell me about your trouble and without any charge whatever, I'll send you, after careful study, a complete diagnosis of it and a friendly helpful letter that will show you how Catarrh can be cured.

Answer the questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and mail it to me without delay. Address

Catarrh Specialist Sproule
117 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON

This coupon entitles you to medical advice free on curing Catarrh.

Does your nose run?
Do your eyes run water?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Does your nose feel swollen?
Do you feel "all stuffed up"?
Do you have fits of sneezing?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you sometimes wheeze or cough?
Does the dust make you sneeze very badly?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you sometimes have bad headache?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Is there a tickling in your throat?
Does the mucus drop in back of your throat?

NAME

ADDRESS

Let me talk to you about Nerve Troubles.

Our nerves are like an intricate network of telegraph wires. They are controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain known as the nerve centres. The condition of the nerve centres depends upon the condition of the bodily health. When the bodily health is lowered the nerves suffer in sympathy. Then it is that we are tormented with "nerves," headaches, neuralgia, nervous debility. In such cases there is nothing to equal 'Wincarnis,' the 'Wine of Life.' 'Wincarnis' is a powerful nerve food which acts directly upon the nerve centres and gives them new life and new vitality. The result is wonderful. Will you try it?

Begin to get well FREE

Send for a liberal free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis.' Enclose six cents stamps for postage. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. You can obtain regular supplies from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.



WINGARNIS

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helps the stomach to do its work naturally and properly. Stimulates the liver. The system is freed from poison. The blood is purified. Every organ is rejuvenated. Instead of the "Blues," you feel fit and strong, equal to any task or up to any pleasure.

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The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whitens the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove 'tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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9937—Ladies' Corset Cover with Peplum.—Lawn, nainsook, dimity, crossbar muslin, crepe, cambric and silk are suitable for this design. The fulness of the fronts is drawn up by tape or ribboned beading. The skirt piece or peplum lengthens the model below the waist. It may be omitted, and the fulness at lower edge finished with a beading or band.

9810—Costume for Misses and Ladies with or without Chemisette.—This model will make up well in blue crepe de chine. Brocaded silk in Persian tones forms the girdle, while shadow lace and net frills add a neat touch to neck and sleeve finish. The design is suitable for serge, albatross or cashmere. It will also lend itself equally well to velvet, charmeuse or stain. The drop shoulder and yoke effect are good style features. The pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years for misses, and 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure for ladies. Pattern 10c.

this model. For utility wear, grey and white striped seersucker or checked gingham would do nicely. For afternoon or porch wear, a cool dimity or lawn, with bandings of insertion or lace would be in good taste. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

9955—Ladies' Costume with or without Chemisette. — Brocaded crepe in blue tones with trimming of tan faille is here shown. The vest and Japanese collar are good style features of this model. The skirt is laid in panel-forming plaits in back and front, forming a bib extension over the belt below the vest. The chemisette may be omitted. The sleeve is a new "set-in" kimono style. This design is good for moire or chiffon taffeta, striped voile or figured crepe, for ratine, eponge or linen. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.



9950—Ladies' One Piece Suspender Skirt with Bib Portions.—This model is easy to develop, and is especially adapted for wash materials. It will look well in linen, ratine, or eponge, and is attractive for checked or plaid suitings, also for moire and chiffon taffeta. The closing is at the side. The skirt is dart fitted and the fulness of the back simulates a panel. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 24 inch size, which measures about 1½ yards at the foot.

9935—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Shorter Sleeve.—The simple "easy to develop" models are best for practical serviceable wear. One finds in the model here portrayed a design that may be developed with wrist length or shorter sleeves, and with or without the band trimmings. The right front is shaped over the left. The skirt, in five sections, has a centre back seam, and a narrow front panel. Lawn, seersucker, gingham, chambray, challie, dimity, percale, linen, ratine or linene, are all most suitable for

9949 — Girl's Dress with or without Shield, and with Long or Short Sleeves.—This comfortable model has a practical (front) closing. The yoke portions are joined to the full waist portions, and are cut with the sleeve in one. A shawl collar forms a neat neck finish. The skirt is straight and gathered. The sleeve is good in either wrist or elbow length, and may be finished with or without the cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

9963—Ladies' Blouse Waist, with or without Medici Collar. — White crepe was used for this style, with embroidery in Oriental colors on neck and sleeve edges. The collar shows a new style feature, but it may be omitted. This model would look well in white linen, with scalloped edges at neck, sleeve and yoke joining, or in white lawn or batiste, with "all over" embroidery for yoke portions. The design is also good for silk, crepe, linene, challie, eponge or ratine. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2¼ yards of 36

I OWE MY LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

They Did Me More Good Than All
Other Treatments Combined



Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS

PALMERSTON, ONT., June 20th. 1913
"I really believe that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. Ever since childhood, I have been under the care of physicians and have been paying doctors' bills. I was so sick and worn out that people on the street often asked me if I thought I could get along without help. The same old stomach trouble and distressing headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago I got a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and the first box did me good. My husband was delighted and advised a continuation of their use. 'Fruit-a-tives' completely cured me.

Today, I am feeling fine, and a physician meeting me on the street, noticed my improved appearance and asked me the reason. I replied, 'I am taking Fruit-a-tives'. He said, 'Well, if 'Fruit-a-tives' are making you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can'.

Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

9953—Ladies' One Piece Garment.—Short jackets are especially attractive this season, and will develop well in any of the prevailing suit materials. White linen was chosen for the design here illustrated, with collar embroidered in self color. The model is cut in kimono fashion, and is entirely loose fitting. The coat tail portion of the back may be weighted at the lower edge in the corners by covered lead weights. The pattern is appropriate for serge, voile, chiffon or moire taffeta, ratine, and eponge, for gingham, linene or linen. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

9939—Ladies' House Dress.—Simplicity marks this style and promises much for its popularity. The lines are simple, and the design is easy to develop. The right front overlaps the left in closing in both waist and skirt, and the comfortable sleeves are finished with a neat cuff. The pattern is good for gingham, percale,

raised or normal waistline is in good style. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

9944 — Girl's Dress with or without Tunic and with Long or Short Sleeve. — Brown and white striped galatea is here combined with brown gingham. The blouse fronts open over a vest. The shaped cuffs form a neat finish for the sleeve in either length. The tunic may be omitted. The skirt is a two piece model, and may be joined to a lining under-body, or finished with a band. The design is good for voile, crepe, chambray, tub silk, or linen.

9954—Misses' and Ladies' Middy Suit. —This popular and attractive model may be finished with a collar or a facing at the neck edge. The skirt is a three piece model, with the right front shaped over the left, and the back finished with tuck darts. The sleeve of the blouse extends over the shoulder to the neck edge.



crepe, lawn, dimity, voile, seersucker, kindergarten cloth or lawn. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and requires 4 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yards at the foot. Pattern 10c.

9777—Ladies' Apron with or without Facings and Pockets.—Percale, gingham, chambray, alpaca, lawn, or cambric are all suitable for the making. The fulness of the back is confined by a belt that may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

9956 — Ladies' Skirt with or without the Tunic. (In Raised or Normal Waistline.)—Moire taffeta, striped voile, ratine, linen, or eponge are all desirable materials for this style. The tunic and flounce are shaped over the front. The skirt is cut on straight lines, and is dart fitted at the top. The fulness of the darts may be gathered. The finish in

Linen, chambray, eponge, ratine, voile, linene, serge or silk are all desirable for this style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes for misses: 14, 16 and 18 years; and in 5 sizes for ladies: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size, and 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 16 year size. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yards at the lower edge.

9959—Girl's Dress with Body Lining.—Figured blue and white percale was used for this model, with facings of blue. A soft messaline tie is caught under the tabs in front. The waist is made over a body lining. The fronts open over a vest, which closes at the left side front. The set in sleeve is a new style feature. The skirt is very pleasing; it has a panel front, and the back is finished with a wide hem tuck. The shaped belt fastens at the underarm seam. The pattern, which is good for silk, linen, linene, galatea, gingham, chambray, ratine, voile or crepe, is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

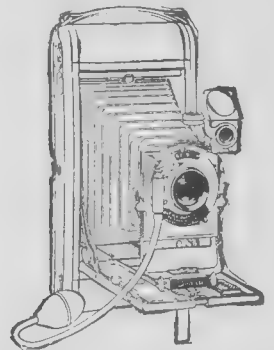
Was Troubled With Weak Back.

Weak back is caused by weak kidneys, and it is hard for a woman to look after her household duties when she is suffering from a weak and aching back, for no woman can be strong and well when the kidneys are out of order.

Doan's Kidney Pills go right to the seat of the trouble, cure the weak, aching back, and prevent any and all of the serious kidney troubles which are liable to become deep rooted into the system if not attended to at once.

Mrs. Augustus Jinks, Demorestville, Ont., writes:—"For several years I had been troubled with weak back and kidneys. I had terrible dizzy headaches, and could not sleep at night. A friend of mine asked me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I did so, and in a short time was cured."

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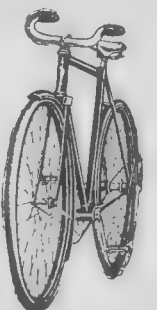
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You can make your skin what you would love to have it

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. Every day, in washing, you rub off dead skin. As this old skin dies, new forms.

This is your opportunity—you can make this new skin what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm-water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment with Woodbury's will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and try this treatment.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 101-R, Perth, Ontario.



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The Western Home Monthly.

Embroidered Summer Novelties

The present styles of dress wear have strongly revived the wearing of separate waists; in fact, this is one the biggest waist seasons ever known, and consequently embroidered blouses are very much in demand, and various materials have been adapted for these.



No. 1480
Stamped on White
Pique \$1.50
Stamped on Linen 1.85
Thread to Embroider .20

We illustrate some of the latest ideas, the first of which, No. 1480, is known as the Sport Waist. The style of this garment will appeal to those who can see the advantages of a loose, easy-fitting blouse, admirably adapted for any athletic sport, and at the same time is smart and stylish. The embroidery design is very simple, and suitable materials for these waists are corded pique, a medium weight linen or one of the poplin weaves. The embroidered portions are the collar and cuffs and the lower edges of the peplum, and after being embroidered this blouse is very easily made up.

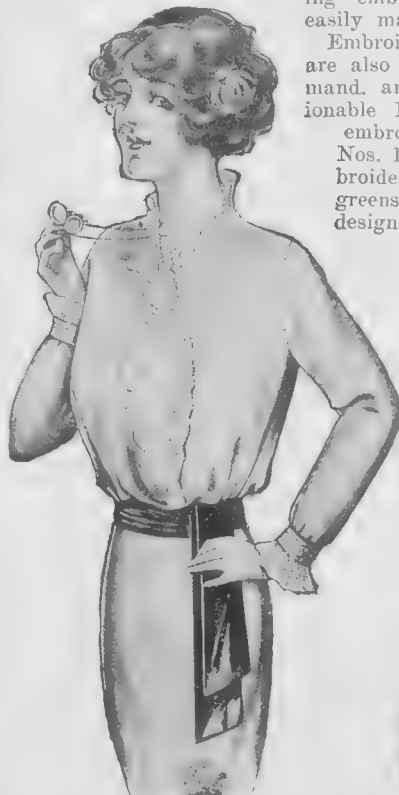
Nos. 1481 and 1483 are lingerie waists, which may be stamped on corded voile, and the designs show a dainty combination of French knot, and solid embroidery. Colored effects are very fashionable this season. The designs illustrated have been embroidered in pale blues, pinks, greens, etc., the finished effect being very attractive. It will be noted that we quote threads to embroider these waists, and unless otherwise specified colored threads as described will be furnished. All these blouses after being embroidered are easily made up.

Embroidered collars are also in great demand, and the fashionable French Knot

embroidery has been adapted for two designs, Nos. 1453 and 1455. The former has been embroidered with dainty coloring of pinks, blues, greens and mauves, the charming little bouquet design being admirably adapted to this effect. The



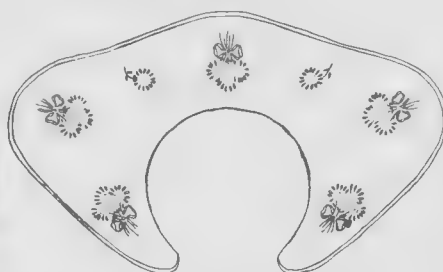
No. 1483—See prices for
No. 1481



No. 1481
Waist Stamped on Corded
Voile \$1.25
Colored Thread to Embroider .25

beautiful design for French Knot embroidery carried out in coral pink, and both this and No. 1453 are stamped on white ratine, and have the inner edge finished with a bias binding, so that after they are embroidered they are ready to wear.

Any of the articles illustrated on this page will be sent post-paid on receipt of the prices quoted; allow at least a week from the time the order is received for filling, and write address plainly.

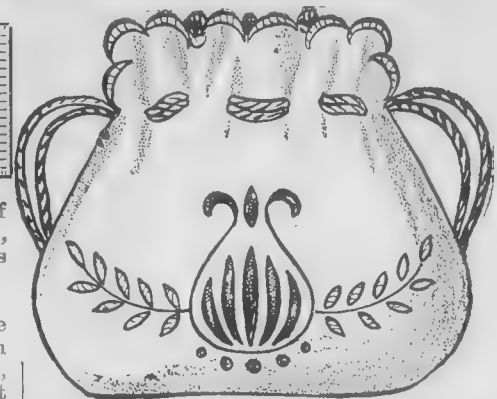


No. 1453
Ratine Collar with Banded Edges... .35
Thread to Embroider25

border is couched with rows of blue and black, the edges cut and hemmed back on the under-side. No. 1455 shows a



No. 6407
Top and Back60
Cluny Lace to Edge75
Silk to Embroider75
Fringe for Ends if preferred60
Ribbon Frill 1.00



Design No. 601.

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Stamped on Pure Tan Linen.

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in order to introduce BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS into every home, This bag outfit is sent free and prepaid, if you send us 35 cents to cover the regular retail price of six skeins of BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS to commence the work and five cents extra for postage. Outfit includes—

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Just enclose 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer. This exceptionally attractive offer is made to introduce BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS into every home in Canada. WRITE TO-DAY.

Silk for Fancy Work

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OF DEW



Porto Rican Straw Hat
Hand-woven, soft, durable comfortable. Good as a Panama, but cooler, lighter, more stylish. Direct from maker to you, \$1.50 post-paid. State size and send money order. Money refunded if not satisfactory. **MARTIN LOPEZ & CO.**

San German, Porto Rico
References—Bank de Economias,
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The birthday cushion for July shows a beautiful spray of carnations tinted in natural colorings with an appropriate motto. The interest shown in this series



No. 1455—See No. 1453

of birthday pillows has been most satisfactory, and the cycle of the 12 months commencing with the September design will be soon completed.

'Pa, what is scientific salesmanship?' 'Selling a dress suit to a man who went into the store to buy a celluloid collar.'—Detroit Free Press.'

The Sweet Young Thing—'Does flying require any special application?' 'Oh, no.' 'Arnica, or almost any old kind of horse liniment will do.'—Life.'

De man what hopes ter git dar kaze he got de lef' hind foot of a graveyard rabbit in his pocket is gwine ter miss it so fur dat he never finds his way back home. Dar's nuthin' like faith; but de faith er de rabbit wuz dat he'd be wearin' dat foot now, yit he lost out, des ez you'll lose out ef you wait fer luck ter come ter you.—Atlanta Constitution.'

About the Farm

Watering Hogs

Although a man may be particular about the drinking water for his cows or other stock and for himself, anything is usually supposed to be good enough for the hogs. If furnished with plenty of good water the hog will more than pay for the trouble with a goodly gain in pounds and many grateful grunts of satisfaction. The question of the amount of water is usually left for the hog to decide for himself and that is a pretty good way to settle the matter unless the owner knows of a better one.

Professor William Dietrich of the University of Illinois says that a hog will drink too much water during hot weather and not enough during cold, that better results can be obtained by forcing him to take a definite amount according to his size by mixing the water with his feed so that he will be sure to get enough and not too much. The theory looks reasonable when we think of the amount of carbonaceous food consumed and especially by hogs which are being fitted for market. Such food with the large amount of fat carried in their bodies would cause a feverish condition during hot weather and the fat-backs will drink much water in an effort to lower the temperature of their body. In winter, conditions are different. Swine do not have a thick coat of hair to keep them warm and often the shelter is poor. Is it any wonder that they will quit drinking water,

the temperature of which may be pretty close to 32 degrees, before they have consumed enough to supply all of the needs of their bodies? But it will require a good deal of work to determine just what the right amount is as we will have to consider the fact that feeds contain more or less water to begin with and the needs of the pigs will keep changing all of the time as they increase in size. Also there will be some work connected with getting the pig to imbibe just the right amount each day. So the man who is attempting to produce pork as economically as possible will do pretty well if he supplies plenty and allows Mr. Hog to use his hog sense as to how thirsty he is.

As to the proper time to supply the water, that can be left for the hog to decide if a supply is always accessible. But if the water is pumped to them or carried and poured into troughs it is a good plan to water just before each meal for the stomach of the hog is comparatively small and if he does his drinking after eating a full meal there is danger of part of the feed being washed from the stomach before the digestive juices have had sufficient time to act upon it as they should. During warm weather they want another drink just before time for the next meal, so it is best to fill the troughs again after all have taken a drink. This cannot be done during very cold weather as the water will soon freeze.

This subject of watering hogs may

seem like a small matter and it may not be of as much importance as some others connected with the growing of swine such as breeding and feeding, but the majority of us spend all our time looking after those bigger things and do not give any thought to some of the lesser details, while our time should be divided according to the importance of our different operations among all the subject pertaining to our work. The watering isn't such a small matter either, for practically one-half of the weight of the hog when he walks over the scales is made up of water, while many times this amount has to be used during his life to carry the food to the parts of the body where it is needed and in removing the waste matter from the tissues. Certainly the best results cannot be expected in growing swine if the water supply is neglected, and a man will be sure to throw away part of his feed and breeding if the water is deficient in either quality or quantity. —John Underwood.

Feed The Cows Right

During the winter when cows are stall-fed, be careful to use foods that will not have a deleterious effect upon the milk, especially when it is required for buttermaking. Where the cow's rations are judiciously blended, there will be no ill effect upon the butter, so

Dust Causes Asthma. Even a little speck too small to see will lead to agonies which no words can describe. The walls of the breathing tubes contract and it seems as if the very life must pass. From this condition Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy brings the user to perfect rest and health. It relieves the passages and normal breathing is firmly established again. Hundreds of testimonials received annually prove its effectiveness.

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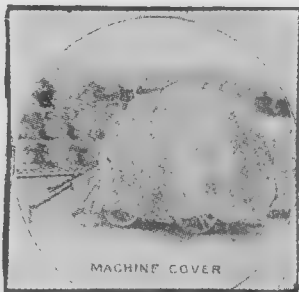


Our 'Veteran' is the best, strongest and heaviest canvas belt on the market. Fully guaranteed.

6 in. Endless Veteran Canvas Belts 24c. per ft.
7 in. Endless Veteran Canvas Belts 27c. per ft.

We carry a large stock of these Endless Veteran Canvas Drive Belts in the following sizes:

6 inch 4 ply	
60 ft. long	\$14.40
70 ft. long	16.80
80 ft. long	19.20
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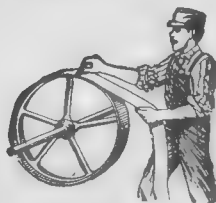


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Our prices on Canvas Covers are very low. Get them at once.

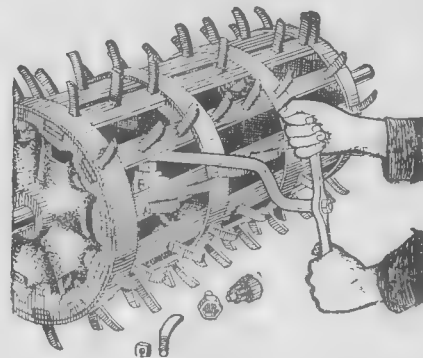
8 in. Endless Veteran Canvas Belts 32c. per ft.

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60 ft. long	\$16.20
70 ft. long	18.90
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100 ft. long	27.00
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130 ft. long	35.10
140 ft. long	37.80
150 ft. long	40.50
160 ft. long	43.20

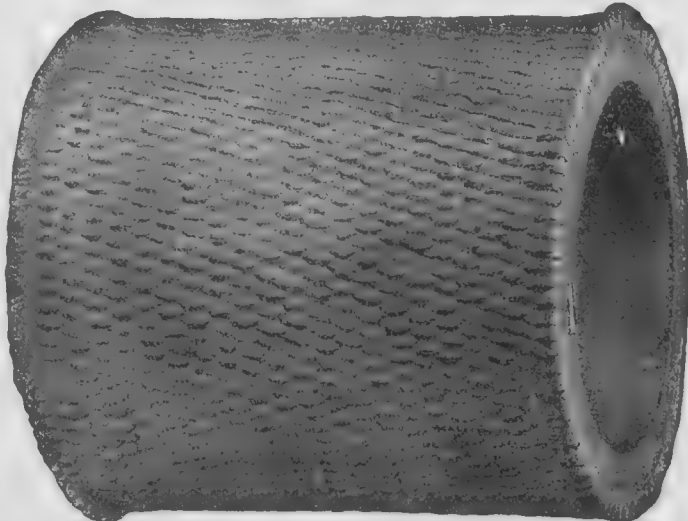


Washington's Superior Pulley Covering consists of canvas and a specially prepared cement. Is more durable than a leather covering. Put up in outfits of 3 different sizes.

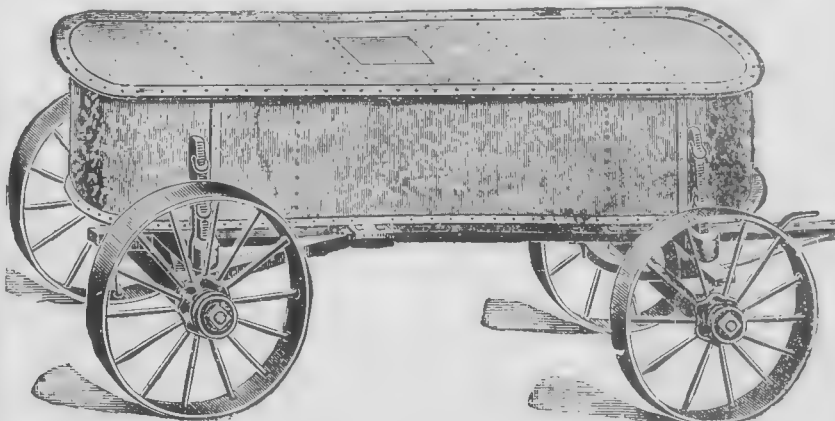
No. 1—Sufficient for 50 sq. feet. \$12.00
No. 2—Sufficient for 20 sq. feet. 6.00
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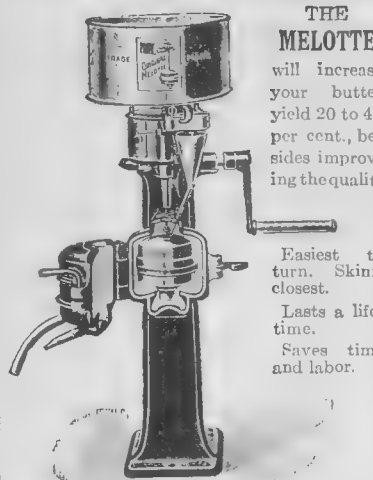
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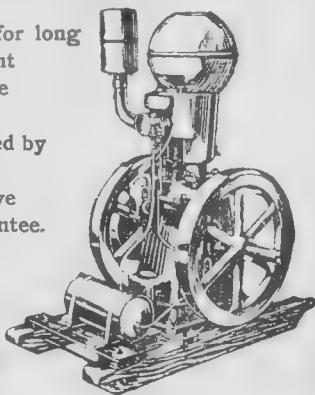
"Lister" Gasoline Engine

The greatest time and labor saver on the farm. It will save its cost over and over again by doing your work in less time and cutting down the farm help. Built up to a standard, not down to a price.

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Mr. Elliott Shaw, of Dublin, Pa., writes: Troy Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.—I used one bottle on the spring knee; it has straightened the leg. Send another bottle, so as I can cure the foot. By the results obtained caused the sale of two bottles, one for spavin and the other for curb; in both cases it brought the results. It is certainly the greatest medicine I ever used.

We originated the treatment of horses—Under Signed Contract to Return Money if Remedy Fails.
OUR LATEST Save-The-Horse BOOK is our 18 Years' Discoveries—Treating Every Kind Ringbone—Thoropin—SPAVIN—and ALL—Shoulder, Knee, Ankle, Hoof and Tendon Disease—Tells How to Test for Spavin; how to locate and treat 58 forms of LAMENESS—Illustrated.
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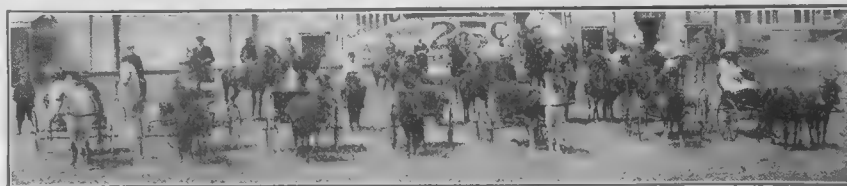
Druggists everywhere sell Save-The-Horse WITH CONTRACT, or we send by Parcel Post or Express paid.

long as the milk is not allowed to absorb odors given off from the foods. A great deal of food-tainted milk, especially the turnip taint, is due to the warm milk taking in the odors given off from the food when the cows are fed at or just before milking time. If the food agrees with the cow, the milk will not be food-tainted if the cows are fed after milking and the milk is removed as soon as it is obtained from the cow.

When the cow's rations contain a fair percentage of carrots, butter of good color is produced in the winter. Carrots are of good feeding value, but not used very extensively, on account of other foods being cheaper. The nature of the foods given to cows has some effect upon the texture of the butter.

A Wonderfully Efficient Hen

The poultry department of Purdue Agricultural College has produced an extraordinary hen, and poultry fanciers and those calculating entering the business of raising poultry might well devote some time to a consideration of the record established by her. Miss Purdue, for so the hen has been named, is a White Leghorn, and during the last two years has produced 443 eggs, weighing 41.5 pounds.



Ready for competition at the Winnipeg Horse Show

A register is kept of her performance and feed consumed, the records being beyond any question.

Miss Purdue weighs only 3½ pounds, but in the time mentioned above she produced 11.8 times her weight in eggs. She was a greedy eater, consuming 132 pounds of feed. From every pound of feed, Miss Purdue produced 3½ eggs. She manufactured one pound of eggs from every 3.2 pounds of feed consumed.

The efficiency, as an egg producer, of this small bird is indeed wonderful, being one of the most efficient producers of a finished product from raw material.

bark. Removing a ring of bark intercepts the descent. The starch newly elaborated accumulates above the ring; that which existed in the inferior region is soon absorbed and transformed by the cells of the wood, whose food it constitutes. Hence an annulation of a few centimeters' length at the top of the trunk, three or four months before the felling, is sufficient to eliminate the starch from the trunk. The best season for operating is the spring; the trees can then be felled in October. It is essential not to allow any shoot to develop below the excoriated part.

New Manure Spreader

A new manure-sower, which is actuated by the drill plough, as it opens up the drills for a green crop, is noted in the "Scottish Farmer." It consists of a hopper fixed in the bosom of the plough, and "the operating mechanism is an arrangement of a spin wheel and convoluted set of 1-2 inch rods, which delivered the manure most evenly at the bottom of the drill as the plough proceeded. The driving wheel is also a marker wheel which can be easily lifted over the plough, and so losing touch of the ground stops the movement. A woman filled the manure into a box in each plough as it turned in at the end, and the dropping of the marker wheel started the sowing, the evenness of which left nothing



Youthful Competitors at the Winnipeg Horse Show

It has been demonstrated that a steer produces a pound of beef from 12 pounds of feed, and that a hog requires from four to five pounds for each pound of pork. It cost \$1.93 to feed this hen for two years, while the value of her eggs at the local market price was \$10.11. They sold for 27.4c per dozen, while they cost only 5.2c to manufacture. She made a profit of \$9.08 over the cost of feed in two years.

Wormholes in Wood

Wood felled and worked up is frequently subject to wormholing. The sapwood is much more attacked than the perfect wood, and it has to be cut off when we wish to produce durable work; whence a pretty considerable loss. Mons. Emile Mer noticed that the species attacked are those whose sapwood contains the most starch; on the other hand, analysis revealed to him that the dust from the wormholes no longer contained starch. The insect, therefore, introduced itself into the wood in order to nourish itself at the expense of this material. Now, starch is produced by the leaves under the influence of the light; there go branches to the trunk and to the roots through the liber or inner part of the

Poultry Making Belgium Rich

In Belgium there are few poultry farms as we understand them, and yet the country is one vast poultry farm. Every farm, every cottage and every rural holding has its quota of fowls. In the Sotteirgen district farmers who own flocks of 300 and 400 are increasing their stock. Prosperity—extraordinary prosperity—has followed these poultry keeping operations; the land is more fertile than ever before, the rural population richer and its industry greater.

Catarrh Advice Free

The attention of our readers is called to the really generous offer announced in this issue of our paper,—the offer of helpful and valuable medical advice on Catarrh, absolutely free of charge, from one of the famous Specialists and great public benefactors of this country,—Catarrh Specialist Sproule.

We advise our readers to turn at once to this offer on page 65 of this paper and we urge them to read every word of it and send to-day for that valuable medical advice. Remember, this advice is free. Address Specialist Sproule at his office, 117 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

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We do not trust to bought felt—the foundation of roofing—we make our own from all-rag fibre, no cheap stock.

Asphalts, good and bad, look alike. Trained chemists select ours and blend them to stand torrid heat and Arctic cold.

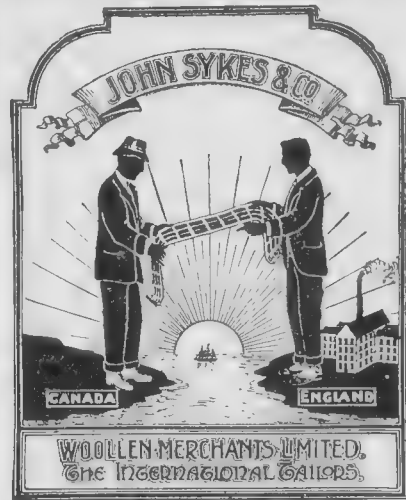
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SEND AT ONCE for patterns comprising Fancy Worsteds Suits, Scotch and Irish Tweeds, and Superfine Serges. Price list and illustrated catalogue will be enclosed with particulars of our PERFECT SELF MEASURE SYSTEM, whereby we can fit as well as the city tailor.

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Book on

DOG DISEASES and How to Feed

H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.
118 W. 31st. St., N.Y. USA

Sunday Reading

THE INVINCIBLE PROOF OF THE RESURRECTION

Perhaps the ordinary reader of the New Testament hardly realizes how utterly the faith of the followers of Jesus was destroyed by His death and burial. His enemies were exultantly confident that He had been thereby proved to be a false Messiah, and that His cause was at an end. And what could those who had believed in Him say? They had never credited that He was going to die, His own assurances to that effect falling on uncomprehending ears. Death is for sinners, but He had been 'holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners.' Death is not for the Messiah; the true Messiah must live and reign and put all enemies under His feet. God could not allow Him to die. If He approved of Him, as He declared that He did more than once by a voice from heaven, then He could not but interpose on His behalf, confounding His enemies and snatching Him from their grasp. That this must happen they believed to the very last moment of His life.

But even the last moment had passed; and He who, upon every ground they could think of, could not die, had died, and was buried in the cold grave. The conclusion was inevitable; they had been the victims of a deception or hallucination. Now they were disillusioned, and the higher their hopes had been, the deeper was their despair. There was nothing for it but to hide their heads in distant Galilee, and be scoffed at for the rest of their lives as the men who had followed a pseudo-Messiah.

Such must have been the state of their minds. Those by whom the resurrection is denied always assume that the reason why the disciples thought they saw their risen Master was that they were expecting Him to rise. Being excited, it is argued, with this hope, they believed in their excitement that their hope had been fulfilled.

But no assumption could be more at variance with the situation; and it is equally at variance with the records. The women went to the sepulchre, not to assume themselves that He had risen but to embalm Him. When they returned to tell the disciples that the grave was empty, their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not. Thomas doubted; so did some of the five hundred on the mountain in Galilee. The two disciples on the way to Emmaus summed up the situation perfectly when they said, 'We trusted it had been he who should have redeemed Israel.'

Never were any persons in this world more broken, and never was any cause more hopeless. Yet within the space of three days these same persons had rebounded to the opposite extreme; they were declaring that the cause was not dead, but alive; and they were prepared to be its witnesses and champions. Its witnesses and champions they actually became, carrying their testimony from land to land and founding thereby the Christian church. This is the demonstration not of words, but of fact and of power. Their explanation of their own joy, boldness, and success was that they had seen their Lord again; and no other explanation ever attempted has even an appearance of accounting for the facts.

THE RELIGION THAT MAKES ONE FAITHFUL

The railway superintendent came down to his office on Monday morning, sat down at his desk and began to open his mail. The first letter was from the wife of a discharged conductor, which said:

"I take this opportunity to write while my husband is at church. He has been going regularly the last three Sundays. He has been to see the minister, and the minister gave him good advice and drew up a pledge, and he signed it, and every morning and night he asks God to help him keep it. I am sure he will never drink again. We have only seven dollars in the house. I am doing my own work, though I am not strong enough to do it. The baby is sick, and I do not know how

we are to live when the little money we now have is gone. For God's sake, pity us and give my husband his train again, and I am sure he will never drink another drop!"

The superintendent read the letter and handed it across the desk to a friend who had entered. "Read that," said he, "and tell me what to do."

"What has been his record?" asked the friend.

"This is the third time he has been found drunk on duty. Each time I warned him, and the second time I suspended him. This time I discharged him for good. I can't place human lives in the care of a man who can't be trusted. If I take him back it won't be three weeks before he is drinking a little on the sly, and within three years he will wreck a train, as sure as the sun rises to-morrow."

"Have you another place where you could use him, some place involving less responsibility?"

"No, he is physically unable to do hard work, and there is no other kind at which I can put a man of that sort. I don't dare set him even to watching a crossing. In fact, there is no position on a railroad for a man who can't be trusted to do his duty."

Later in the day the conductor himself came in. The superintendent received him kindly, but with no encouragement in his manner.

"I knew you would come," he said, "and I must be frank and say that I should have thought more of you if you had stayed at home and helped your wife with the housework, instead of going to church so that she could write me about it."

"But," said the conductor, "she wanted me to go, and I did not know about the letter until she told me afterward, and really, I am sure I shall never fall again. I have asked God to help me. Trust me once more and have pity for my family."

The superintendent shook his head sadly. "You want me to pity your family," he said, "but you didn't pity them yourself, and you never thought about asking God to help you, except to help you out of a scrape. You have got your religion too late so far as this office is concerned. It will help you to forgiveness for your sins, and I hope will make a better man of you, but it is too late for a job of running a train. The kind of religion that we have to insist on in this office isn't the kind that helps a man to get his job back; it is the kind that makes him keep it. I believe in religion, and wish every man in the company's employ was a religious man; but the kind of religion this company needs is the kind that makes men faithful to their work."

The discharged man went out and the superintendent's stern face relaxed. "I am sorry for that wife and the sick baby," he said, "but I can't trust human lives to a man who gets his religion so late."

The true faith is the faith which makes faithful. It is never too late to look to God for forgiveness, but penitence sometimes comes too late to restore a lost opportunity.

What is a Home?

Home is the sweetest type of Heaven.
Home is the sanctuary of Virtue.
Home is the golden setting in which the brightest jewel is Mother.

Home is a world of strife shut out and a world of love shut in.

Home is the blossom of which Heaven is the fruit.

Home is a hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth gathers the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon.

Home is the best place for a married man after business hours.

Home is the place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great.

Home is the coziest, kindest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and our deepest sorrows.

Home is the father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

Home, in one form or another, is the object in life.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam

The Worlds Greatest and Surest

Veterinary Remedy

HAS IMITATORS BUT NO COMPETITORS!

SAFE, SPEEDY AND POSITIVE.

Supersedes All Cautery or Firing. Invaluable as a CURE for

FOUNDER,
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PINK EYE,
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BONY TUMORS,
LAMENESS FROM
SPAVIN,
QUARTER CRACKS,
SCRATCHES,
POLL EVIL,
PARASITES.

REMOVES

BUNCHES or
BLEMISHES,
SPLINTS,
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STRAINED TENDONS.

SAFE FOR ANYONE TO USE.

We guarantee that one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin mixture ever made. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Write for testimonials showing what the most prominent horsemen say of it. Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use.

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THE BEST FOR BLISTERING.

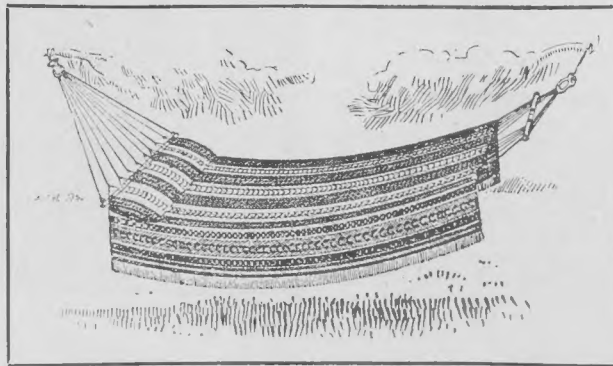
I have used GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM quite a good deal, and for a blister it's the best I ever used. I wish your remedy every success.
CHAS. MOTT, Manager,
Mayfield Stud Farm, Leesburg, Va.

CURED CURB WITH TWO APPLICATIONS.

Have used your GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM to cure curb. I blistered it twice, and there is no sign of it any more. The horse is as good as ever.—DAN SCHWER, Evergreen, Ill.

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The Lawrence-Williams Co.
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This Large, Handsome Hammock Free For Only Three New Subscriptions



Combination rib and fancy stripe, Jacquard weave, tufted pillow and valance, concealed head spreader with malleable iron end castings, foot spreader with nickel caps.

Predominating colors, red, green and orange.

This Hammock usually retails at \$4.00, but by buying up a large quantity, we are able to offer them to our readers on remarkably easy terms.

For any further particulars write

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Woman and the Home

The Village Seamstress

By Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.

Her little cottage, berry-brown,
Looks on the street of Tinkletown;
Her little needle, sharp and bright,
Bobs up and down from morn till night;
Her banded wheel is just a blur,
So busily it turns for her.
Scarce louder than the humming-bird
That round her flowers this morning
whirled,
It works right well, this brisk machine,
Doing the bidding of the queen.

To see her, all a day of toil,
Pause not except to drip the oil
Round screw and bearing, or to bring
The iron, sleek and sputtering
To do its office—is to see
But little sign of sovereignty.
But wait! A patron hurries in
To stand in awe while hand and pin
Join fast the pieces of her gown.
No word the artist says—a frown
Must take the place of smiles to-day;
Her snapping scissors must not stay
Until this crisis shall be past—
Pray, is she not a queen at last?

She's sewed for many a village mite
Its christening-gown of lacy white;
She's sewed—and damped it with a tear—
Its last white frock, uncrumpled, sheer.
She orders what each bride shall wear
With most expert and final air.
Who dares consider foreign aid,
The heresy of "ready-made,"
Before her knowing, dauntless mien?
Old, faded, poor, she still is queen.

She's seen a street of plank and clay
Smooth to cement of neatest gray;
For farmers' wagons jogging down,
A motor blaring through the town.
"Times change," she says, and changes,
too,
Her well-worn patterns for the new,
Yet, trustful of her own good skill,
Swings out her sign and queens it still.

Long live and prosper, little queen
Should they depose you, it would mean
Some pang for us when we should pass
Where strut your poppies in the grass,
Or your sweet peas—pink fairies—fill
That tumbler on your window-sill;
Or, when the north wind claps your pane,
Your coal-fire bustles up again.
Long may you fashion what we wear,
And clip and plan with proper care—
No stranger with contemptuous frown
Usurp your throne in Tinkletown!

The Lodger

"Rent a room! O mother, I didn't
suppose we'd ever have to take roomers."

"I don't see what else we can do,
Gertrude. We have dispensed with a
maid and cut down expenses in every
direction, and yet I fear the sum your
father left with us will not last until he
comes back. Now that we know his stay
will be prolonged, I feel that we must not
only save but earn, and I can't think of
any more practical way than to rent the
hall bedroom," Mrs. Markham sighed.

"How much longer did the doctor say
in his letter that father would have to
stay out there in Arizona?"

"Probably three months. His improve-
ment is much slower than we hoped. I
wish to write to him not to worry about
our finances, that we are getting along all
right, and I can say so truthfully if we
rent that room for three dollars a week.
That amount will materially help out."

"I suppose it's the only way, but it
does seem hard that we have to turn our
home into a lodging-house."

"One swallow doesn't make a sum-
mer," quoted Mrs. Markham, "and I
don't believe one roomer makes a lodging-
house."

Gertrude smiled, but she still felt
aggrieved, and when in a few days a
young woman moved in, she ignored her
presence in the house as much as possible.
This was not difficult, for Miss Ray went
out early in the morning each working-
day, and did not return until evening.

One morning Gertrude was awakened
by broad rays of sunlight pouring into her
room, and she wondered why her mother
had not called her as usual to their some-
what early breakfast. Dressing hastily,
she ran down-stairs and met Miss Ray
coming up with a tray.

"Why, what—" she began, wonderingly.
"Your mother has been so awfully good
to me, bringing me toast and coffee these
cold days before I go to work, and when
she didn't come this morning, I knocked
at her door and found that she had a
severe headache."

"I've been sure you would, if you
would only allow yourself to know her. I
like her very much."

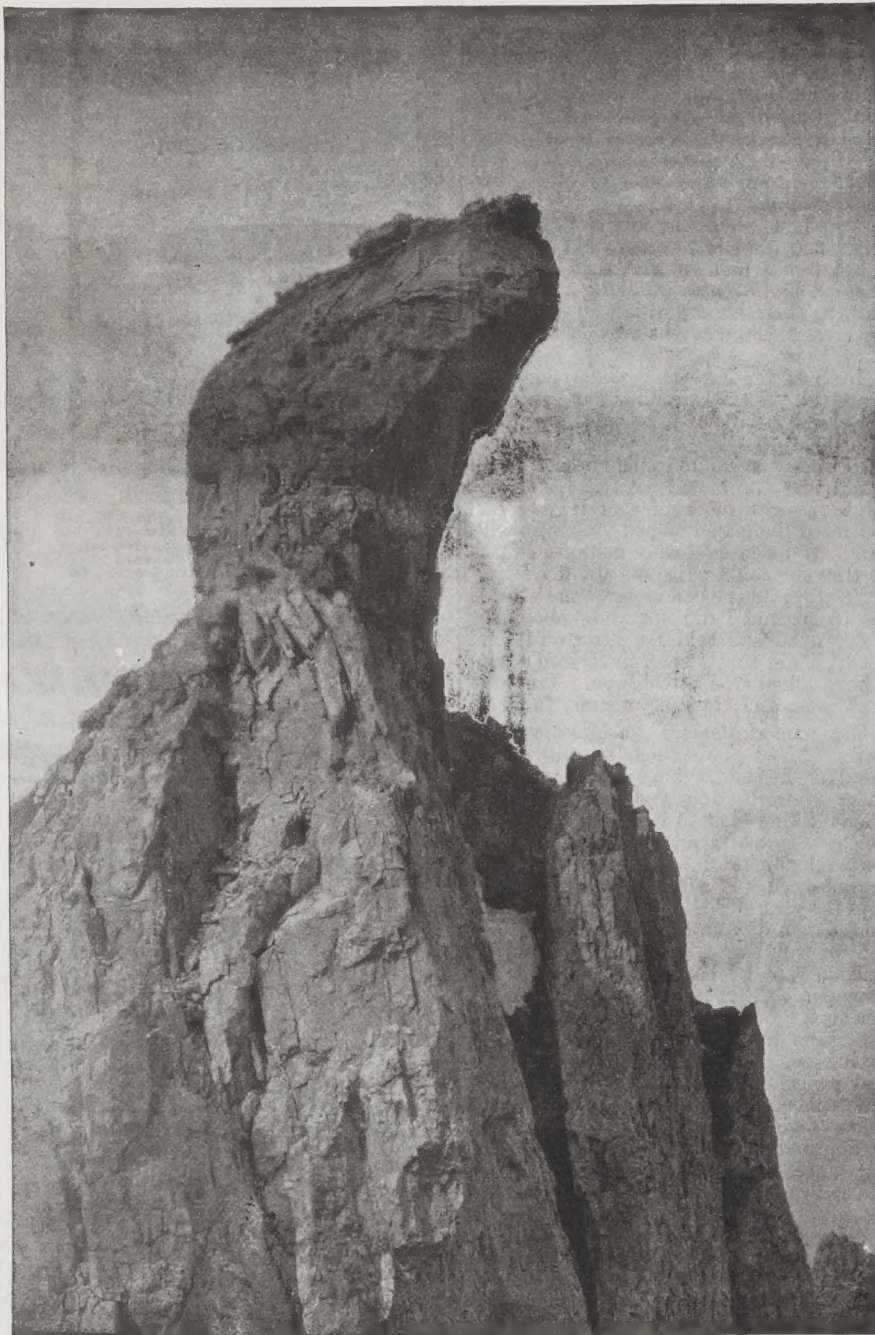
"Of course you do. You have enough
love in your heart for everybody. You
sly mother, you just couldn't help being
good to her, could you, whether I wanted
you to or not?"

"She is a lonely girl, making her own
way, and she didn't realize, dear, that it
was a heinous offense to be a roomer."

Gertrude joined rather shamefacedly in
her mother's laughter. "Well, I'm going
to forgive her for it, and try with you to
make her feel that she has a home instead
of a lodging."

A Womanly Woman

To be placed in the corner of a young
girl's mirror and read while she is making
her toilette:



Peculiar Rock Tower on Bident Pass, Canadian Rockies

"So you are carrying her her break-
fast," said Gertrude, flushing uncomfort-
ably. "Shall I take the tray?"

"No, please let me. I'm so glad of a
chance to do any little thing for your dear
mother. She has been so good to me. I
don't know what I should have done for
loneliness if it hadn't been for her
visits to my room evenings when you've
been out. She is so sweet and merry, I
love her, and I can't bear to think of her
in pain."

"I haven't any right to feel angry or
jealous," she said to herself, bitterly,
"because she is kinder to mother than I
am, for it's my own selfishness and laziness
that has given her the opportunity."

That evening she paused a moment as
she was preparing dinner and went into
the sitting-room, where Mrs. Markham
was lying down.

"I should like to ask Miss Ray to dine
with us," she said, "if you feel well enough,
mother?"

"Nothing would please me more."
"I think I should like Miss Ray."

She cultivates reserve.
She speaks ill of no one.
She is loyal to her friends.
She lives her mother's faith.
She cares for her body as God's temple.
She writes nothing that she may regret.
She knows that nothing is more undig-
nified than anger.

She knows that to love and be loved is
her birthright—if she be but worthy of
love.

Needlework for Schoolgirls

The ability of a girl to do without
teaching anything she is called on to do
is pretty generally taken for granted.
She imitates the country man who, being
asked if he could play the violin, replied,
"I guess so; I never tried!" Thousands
of girls marry and set up housekeeping
whose experience in cooking consists in
making "fudge" and concocting a Welsh
rabbit on a chafing-dish—pleasant eating
in their place, but inadequate for the
daily food of a hard-working husband.

The first week's mending-basket was a
revelation to her of her own helplessness.

"I was tempted to stop the holes with
court-plaster," she confessed afterward,
"and I dare say it would have been as
effective as what I managed to do."

Two generations ago in a famous school
for girls in an Eastern city sewing was an
important part of the curriculum. The
first task of a new student was the making
of a shirt for father or brother. Every
stitch in that shirt was set by a thread.
If a seam had to be ripped a dozen times,
it must be fit for the closest inspection.
This zeal on the part of the school was
sometimes excelled in the home.

A tradition lingers in one family of a
daughter who went to that school when
she was six years old. So well did she
sew at that age that she was excused
from making the shirt, and set at once to
a bit of fine needlework—a wide muslin
collar, covered with embroidery as ex-
quisite as lace.

The promise of the six-year-old child
was richly fulfilled, and her needle was
for a long lifetime a high satisfaction to
herself and a joy to her fortunate family
and friends. Sewing was never a slavery
to her, but always a fascinating creative
occupation. The patch on a jacket, the
dam of a stocking or the embroidery of a
gown or a napkin were alike welcome calls
upon her capable fingers. When people
spoke of her ability to turn off sewing,
she used to say:

"That's because I know how to sew.
I know how because I was taught. Skil-
ful hands, even better than many hands,
make light work!"

A Place to Play

Plenty of room for dives and dens (glitter
and glare and sin),
Plenty of room for prison pens (gather
the criminals in),
Plenty of room for jails and courts (willing
to pay)
But never a place for the lads to race; no,
never a place to play!

Plenty of room for shops and stores
(mammon must have the best),
Plenty of room for the running sores that
rot in the city's breast
Plenty of room for the lures that lead the
hearts of our youth astray,
But never a cent on a playground spent;
no, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for schools and halls,
plenty of room for art,
Plenty of room for teas and balls, platform,
stage and mart.
Proud is the city—she finds a place for
many a fad to-day,
But she's more than blind if she fails to
find a place for the boys to play!

Give them a chance for innocent sport,
give them a chance for fun—
Better a playground-plot than a court
and a jail when the harm is done.
Give them a chance—if you stint them
now, to-morrow you'll have to pay
A larger bill for a darker ill, so give them
a chance to play!

—Denis A. McCarthy.

"Children should be seen and not
heard."

"Not nowadays. Think of the fright-
ful English we parents would be using if
we didn't have our children to correct
us."

"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not
proper for you to turn around and look
after a gentleman?"

"But, mamma, I was only looking to
see if he was looking to see if I was look-
ing."

Miller's Worm Powders act mildly and with-
out injury to the child, and there can be no
doubt of their deadly effect upon worms.
They have been in successful use for a long
time and are recognized as a leading prepa-
ration for the purpose. They have proved their
power in numberless cases and have given
relief to thousands of children, who, but for
the good offices of this superior compound,
would have continued weak and enfeebled.

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Canada's
Best
Flour

Used from Coast
to Coast — and
over All the World



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LARGEST MILLERS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE. DAILY CAPACITY 18,000 BARRELS.

Millers To His Majesty The King.

Mills at
MEDICINE HAT

WINNIPEG

FORT WILLIAM

MONTREAL

First Bake Day Lesson,
Rule 1 :-
"Use
PURITY FLOUR"

More Bread and Better Bread



WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED,
WINNIPEG GODERICH BRANDON
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